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THE

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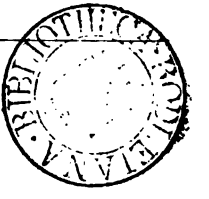

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MANFRED ! we have not attempted to describe him such as he was in those days when, wafted along by the breeze of prosperity, if the daring of his desires was intemperate, so much the more immoderate were the will of man and the circumstances of destiny, in flattering him : but now, in the solemn hour of his adversity, he moves the heart with such sensations as no man, however little magnanimous, would wish to repel ; he awakens in the depths of the mind such thoughts as no one, however powerful, could term worthless. The power which rules over the destinies of the earth has decreed that, to obtain the fame of " Great," the exercise of virtue is not necessary ; at least, what *we* call virtue. And let no one presumptuously revolt against this decree. We would ask him, was that virtue in the ancient father, who supported a numerous family by the labour of his hands, and brought them up by example and precept in the fear of God and the love of their fellow-creatures ? he will answer in the affirmative ; and we will ask him again, why is it that scarce a whisper of his memory is heard like a fleeting breath in the village where he dwelt ? why is it that the piety of his grandchildren seeks in vain within the hallowed precincts a stone, a mark, a cross, to

* Continued from page 371, vol. xlvii.

distinguish him from the vulgar dead? why is it that, instead of roses being reared upon his grave, the peasant's beast of burden tramples the few wild flowers with which nature had adorned it? Hence we shall see that there be those who affirm it is virtue to incite one part of the human race to plunge the steel into the bosoms of the other part;—virtue, to persecute the innocent because weak—to make a crime of his weakness, and a profit of his innocence, and to injure and insult him;—virtue, the greedy rapines, the terrible conflagrations, the shameless outrage;—virtue, to see the cultivator, expelled by the soldier, flying with his children, some in his arms, some led by the hand, and his wife supporting her daughter, their pride in the smiling days of peace, (for the pride of mothers is in their fair offspring;) now she implores death for the contaminated one from the mercy of the Lord, and curses her maternity. Miserable father of that family! his way is to the mountains: those broken rocks promise him nothing but the labour of surmounting them; there he will find an asylum, because no booty is to be obtained there. Half way up the ascent, he turns to behold the dwelling dear to him from so many memories of love; dear, even by the memories of sorrow. Alas! he sees no longer a habitation. Bitter tears gush from his eyes, he groans deeply; but his tears and groans are not for his property in ashes, not for his ruined harvest, nor for his humble wealth gathered by long toils, and now destroyed in one short hour; he mourns for the air that he breathed in his infancy; he mourns for the spot where his beloved maiden, crimsoned with a modest blush, confessed to him that he did not love in vain; for the spot where he was first greeted with the name of father. He mourns for the ashes of his forefathers: his terror-stricken soul, glancing over future events, does not affright him with the bitterness of begging his bread from the stranger who will deny him, and will add to the refusal the biting word of a heart which seeks in vice a pretext for not being touched by misery; it scares him only with the image of his lisping grandchildren, who will say to him, "Lead us to where thy father sleeps;"—and what can he reply to them? "I have deserted the place." The reproach of his want of love rends his heart. Can he complain if those children abandon him while living? has he not abandoned his father, dead? and dead or living, is a father's head less sacred? He turns and hurries on; lifting his eyes to the summit of the mountain, panting to shelter behind a rock out of sight, and beyond the thought of so much misery. If all this be not virtue, why do those who hold the power of bestowing fame invest it with the light of song, or transmit it to posterity with the memorials of history? why is it that we see in your chambers, on your ornaments, on your bosoms, only the image of the last conqueror? Oh! men have become cowards,

since they have made an idol of power; or else, and perhaps this is the truth, they have never known what virtue is.

Manfred! I know not if he was virtuous, but he was great. Deprived, through his father's fault, of inheriting power, his whole study was to achieve it. He destroyed his enemies, at first by fraud, and then by victory; after degrading them with gold, he slew them with steel. Trusting in the destinies which led him by the hand, he dominated over fortune, and controlled events. Not satisfied with the crown of Naples, he looked over Italy; he saw it divided, and designed to re-unite it under his own sceptre. Penetrating into the secrets of ages, he perceived that Italy would be the prey of strangers, and wished to prevent it; nor, since the days when Alaric came to ravage that beautiful region, has any one seemed so peculiarly chosen by heaven as himself for that mighty enterprise. In him there was wisdom of counsel, valour of arm, a marvellous art of conciliating affections, and a temperate mildness unknown to his proud progenitors. Rome decayed in its power; the Italians confiding in him (or at least not jealous of him, since he was a native prince, and dissevered from the German interests); Tuscany, Ghibelline, guided by the counsels of Farinata; Lombardy, in great measure devoted to his name by the adhesion of Pelavicino and Duero, and by the arms of Giovanni Lancia;* he was fitted to the times, and the times to him. Perhaps it is likely that he would have ruled with an absolute sway; perhaps, elevated by success, with tyranny; but the point was to re-unite it. When oppression is confined to one single person, one single blow suffices to destroy it; and if every era does not produce a sage, it produces at least many ferocious men.

Alone, within a vast apartment adorned by the portraits of his forefathers, lay Manfred on a couch, in the Saracen style, concealing his face in the cushions; were it not that he raised himself a little from time to time to take breath, he would have seemed to be sleeping.

We cannot tell his thoughts, but they must have been of that kind which disturb even the pillow of repose. He rose impetuously, and advanced a few paces, stood still, laid his right hand on the table, and rested his weight on his left leg, over which he crossed his right, striking the pavement with the point of his foot. His eyes were fixed on the ground, his lip quivering, and the blood flushing in his face, ebbing and flowing like the waves of the sea, for now it was crimsoned, now it was pale. He turned as if startled, gazed into those parts of the saloon which the silver lamp on the table scantily illuminated, and seemed about to depart. Then collecting his courage, he stood still,—stepped back,

* Manfred's mother was of the noble family of Lancia.—Translator.

—sprang forward as in desperation, and felt, with tremulous hands, for the cause of his alarm. It seemed as though the feeble light changed, to his excited imagination, the objects around him into images which he could not bear. He resolved to extinguish the lamp, took it in his hand, and raised it to his mouth ready to blow out the flame. At that moment his eye, glancing round, discerned some object at which Manfred shuddered. He held the lamp towards the wall; there was a sword hanging on it: he sighed, raised again the lamp to his lips, and again glanced through the apartment, turning round his head at every part; then, with a strong effort, he emitted the repressed breath, and all was dark, and an irregular, frequent, and hurried step was heard through the darkness.

We know not if it be the same in other countries, but in Italy it happens frequently that the bad weather remits, day by day, at particular hours, till, having passed over its destined space, it ceases entirely. And now, as on the evening before, the distant thunder began to be heard, and the increasing lightning to be discovered. "The hour is at hand," muttered Manfred. A violent storm arose: the edifice felt the full power of the whirlwind; it shook, and seemed ready to fall; whistling sounds were heard through the chambers, combined with the clapping of doors and windows. The hail rattled against the panes as if it would break them to pieces, and dash them out of their frames. Santa Maria! it seemed like the last day. Why did Manfred pace through his apartment with unsteady steps? did he fear that this convulsion was a war which nature had declared against him? The tempest grew worse; he made the sign of the cross on his breast, and timidly raised his head; there was a flash: Manfred's eyes were unwittingly fixed on the picture of his father Frederic;* that red light seemed to animate it with a ray of life, and the portrait seemed to roll its eyes, gleaming through blood, and to move its lips for burning words. Woe to Manfred, if that sight had lasted longer than the flash; his brain would have burst, his heart would have rent. The darkness hid the cause of his terror; a long and loud peal of thunder rolled around, and during its roar Manfred exclaimed, "The hour is past!"

Unable to support himself, ready to fall, and reeling like the drunkard, he sought for his couch, and dropped upon it. His right hand happened to touch his regal crown; he drew it hastily back, as if he had touched a burning brand, and such must in truth have been the sensation he suffered, for he said, "It

* Guelph historians accuse Manfred of the deaths of his father and his brother Conrad, the former by strangling in his sleep, and the latter by poison, in order to obtain the crown of Naples and Sicily; but Ghibelline writers refute the charge as a calumny.

scorches." Then, like a man weary and panting on the acclivity of a mountain, he respired a profound and frequent breath from the depths of his chest, and a cold dew rained down from his forehead.

For the solace of the afflicted one, an exquisitely sweet prelude on the lute now swelled, now died away on the fitful wind, delighting his ears with its strain, yet his mind marked it not, as though oppressed with some terrible sensation; but when a melodious and deeply plaintive voice accompanied the lute, a voice that, with the rapidity of lightning, sought, stimulated, woke all of sweet memories and tender affections stored in the heart of Manfred, he slowly drooped his head between his hands, and wept; true, his tears were such as furrow the cheeks down which they trickle, such as seem like drops of oil shed on red-hot iron; but he wept. Thinking that nothing could be better adapted to calm him than to hear close at hand the voice which had so soothed him from a distance, he rose up, and went in quest of the music.

The Queen Helena had dismissed her ladies, and retired to a remote chamber with her children, Iole and Manfredino: there they had prayed together for pardon and peace. Just as their prayer was ended the storm broke forth. Helena dissembled, as best she might, the sinister augury; and speaking cheerfully, and smiling, gave courage to Iole, who was clasping her round the neck, and to Manfredino, who, seated on a low stool at her feet, had taken her hand and pressed it upon his eyes, that he should not see the lightning.

"Courage, my children," said the Queen. "Is this the first storm you have ever witnessed? Is fear worthy of the offspring of a king?"

"Ought not kings to tremble before God, my mother?" replied Iole.

"They ought, but it would be too disheartening, my daughter, to attribute every tempest to divine wrath."

"Did you not observe, mother, that we had hardly uttered the last words of our prayer, when the first thunder-clap burst forth?"

"I did not observe it, for I was absorbed in the thought of heaven."

"It appears to me," Iole replied, lowering her voice and laying her lips to her mother's ear—"it appears to me that heaven has abandoned us."

"My child," said Helena, tenderly rebuking her, "even the saints have not been able to penetrate the secrets of the Eternal. If the prophets have known them, it was because he especially revealed them to them, not otherwise. Profit by this tribulation which the Lord hath sent thee. He designs to try us, and the

tried are of the number of the elect. Remember, my love, St. Ambrose of Milan,* who being at Malmantili, questioned his host of his condition; and the latter answered him, 'I am rich and in good health; I have a fair wife and a large family; I am honoured, and respected, and caressed by all people; I never knew what misfortune or sorrow was; but have ever lived, and still do live, happy and contented.' St. Ambrose ordered his servants to saddle the horses again, saying, 'God is not in this place, nor with this man, for He has granted him too much ease and facility.' Remember, Iole, what David says: 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.'† But let us divert our thoughts from melancholy subjects. The angels have taught harmony to mortals to refresh them from their sorrows." And thus speaking, she withdrew the hand that Manfredino held, and lightly tapped him on the cheek. "Go, Manfredino, bring me the lute that you see on that table."

The child raised his eyes, and looked timidly at her.

"Go, Manfredino," persisted the royal Helena; "are you afraid?"

The boy went with a bold step to the table, where lay various instruments of music; he took the lute, and delivering it to the Queen, said, "Here is the lute, Mamma."

"Thanks, my son."

"What! are thanks returned for such things, Mamma?"

"Why not? if to obey me is an obligation on you, it is courtesy in me to thank you for it."

"Then, since you are so courteous, you will do me a favour."

"What favour?"

"Tell me, first, will you grant it?"

"What! has Helena ever denied to her children, when they made a proper request?"

"Then what you grant me is, that you will play the ballad of Lucia, and Iole will sing it. That ballad of Lucia is so pretty that when I hear it the tears come into my eyes. Why is it, Mamma, that it makes me weep?"

The Queen ran with skilful finger over the strings of the lute, and drew forth sweet notes, in order to avoid replying, but she could not help murmuring, "Alas! sorrow has become the heritage of Manfred's house; affliction is loved by even those who know not what it is; the soul anticipates the sufferings of the future"—and continuing to prelude, she added, "Iole, my child, sing the ballad of the Virgin Lucia."

"Oh, mother! how can I? my voice is choked—"

* See Passavanti, "Mirror of True Penitence."

† Psalm xxxiv., 19.

"With sobs?—is it not a melancholy ballad that you are to sing? Your voice will the better suit the subject."

Without saying more, they began to attune voice and lute together. There was a long-drawn sound dwelling upon the same note, such sound as the Greeks call *melody;* the souls of the listeners were moved by a tremor of pleasure, like the trembling of the light on the rippling waters of a lake, a placid repose, an unexpected charm. Fool that I am! what mortal tongue can explain the mysteries of harmony?

A door opened; our group looked towards it. Manfred, contrary to his custom, for during all his life he habitually wore green, was clad in a suit of black mail, so that his person was invisible in the dark vacuum of the doorway; his face was discomposed and pale, his hair erect, his eyes horribly dilated, showing the whites, like a man scarcely freed from some terrific vision. His children uttered a loud scream, and fearing that some great evil had happened to him, they ran to meet him.

"I will defend myself," exclaimed Manfred, carrying his hand to his girdle. "You want to assassinate your father. How! is it for you to condemn me? and crime cannot be washed away by crime; is vengeance to be eternal in my house?"

"My father!"—"My husband!"—"My father!"

These words must indeed have great power over man's heart, since they were able to recall Manfred from his horror, and to make him rejoice in the sight of his family. Manfredino embraced his knees; Iole, kneeling before him, had taken his hand and imprinted warm kisses on it; the Queen Helena invited him to her with open arms, as to a safe refuge. Overcome with the fulness of affection, he kissed his little son, he raised his daughter, embracing her, and flew to the arms of his loving consort.

"I confidently believe," said Manfred, because he was tasting the cup of joy; "I confidently believe that fate has sent me sorrow in order that it may afterwards intoxicate me in the delight of your embraces, O my beloved ones! and if thus it be, I have more cause to bless, than to curse my destiny. But if I mistake not, I heard singing here? Of your kindness let me share in your recreation; I came here anxious for music, it soothes and composes my feelings."

Queen Helena and Iole made no other answer than the one taking her lute, and the other running over in a low voice the notes of the song; and when voice and lute were in concert, Iole sang the following ballad:—

Come round me, tender maids, come round;
And while my plaintive numbers flow,
Let your sad sighs, with low-voiced sound,
Make echo to my tale of woe.

Lutalt, a knight in ancient years,
Was kneeling once in holy fane;
Hark! 'mid the convent-choir he hears
A thrilling, heart-entrancing strain.

He lifts his eager eyes above,
He sees on Lucia's angel face
(All blushing at his looks of love)
Each holy charm, each touching grace.

That form, though sought, he saw no more;
Then, courting death in Syrian war,
He fought with those the cross that bore,
And fame proclaimed his deeds afar.

Captive, in chains, his parting soul
Invok'd the maid, still loved in death;
Lo! o'er his pallid visage stole
The softest sigh, the gentlest breath.

Forgotten fetters, pain, and care,
He gazed—there stood the cherished maid,
With pure clear cheek, and pitying air,
And all in snow-white robes arrayed.

"Liv'st thou?" he said. "On angel wing
I come; to me the charge is given,
Thee to thy native home to bring;
Endure to live, and trust in heaven."

Kind maidens, ye who weep around,
No longer let the tear-drop flow;
Hush'd be your sighs' responsive sound,
For ended is the tale of woe.*

Manfredino, who at the commencement of the song had re-seated himself on his stool, and was listening with his elbows resting on his knees, and his face turned up, observed his father, who, entranced by the sweetness of the music, had gently approached his daughter, laid his arm on her shoulder and rested his head on the arm, whilst a smile sat on his lips, and his brow unbent. But that expression ceased with the ballad; the smile vanished, the brows contracted, he laid his hand on his heart, as if something pained him, and then exclaimed, "Listen to *me*

* The story of Lucia is related by Ghirardacci, in the History of Bologna. A Bolognese youth, happening to see Lucia, a beautiful nun, in the gallery where she heard mass, became desperately enamoured of her; which that virtuous maid discovering, she never again appeared in his sight. The young man in despair went to the wars in Palestine, where, being taken prisoner, and being on the point of death, he invoked the beloved maiden. He fell asleep, and on awaking, found himself in Bologna, at the gate of Lucia's convent, and she herself standing beside him. He asked, "Was she living?" she replied "Yes, but in the true life," and she bade him deposit his fetters on her tomb, and return thanks to heaven for the mercy bestowed on him. The adventure is said to have occurred about A.D. 1200.

now." He went steadily towards the table, took a small triangular-shaped harp, and began to play. He rapidly combined all the most melancholy and harsh chords, entirely omitting the more sweet and tender notes, and produced sounds like the howling of wild beasts, and the groans of persons grievously tortured, which lacerated the ears; it seemed as if the strings of the harp must break under the stormy sweep of the fingers; and at every moment the by-stander might expect to see the instrument glow and emit sparks; it was not art so much as anguish that guided the rapid hand. At the moment when the fierce music swelled into the loudest tones, the voice of Manfred burst forth in full scope:—

Horror and crime, that make the cheek turn pale,
I tell in words that oft from tremor fail,
And heaven and nature shudder at the tale.

"What art thou? speak!" wrathful, a Baron said,
And smote a grinning skull upon the ground:
A serpent crept from out that bleached head,
Gliding with fearful hissings all around.
With iron mace he fiercely struck again,
"Speak, thou accursed spirit, give reply:"
From out those fleshless jaws a voice of pain
He hears—"Of thine ancestral house am I.

"Gualfredo's son, a brother once was mine—
Masso, the beautiful, the young, and brave;
In chase, in war, in tournay wont to shine,
To him the choicest gifts kind Nature gave.
A beauteous captive led within our tower,
Our father's love destined for Masso's bride;
Alas! with burning brain, in evil hour,
By passion blinded, for the maid I sighed.

"'Lov'st thou?'—to me she spake, that guilty one,
'Lo! here this brimming vase—behold'st thou this?
If thou dost love in heart, not words alone,
'Twill change our destiny from woe to bliss!'
'Lady, that vase?'—'It holds a poison'd draught:
Exult we in our freedom by *their* death.'
In that dread feast, when deep the victims quaff'd,
Our vows we interchang'd of nuptial faith;
Trembled the vault that hideous vow to hear,
The lamps expir'd, and darkness veil'd our face.
With strange, fierce joy, yet with a thrill of fear,
I snatched her to my heart in wild embrace:
The tempt'ress chang'd, a demon in my clasp,—
From my bared bones the flesh all burning fell;
And evermore she racks, with torturing grasp,
The spirit of the parricide in hell.

"Now the good vassals from the plain below,
Signing the cross upon their brow and breast,
My distant castle to the traveller show,
And bid him shun that haunted mountain's crest;
Thus bringing oft my tale of shame to mind.
Nor in the grave repose my whitening bones;
Scattered they lie, the sport of every wind,
To whirl them rudely 'mid the rugged stones.
Horror, and crime, and woe, my words declare
In hoarse mysterious accents of despair;
The curse of nature and of heaven I bear."

The last lines of the ballad were sung with such an enfeebled voice that none of the by-standers could hear them; the harp dropped from the hands of Manfred, and, falling on the pavement, broke in pieces; and he sank upon a seat like one overpowered by weakness. His wife and his children ran towards him, and clung round him with every demonstration of affection; but none of them ventured to console him with words; perhaps a secret feeling warned them that his griefs were beyond consolation; and a mournful silence ensued.

A slight stroke on the door aroused them from this state of melancholy. Manfred, jealous of his family secrets, made a sign to his wife and children to withdraw from him, passed his hand over his face as if to obliterate every trace of suffering, and, recovering his composure and the dignity befitting his kingly rank, in a firm voice he commanded the person without to enter.

CHAPTER XX.

"You here, Alberico?" added Manfred, perceiving the Captain of the Esquires, who, putting in his head at the half-opened door, seemed expecting a fresh invitation to enter. "Come in boldly, Messer Alberico."

"Sire!" replied the Captain, advancing half-way up the apartment, where, bowing all round, he saluted the royal family.

"What is it, Alberico? speak," said the King in a kind tone. The times bore a threatening aspect, and Manfred felt that it was now more than ever necessary to attach his servants to him.

"Sire, a cavalier has presented himself at the palace, and earnestly requests an audience of your Majesty. I have told him that this is an unsuitable hour; but he urges his request, alleging that his business is of the utmost importance, involving life and death."

"His name?"

"He declined to tell it, or to show his face; his visor is closed, he wears an armour that I am unacquainted with, and bears no offensive weapon."

"Who asked you if he bore any offensive weapon? where is the stranger?"

"I have brought him into my own apartment, that he might be the less observed."

"Helena, Iole, Manfredino, adieu! You see what is the glory of the throne; it requires the sacrifice of even those few moments of happiness which all men find abundantly in the bosom of their families. It is a burden which destiny has laid upon our shoulders, and which we must bear even to our death. Be cheerful for my sake; I shall hope to return in a short time to your arms. Let us go, Messer Alberico."

In saying this, Manfred dissembled his private sentiments; yet perhaps he spoke sincerely when speaking slightingly of the throne; for it is our nature to find the object we have desired below our expectations, when it is denuded of desire and hope; and the pains of the acquisition are not compensated by its pleasures.

When Manfred reached the threshold of Messer Alberico's apartment, he commanded him to remain there, and prevent the entrance of any person whatever. The king entered with a light step. A cavalier of a prepossessing figure, with his visor down, was leaning on the high back of a chair, apparently buried in profound meditation. Startled by the sound of footsteps, he looked up, and saw Manfred. He hesitated at first, he wavered; then took courage, advanced precipitately, bent a knee to the earth, and said with strong emotion, "My King!"

"Rise, Cavalier, rise! May we know of your courtesy, who it is that stands before us? May we ask, to what we must attribute the pleasure of speaking with you?"

"Sire, if the generosity for which you are so greatly renowned does not make me too presumptuous, I would pray you to let me remain unknown. That which I am about to tell you constitutes no merit on my part, for the law commands it; yet I am certain that you will bestow on me a reward for it. Be pleased to consider this reward anticipated, and let it consist in the liberty of keeping my visor closed.

Manfred reflected awhile, and then answered: "Granted. You have come disarmed into our power; you needed not have come hither, if you did not wish it; Heaven forbid that any one should have cause to repent his trust in the faith of the Swabian race."

"I thank your Majesty," said the Cavalier, laying his hand on his heart; then added, in an emphatic voice, "My King, you are betrayed!"

"We knew it, Sir Knight."

"What! do you know that there is a conspiracy against your throne?"

"We know that our subjects are men, and that we have always endeavoured to make them glorious."

"But all are not traitors, and many would lay down their lives for you." "The hour of trial is not yet come."

"It will come."

"Then we shall discern between fidelity and treason; Cavalier, have you nothing else to tell me?"

"I have, indeed."

"Speak!"

"Within your realm, in this very city, nay, at this moment, the majority of the Neapolitan nobles are plotting against your life."

"What do you say?—take heed."

"They are plotting against your life."

"Impossible!"

"Would I speak falsehoods in the presence of my Sovereign?"

"How will you prove your accusation?"

"Easily, Heaven be praised!"

"Yet how?"

"By conducting your Majesty at once to the place of meeting."

"In truth?"

"Be pleased to come."

"Cowards! fools!" cried Manfred, striking his hand violently upon a table; "do they think to avoid the reproach of dastards by acting as traitors? These men want to ruin us at any cost: they will be ruined themselves; then, in the abyss of their misery, they will regret us when we shall be no more. This is the common vicissitude of the good—hated in life, and lamented in death. Verily I pity those men. Oh, my vast designs! my hopes! my vigils of meditations all in vain!

"Italy seemed to all appearance dead, yet I trusted that one spark of life was lingering at her heart. I stretched out my hand to prove it, and I have received the grievous certainty that the heart is frozen. Italy is wholly dead for ever. Captain! Captain! order the Esquires to arm and mount immediately, and to assemble in the court-yard ready to attend me."

While these circumstances were occurring in the palace of Manfred, all the conspiring Barons being gathered together in their nocturnal rendezvous, the Count Rinaldo di Caserta explained to them, with admirable perspicuity, all the affairs which had hitherto been prosperously conducted, and all those which he intended to undertake, till they had attained their desired object. All that we have before related as done by the Count della Cerra, was not without the knowledge of Di Caserta: but

whether it were that he was at first too closely engaged with Manfred, or whether it was from his natural pride, which hated the minutiæ that every great work necessarily brings with it, he had hitherto left the burden to Della Cerra. And here some penetration is needed to distinguish between the characters of these two Counts: for Rinaldo di Caserta of Aquino had always been an honourable cavalier, and a worthy doer of noble deeds; but the terrible thirst of vengeance converted all his fine qualities into evil. Wholly transformed by the impetuosity of passion, rather than by deliberate intention, he tasted the fruit of crime, and now found himself upon a rugged road, from which he neither could nor would extricate himself, as being the only one which could conduct him to his goal. The Count Anselmo di Cerra had come into the world with all the organs of evil developed; he not only never performed virtuous actions himself, but he even did not understand them when performed by others; nor was he able to comprehend how any one could be called wise who acted differently from himself. He loved no one, nor did he hate any one in particular, for he hated all. He had long served Di Caserta, because he had hitherto derived much benefit from so doing, but he was ready to betray him as soon as these benefits ceased, or as soon as he could reap larger ones from the betrayal; nor did he think that treachery was wrong, for he argued thus: when two men associate themselves together, it is clear that the one promises to the other certain advantages which he could not enjoy alone, or associated with any other man; wherefore, if one party ceases to offer these advantages, and the other man withdraws, the want of fidelity is not in *him*, but in the former, who has ceased to be useful to him, which was the principal part of the original stipulation; in fine, without dilating further (for much of our tale is still to write), since the world began there never was a baptized man more worthy of a running noose or a sharp axe.

Rinaldo di Caserta, in the course of his oration, spoke thus to the assembled Barons: "Behold, how Providence has sent you the eventful times which you have so long desired, and so earnestly prayed to hasten. Let us now see what you will do. Already the victorious arms of Charles of Anjou, filling the country, are prepared to pass the Garigliano at Castelluccio and at Cepperano; already have they presented themselves before Gaeta to conquer it; the blessing of the Pontiff is with them, the valour which springs from a just cause, and the voice of the people: on the side of Manfred are terror and hesitation. Why then delay the revolt? we have already delayed longer than prudent men would do. Do we desire that Charles shall have arrived under the walls of Naples when we aid him with our help? In that case I know not which would be the greatest, the Count's folly

in making us partakers in his victory, or our imprudence in pretending to it. There is no prize to be obtained without danger, no reward without toil. If I judge aright, we shall incur no risk in making a demonstration in favour of Monseigneur of Anjou. None of the armed bands of Calabria, of Apulia, nor even those of Sicily, have moved as yet: let us rise, let us anticipate their delay and prevent those forces from uniting; fortune offers but one opportunity; and you, Barons, well know that one *to-day* is worth two *to-morrows*, and he who *has* time must not *wait* for time; let this colossus of clay fall under the anathema of the church, under the fury of the oppressed. Shall we wait for the utmost and last injuries to break the disgraceful yoke of Manfred from off our necks? Are not the suppression of our baronial privileges enough? the forced imposts? *our* houses despoiled? and those of religion contaminated?"

"And wives seduced," some one ventured to add.

"Who talks of wives? what do you mean by wives?" cried Di Caserta excited to the most violent rage.

"I said it, for the expression's sake, and to add yet another wrong to those which you enumerated."

The Count changed colour and fell back on his chair, from which he had risen in order to speak with more action and emphasis; nor with all his efforts was he able to continue; wherefore he desired Di Cerra, who sat beside him, to preside in the council.

The old man who on the former evening had spoken with so much good sense, now, without waiting to be called upon, rose, and looking round upon the assembly with an air of superiority, said: "Since fate wills that we should use vile means to produce a good end, let us console ourselves with the reflection that public virtue is always the daughter rather than the mother of liberty; and that as from a fetid root spring fragrant lilies, so wholesome ordinances for the national weal may be produced from treason itself. Now, as we do not hate *the man* for himself personally, but for the heavy yoke with which he oppresses us, it is my advice that no private enmity, no individual hate shall mingle in our designs; that our posterity may discern that if we used base means, it was because fate withheld us from a magnanimous mode of action, and necessity is the best excuse for evil deeds. Let us, then, urge the Count of Anjou to advance as rapidly as possible into the heart of the kingdom, while we, disobeying the commands of the Swabian, withhold from him the succour of our forces. It will be better for us to disregard his summons, than to desert him on the field of battle; true, the first is criminal, but the second is both criminal and base. But I do not mean that we should remain disarmed; on the contrary, let us assemble our bands, and form an army that will be a restraint on

the conqueror, and a guarantee for the performance of his promises. When we invite a stranger into our house we must treat him as a friend, or at least with such appearance of friendship that he will be obliged to behave as a friend to us. The power of injuring with impunity is a great inducement to injure; and to complain of injuries when we have nothing to check them with but complaints, is a still greater stimulant to outrage and insult. Let us use the power that heaven has given us; let Charles see that if we have given ourselves to him, we had also the option of not doing so; and if *he* does not guarantee us, we shall be able to guarantee ourselves. Does the Count della Cerra smile? do I speak like a fool? however deeply I reflect upon it, I can see no better mode of obviating the evils I set before you on the last evening we met together"

"I smile, Baron," replied Della Cerra, "and with good reason; for you propose to act like the man who, while his house was on fire within, strove to extinguish the flames by sprinkling the walls without. It is necessary to destroy a part to save the remainder; it is necessary to lop the superfluous branches of a luxuriant tree in order to render it more fruitful. What do you expect to do with your army, the maintainers of order? Really, I cannot help laughing, and with good cause; for when Charles will have in his hands both the Treasury and the power of hanging whomsoever he chooses to call a rebel, in fact the means of corrupting and of punishing, do not you perceive that your army is disbanded at once? and know, that he who raises obstacles easy to be surmounted, does but increase the courage and presumption of him who surmounts them. Listen to me now, and say if *my* advice be not better than yours. For some time back a vile multitude of vassals who have purchased their freedom, and enriched themselves by the tributes that they ought to have paid to us, have had the insolence to think of disowning our feudal privileges, and to dream, in the grossness of their minds, of making themselves our equals; they even dare aspire to attaining the magisterial authorities of the kingdom, conjointly with us their ancient masters. We must take a little blood from this body, which grows daily more gigantic, threatening us with a near approaching danger; we must convince them that they may change *masters*, but not *masterdom*; that they must serve us, and form a dead or living mass according to our commands. The means of accomplishing this is, to form them into armed bands, and send them to the assistance of *the man*; to incite them with the delusion of a liberty which they neither know nor shall be permitted to know: let them go cheerfully to the field to kill and be killed. I have no doubt that the French discipline will prevail, but not without carnage; and then we shall have gained two important advantages, that of being rid of such a dangerous body

of people, and of having weakened the foreigners who want to domineer over us; *we* shall still preserve entire the valorous troops of our own castles, and with them the power of destroying our new masters as we shall have destroyed our old ones. It is a desirable end at which we aim, and we need not regard the waste of life; one treason more or less must not deter us now we have begun to act; and finally, a little blood in revolutions is necessary. What! you shudder? how long have you turned women to be scared by words? is there one of you with clean hands? Which of you will dare to swear upon the evangelists that in the subterranean vaults of your castles you never committed, or caused to be committed, any secret homicide? In truth, I repeat to you, that revolutions without blood are not to be accounted of; let Charles, let Manfred perish! and let us provide for ourselves. Perhaps some of you will fear civil dissensions, and contests between the chiefs; but we shall be obliged to remain in concord and unanimity in order to repel the attempts of the Pope, who is always prepared to take advantage of our discord; and besides, civil wars are always preferable to foreign domination."

When Count Anselmo had reached this period of his oration, which, if not for profundity, is at least for wickedness equal to any page in Machiavel, a quick and near trampling of horses was heard. One of the conspirators rose hastily, and repaired to the balcony of the next room, whence he returned much discomposed, crying, "Armed men! armed men coming this way!"

All the rest tumultuously replied, "We are betrayed!" "It must be the Rounds passing." "Heaven have mercy on us, we are lost!" "No!—yes!—listen to the sound; it is too large a troop to be the Rounds." The old conspirator, without rising, turned to his neighbour, and said, "I have always told you that conspiracies which run to any length cannot be concealed, and particularly among us who are talkative by nature." The disorder increased among the conspirators; they were going and coming, and jostling against each other; a few had drawn their swords, barricaded the door inside, and without speaking a word seemed prepared to defend themselves to the last extremity; the greater number were uttering either prayers or imprecations, and were wandering round and round the room as if out of their senses. To all this confusion was soon added a violent knock at the door of the stair-case, and a summons: "Open, in the King's name!" No one dared, or indeed could stir to comply with the summons, for the bravest men among them were guarding the door. Some gazed at the ceiling, some at the floor, speculating whether there might be any hiding-place. They discovered a door, and all hurried in a crowd to open it. The foremost were thrust up against it by the press, so that they could not make room to open it, and fatigued themselves to no purpose with their

efforts; while those behind, cursing their slowness, pressed upon them more than ever.

Rinaldo di Caserta, who, after the observation that had interrupted his discourse, had remained stupified, suddenly recollected himself, and exclaimed, "Shameless men! when you rushed into conspiracy you did not consider all the chances. It is the worse for you, and for your persecutors; you will apprehend nothing; you will be the more furious, the less cautious."

The Neapolitans have not the reputation of brave men, nor yet of cowards. But report errs concerning them; and history records very valiant deeds performed by them, when any one urged them forward by words or by example; wherefore, as soon as Caserta had spoken, their feelings underwent a change; they drew their swords, and swore to fight to the last drop of their blood. By a strange contradiction in our nature, those who had shown themselves most eager for flight, now contended for the post of danger.

When the Esquires of Manfred had repeated their summons two or three times in vain, they sought to break down the door. They succeeded, and the King was the first to ascend the stairs, closely followed by the unknown cavalier. They traversed several chambers without finding the trace of a living being. At length they came to another door, which was secured so strongly, that they had much difficulty in forcing it open with their iron maces. They entered the room; it was empty; but they saw on a table several mantles, and on the ground some torn scraps of clothing, and two swords: there was a fire burning, and several candles lighted; all were traces of recent inhabitants, but the latter had disappeared. Manfred observed some papers, took them up, and discovered them with surprise to be letters from the Pope, and from Charles, his enemies, to the rebels. Meanwhile, the Esquires were greatly discomposed, at not being able to find out the way by which the conspirators had escaped. Immediately opposite to the door by which they had entered, was a small portal, plated with iron, and apparently of great strength; thinking that the rebels had fled through that place of egress, the Esquires crowded to it, to force it open, as the conspirators had tried to do a little before. It was beginning to yield to their blows, when the captain pointed out to them that all the fastenings were on the inside, consequently the persons they sought could not have passed out that way. A singular circumstance occurred; a certain Scudiero, who was very much devoted to his king, was looking at the tapestry with which the walls were adorned, when he observed one of the pieces which represented the Pope sitting in Consistory, and receiving the palfrey, and the tribute which some centuries before the pontiff had imposed on the kingdom. In a transport of blind rage, he

raised his war-mace, and hurled it with all his might against the arras. Well was it for that Pope, that he was only a woven man, for the mace struck him just over the eye, and cut his head in two. But the weapon, instead of rebounding, as it would have done had it struck against a wall, penetrated the tapestry, disappeared, and was heard rolling away at some distance. The terror of the Esquire may be conceived; he was going to prostrate himself before the arras, and ask pardon of it, when the unknown cavalier (or rather, Rogiero), ran hastily forward, cut the hangings quite through, and discovered a spacious corridor. The discovery of this passage, added to the observation of the captain, diverted the Esquires from trying the small iron door; and they awaited the orders of Manfred, who, with his usual courage, seized a light in his left hand, and rushed into the corridor, followed by all his attendants.

It must be observed, that the room where the conspirators assembled, had been destined to be used for criminal trials at the time when the papal vicar ruled Benevento, for the church: the small doors that the Esquires had tried, led to the dungeons; the large corridor, hidden behind the arras, was the place of torture. The instruments used in those times, to force the accused to confess, were arranged there in regular order, like *chefs d'œuvre* of art in a museum. There were rods of iron, a little rusty from long neglect, used for the torture called the "*sibilli*," which consisted in introducing them between each finger, and then crushing them tightly together, and which was practised in the case of old men, women, and children; there was the "bolt," a long triangular piece of wood, which was placed under the feet of the sufferer, forcing them into a straight line during the recital of two *Misereres*; there was the rack, called by the learned *regina probationum*, or the queen of tests; the wooden horse with the sharp spine, on which the accused was compelled to lie prone; there were handcuffs, gags, pincers, and all the other apparatus of the ancient judges. Now, (so bountiful is the eternal mercy to us,) these infamous instruments are not only banished from among us, but very few even know of what kind they were; and for what is known of them, we are indebted to the kindness of the writers of former ages, whose works remind us of this great privilege that we enjoy.

Manfred, without paying any attention to those instruments, proceeded onwards with great vehemence. He traversed a vast number of passages and chambers, the doors of which had all been left open in the haste of the fugitives; at last, when he least expected it, he came out upon a deserted street near the wall He looked round eagerly, he listened intently, there was a profound silence; he hesitated for some minutes, whether he should advance or retreat; then he decided for the latter. When he returned to the

chamber of the conspiracy, he commanded the Esquires to take the mantles, the swords, and everything else which the rebels had left behind; the letters of his enemies he had already carefully placed in his bosom. On their way back to the palace, they discovered that the unknown cavalier had watched an opportunity and departed; this unexpected circumstance did not increase surprise, but it increased suspicion. Meantime, Rinaldo di Caserta and Anselmo della Cerra reached their abode, panting and weary with the speed of their career. We shall explain, in a few words, by what means they had escaped the impending danger. The Count della Cerra, a shrewd and cunning man, had not chosen the palace of the Pontifical Legate for the meeting of the conspirators, without his usual foresight. Before he left Naples, he had heard of the secret passages of the palace of Benevento; hardly had he arrived in that city, when his first care was to ascertain if report spoke truth, and fortune was so favourable to him that he found the plan of the building among the archives. It arose from the wickedness of his nature, that he did not reveal the secret outlet at the first alarm. He, the basest of men, enjoyed the abasement of his fellow-creatures; and in this community of degradation, his heart rejoiced; nor, unless impelled by urgent necessity, would he have put a period to the demonstration of their mental disgrace, for it was the most delightful spectacle that he could possibly witness. As long as any of the conspirators betrayed terror, he continued to enjoy the sight, heedless of the danger; but the moment they were excited into courage, and resolved to defend themselves or die, then, as if he could not bear the light of that magnanimity, he let them know that there was a means of escape. That they accepted the means with an exclamation of joy, may be imagined by those who know that if man is sometimes brave from desperation, he is more often dastardly from security.

Our two Counts had scarcely yet recovered from their alarm, when they saw one of the royal Esquires enter their apartment, who brought an order from the King, that they should immediately repair to court.

"Do you know the cause of the summons?" asked Della Cerra of the Scudiero, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"My commission is confined to informing you of the King's order:" and with these words the Scudiero bowed and withdrew.

"I will not go, that is certain," said the Count Anselmo. "If they want to imprison me let them arrest me; but that I should walk into the toils myself, there is no law, human or divine, to command it. Up, Count! this is no time for reflection; let us fly."

"It is always fly, and fly, and never strike," answered Di

Caserta. "Go, if you will; but I abhor the counsels of fear: it is not an hour ago that I prepared myself to depart this life without vengeance; but now, before I die, I may hope to see the blood of my enemy. The vengeance of the mind has failed; that of the hand cannot fail. Are you not armed with a dagger? What do you fear? Death settles all accounts." And taking Anselmo by the arm, he added, "Come!"

"Behold, my Lord Constable! behold, my Lord Chamberlain!" exclaimed Manfred, as soon as he saw the Counts Di Caserta and Della Cerra enter his apartment. "Behold the vaunted fidelity of my barons: when I labour night and day to preserve them from foreign invasion, when I prepare to shed my blood in the field in their defence, they plot to slay me with the assassin's dagger. Jealous lest I should close with glory a life consumed in toil, they offer my throne to the enemy. Perfidious men!"

"Sire," replied Di Caserta, "are you certain that you have not been deceived?"

"Deceived! Look here if I deceive myself: read these letters; behold the signature of the Count of Anjou; judge, from his answer, what the wretches must have offered him."

"I shudder," cried Anselmo and Rinaldo, both at the same moment.

"It is an outrage: they want to make me cruel; they tempt me to blot my character as a benign prince; they shall have their wish. Perhaps the first rays of to-morrow's sun will behold more than a hundred heads severed from their bodies. Here, where I summoned them to consult on the affairs of the kingdom—here they betray me, the wretches!"

"I have always advised you to severity, Sire," said Di Cerra. "I know not why injurious counsels have prevailed. The good do not need clemency; and for the wicked justice is necessary—justice, inexorable and severe."

"What have I done to the barons, that they have not shrunk from the reproach of destroying their king?"

"The son of Frederic," added Di Caserta.

"Holy San Germano!" exclaimed Di Cerra; "how can they prefer an unknown foreigner to so wise and virtuous a lord?"

"No, my faithful subjects, I am a sinner; but if Manfred has sinned, it is not against them." He was silent for a long time. "Perhaps I am judged," he murmured in a low voice; "perhaps this is the first hour of my agony: but let us do all it befits a high-minded man to do in such extremity; then let us leave it to God to fulfil whatever he has decreed. Nobles, sit down."

When they were seated, he dictated to them, with admirable celerity, despatches for the lieutenants, governors, magistrates, and others who represented him in the cities of his kingdom; he ordered them to move their troops immediately; he directed the

routes they were to follow, the halts they were to make, and pointed out Capua and San Germano as the places where they were to unite: the despatches being written, he subscribed them without reading, and sealed them. Thus was occupied a great part of the night. When the business was concluded, he dismissed Della Cerra, that he might provide swift couriers to convey the despatches to their destination. He himself remained alone with Di Caserta.

"Thou, at least, my faithful one, dost not betray me," said Manfred, laying his right hand on that of the Count. "Our friendship is of long standing; it began under the auspices of her who is now certainly among the blessed in paradise. Oh! I am indiscreet in renewing your grief; time has not healed the wound! True, time has no power over such sorrows. Go, and arrange with Count Giordano for the safety of this city, and of my family. I must not, for the fault of a few rebels, abandon the defence of my faithful subjects, nor can I do it; it would be attributed to cowardice. If the star of Swabia must set, let it set with the same rays as those with which it first appeared; let the name of my ancestors shine unclouded, *we* will not disgrace it. It is easy to show ourselves magnanimous when fortune exalts us, but difficult to do so when it depresses us. Go—direct!—you have wisdom enough to govern a kingdom; do what you will, so that there be no blood shed. Let us place the traitors in such a situation that they cannot injure the loyal; let it be their punishment that they have plotted in vain a disgraceful action: I promise myself much from your vigilance and fidelity."

Di Caserta received these caresses like a chained lion, and departed to execute his commission.

The Count della Cerra, having despatched the couriers, returned to the Palace; on his way he began to ponder: "Let me consider whether the opportunity for discovery has arrived. Can Gisfredo have anticipated me? Does Manfred dissemble with us? In truth, Gisfredo never comes into my sight now; and Manfred is capable of dissembling thus, and still more. But Gisfredo cannot have told him the how and the when; no, for I never trusted him so far; and that was a good precaution. Then my confession may become necessary, and may be rewarded. But who can certify to me that Manfred will reward me? If I had at least a guarantee—there—he will certainly despise me—what matter? do I not despise myself? That would be of no consequence, if the recompence was certain. Let us make him swear on the Evangelists;—but if he is a heretic?—or shall he swear by the honour of his family?—it is all the same. I may confide in the expectation that he will reward the first informer, for the others will not ruin themselves in

revealing plots that may succeed. Certainly it would not be wise to punish instead of recompensing, and Manfred is no fool. I would not like to remain about his person, nor would he like it; he will send me as governor to some distant province of Sicily; so much the better for me, I will rule it in my own fashion; I shall have the power of life and death. Oh! what delight to sign a sentence of death! But see how hope can delude prudence. If Charles should come!—then the least that could happen to me, if I remain, is to lose my head; and if I fly, I wander about the world a pauper—and poverty is an atrocious crime; throughout all the world tribunals are established to punish it. I cannot transport my estates and my government with me. Let us bargain for ready money; that would be the best. I will retire to Trapani, and provide myself with a brigantine, and if the Swabian is ruined I will take refuge among the Saracens; and, if necessary, I will become a renegade. The land of my birth!—what birth? Wherever the vine produces the liquor that enlivens the blood, wherever beauty concedes its favours to *golden* affection, wherever there are souls to corrupt, virtue to mock, vice to exercise, there is my country. Now for the epilogue: Rinaldo is becoming dangerous; he has failed in his faith to me, and prudence demands that I should abandon him." Thus meditating, he reached the royal antechamber.

"Anselmo," said the Count di Caserta, meeting him, as it happened that he returned before the other. "Anselmo, I was expecting you."

"Has anything wrong occurred, Signor?"

"Nothing. Manfred does not suspect us; do not be discouraged, Anselmo; let us look fortune in the face, for affairs are not yet desperate. Have you delivered the despatches?"

"I have."

"And sent off the couriers?"

"Yes, Count."

"Why have you done so?"

"What else was I to do?"

"You are the very man to suggest throwing them into the river."

"Right, Signor; but the whirl of affairs has disturbed my mind. I did not know—I had not thought—"

"Take heed, Anselmo, what you do. My heart, now that it is about to cease to beat, has recovered its ancient vigour; it watches, and you may not find an opportunity of betraying me."

"Oh! what do you say, my noble patron?" replied Della Cerra, with an obsequious air. "I have never so fervently thanked heaven as now, when it grants me the opportunity of manifesting my gratitude by risking my life for you. I have sworn to myself to share your joys or your sufferings."

Rinaldo feigned to thank him with a smile; but knowing how wicked Anselmo was, and become suspicious from danger, he would not leave it in his option to remain faithful or not; therefore he conducted Anselmo himself into Manfred's presence, and never left him for a moment, till the fate which was even then menacing Della Cerra, had closed his lips with the seal of death.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Joyous bird! that o'er land and sea
Seeketh a home where no change may be,
Making a summer throughout the year,
Bounding away when the leaves are sere,
Scorning to share in the common lot,
Fleeing the death thou regardest not,—
The spoils of autumn around us sweep,
And thou art away o'er the trackless deep.

What were thy dreams through the parted hours,
While lingering yet in our own frail bowers?
Did they not sometimes bear thee far
To the brighter realms where thy kindred are;
To the balmy groves and the genial air
Waiting to give thee glad welcome there?
Didst thou not spring, with a joyous bound,
From the fading woods of our alien ground?

Away, away, o'er the glancing brine,
Borne by those tireless wings of thine,
Casting no look of regret behind,
Leaving no track on the ocean wind;
Onward ever thy course is bent,
Till the light of thine own rich element
Around thee breaks, with a glorious blaze,
And a promise glad of unclouded days.

Would that the heart had power to flee
To the better land of its dreams, like thee;
Would that it, too, away could burst,
When the blight and the darkness threaten first;
Spurning sorrow, and wrong, and pain,
Breaking the thrall of its heavy chain;
For, oh! it hath glimpses, all divine,
Of a brighter resting-place than thine!

Far down in its gleaming depths there lie
The golden tints of another sky;
Music-laden, and fresh, and free,
Come the fitful breezes, gushingly,
Fanning such bloom as the suns of earth
Never yet called into bright, brief birth,
And Love and Joy, in that fairy-land,
Still pass on fearlessly hand in hand.

O summer bird, 'twas a wondrous power
That to man and thee gave such varied dower;
Thou hast no treasure to leave behind,
When with joy thou cleavest the seaward wind;
But *we*, in our visions proud and high,
Must put off the thrall of mortality;
And the loving hearts in whose hope we share,
For us make a summer everywhere!

THE LIGHTS ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I GAZED on the boundless and beautiful ocean,
Deserted awhile by the sun's radiant light,
And I thought on the vessels with trembling emotion,
Which braved those dark waves in the silence of night.

I thought how the seamen might crave for assistance,
Unknowing, uncertain, how safely to steer;
I thought on the treacherous sands in the distance,
And visions came o'er me of trouble and fear.

But soon I was soothed by reflections more cheering,—
The bright warning lights shed their rays on my eye,
That nightly, amid those dim quicksands appearing,
Acquaint the frail vessels that danger is nigh.

I gazed, and, while thankful that man's kind direction
A safeguard from ill should thus wisely provide,
I thought on a holier, purer protection,
On the light that we owe to a heavenly Guide.

I thought how, on life's troubled sea of contention,
Our bark may be tossed on the waters of wrath,
But we need not fear sorrow, or know apprehension,
While the Light of the Gospel illumines our path.

And I prayed that the bright, blessed Lamp of Salvation
Through life might continue my safeguard to be,
And keep me from danger, from harm, and temptation,
Like the kind warning lights that now shine o'er the sea.

A TOUR AMONG THE THEATRES.*

BY TIPPOO KHAN, LATE OF HYDERABAD.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Keeley and the Lyceum—Mr. Webster and the Haymarket.

We have associated certain feelings of alloy in our pleasurable visit to Mr. Macready at the Surrey; and although these sentiments could not deprive us of the gratification occasioned by his individual performance, still their existence cannot be denied; nay, must be freely and openly admitted. But we think there is a spot, we fancy we can denote one theatre (and, afterwards, perhaps one, and only one more,) in this great metropolis, where the zealous traveller will be not simply repaid the trouble of his visit, but will be enabled to say, "Here have I witnessed that which has caused happy emotions, with little indeed of alloy:" nor is this from the character of any one entertainment in its literary merits, but from the combined powers of author and actor both; we should say the palm was rather due to the latter, if distinction in award must be made. Knowing from recollection, as well as report, that there existed a very pretty theatre, yclept the Lyceum, or English Opera House; and knowing, moreover, that the said very pretty theatre was under the management of the best English actress on the boards, we sallied thither one night, at half-price, from a certain military terminus in St. James's-square; and, on that occasion, witnessed a portion of the "Magic Horn," and of a farce called, if we remember rightly, the "Loan of a Wife." We cannot say that this view of its people and scenery impressed us so much as need be in favour of this locality. We were accompanied by very cold amateurs of the modern drama, and were perched, moreover, at the back of the boxes. The pretty Fatima, and her sweetly arranged dress, and general appearance, created, perhaps, a more lively and lasting impression of pleasure than any other part of the night's performances, which we then saw and listened to. The ship in the storm had a fine effect; but put us much in mind of a magic-lanthorn, dissolving view, Fantoccini sort of child's play, and we cared little for it. Some nights afterwards, dining with a friend at the Oriental, we made up our minds to try the Lyceum again, and this time from a stall. We started off on

* Continued from vol. xlvii., p. 457.

our journey accordingly, and meeting with little or nothing of adventure on the road, eventually reached our destination. As proof of the gratification we experienced, the next night found us in almost precisely the same spot, and twice in the week ensuing, did we witness the same representation. Since then, the orchestra has become quite familiar to us; and we beg to recommend "To Parents and Guardians," the "Magic Horn," and "To Persons about to Marry," as a very delightful dish of entertainment for the unsatiated theatrical appetite. Now to defend our position, for we know we have assailants here.

We are speaking of a *tout ensemble;* we do not say that a burlesque is a high order of dramatic writing; nor that there are not certain hardnesses about the details of an English stage performance, which often mar the intentions of the farce or burletta writer; but we maintain that, let the tourist for pleasure but suffer himself to be conducted here for two or three times consecutively, he will wish to come again, provided the nature of the entertainment in store for him be of the material above shown. Imprimis—"To Parents and Guardians," if original, and we hope and believe it to be wholly so, is, to our thinking, the best comic drama, or whatever it may be designated, which has been produced on our stage for many a day. The story of old Tourbillon furnishes a fine healthy moral; the heart of Master Robert Nettles sings so harmoniously through the discord of his pranks, that you forget the impropriety of the latter in listening to the (we will use the word again) healthy boyish melody; and the mean, exacting, ignorant schoolmaster, is held up to our contempt and laughter, just as such a character should be. There are no unwholesome, immoral intrigues, in which a pair of lovers are depicted in colours to excite the sympathy, as a wronged husband is made to pull the risible muscles, of a perplexed and gaping audience. There are no murders, adulteries, suicides; there is a simple tale, told with infinite grace and truth, and seasoned with no sparing dash of good, boisterous fun; and tales, such as these, cannot fail to command the interest and applause of the hearer. The acting in this piece is admirable. Mrs. Keeley's schoolboy we must class first; not in compliment to the sex, but in honour of the transcendant "representative" genius of the actress. While we go simply to laugh and be amused at the freaks and vagaries so plentifully displayed to us, let us pause for one minute, and consider, that from his first entry to his final exit, or rather, the downfall of the curtain, in Robert Nettles we look upon a perfect sketch, from the life; if not the result of deep study, the creation of a mind rich with knowledge of human nature. His request for mercy to, and general conduct before, his mother; his apology to old Tourbillon; his treatment of Waddilove, as regards the

division of the cake, and the consequences of the egg-stealing; his courtship of Mary; his defence of Virginia; his entry into the school-room and prompting of Doggett; the whole affair of the letter to his uncle; his last scene with the old Frenchman, are all true leaves from the book of real life: and the French lesson was, and might still be, classed as the same, but that latterly, it is, perhaps, a "leetle" overdone. And were we managers of a theatre, we had rather put that accomplished lady who represented this character, into Lady Macbeth, or Lady Teazle, than nine out of ten leading tragedy or comedy queens in town or country; solely, because we might rely on its being in safe hands. We have heard it objected by more than one, that there is a sameness about Mrs. Keeley's acting. Let us take three of her most popular characters—Nydia, in the "Last Days of Pompeii," "Jack Sheppard," and any soubrette of a farce; these are all admitted to be admirable impersonations. How, then, there can be a similarity between Bulwer's blind girl, Ainsworth's housebreaker, and anybody's Betty or Nancy (the artiste in question has played some dozens), we are quite at a loss to define. Mr. A. Wigan's Frenchman is a masterpiece in its way; but the public press has been so lavish of favourable opinion on this very careful and talented piece of acting, that little new can be said hereon. Suffice it to mention, we have seen the meeting with the daughter scene seven times over, and each time have felt the same satisfaction at the beauty and truth of the picture; though, to us, the great charm of all is the smile so gradually and naturally developed in accepting Swish's "reparation," at the commencement. Mr. Keeley's Waddilove is just what might be expected from an excellent ultra-comic actor, long in possession of the favour of his audience, containing two capital "acted" points, and many very well-spoken, mirth-moving sentences. The points we allude to, are the coming up into line for inspection by the French usher, and the burst of tears at being termed "the depraved and abandoned." Lady Nettles, Swish, and his daughter Mary, Nubbles, and Master Scuttler, are all well represented; and Mrs. A. Wigan's dress and bearing, as the French girl, are worthy of the best school of acting.

The "Magic Horn" is a specimen of that dangerous class of writing, known as Burlesque; we say dangerous, because those who do thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the fun of this literature, are led away by its attractions from the more sterling style. It is a species of effervescence, which, though in its best appearance it can only rise on the surface of genius, acquires so much of power over the inventive faculties, that the tumbler becomes overloaded with its sparkling nothingness, and the parent liquid proportionably diminishes and disappears; while

for those who do not appreciate the writing, much of success must be dependent on scenery, dresses, dances, music, and the talent of the performers to hit where the public is generally vulnerable. "What trash!" how many exclaim, at the conclusion of a burlesque, because they have half looked upon it as intended to denote actual character, where such intention does not, in the remotest degree, exist. Imagine, for a moment, the individual personated by Mr. Keeley, to be a *bonâ fide* gallant young knight, who "loves and rides away" with ladies' hearts in the same first-rate style wherewith he slaughters all contemptible aspirants to ladies' hands that came in his path! So far as Oberon and Puck are concerned, there is no reason why the former should not have been a handsome young Irishman, and the latter a smart, laughing, English boy, as well as anything else fairies may be imagined to represent; but the idea of a Caliph of Bagdad recommending his proposed son-in-law, under the dignified title of a "pippin," to hold up his head and fight low; and that of the said son-in-law, *in prospectu*, walking up to the said Caliph, and giving him a most European and un-Asiatic shake of the hand, would be rich morsels indeed for a critical appetite, if nature were in any way contemplated. Again, "What trash!" how many more exclaim, who know there is no reality intended in the burlesque, but who have been utterly bewildered to comprehend its true meaning; they laugh and are amused at the hits and *bon mots*; but they cannot see exactly why they should be held applicable to classical or fairy situations and people; thus, much of what is aimed at by the author becomes lost, to a great portion of his audience, altogether.

Taking the "Magic Horn" as a modern burlesque, it is, perhaps, of more than average merit; and its success cannot be said to be attributable to the actors more than the author. True, that the scene-painter and dressmaker have done their respective tasks admirably well; but, with the exception of Mrs. Keeley, always first-rate, and, it may be, Mr. Frank Mathews (whose Ibrahim Pasha imitation is highly ludicrous), there is nothing particularly striking in the general performance. Here and there, independently of the characters filled by the above-named performers, a dash of the artist is visible; as, for instance, Sir Bottle's Braham imitation in the words, "fighting shy;" Mr. Collier's delivery of the reasonable and gentlemanly request—

"To cut his throat myself is all I ask;"

and Miss Villar's matrimony song to the old "Groves of Blarney" tune; while little Miss Keeley's merriment is infectious to a degree; Miss Bromley sings, plays, and looks charmingly well; and Mr. Wigan is a good Irishman; but the written

fun must not be denied to the clever inventor. We may select, as really good points, from the speeches of three of the *dramatis personæ*:—

Sir Bottle. — "There lies his head to tell his hapless tale."

Sherrywine.—"Five is three more than two, sir, that's a bore."

Sir Bottle. — "When five are cut in two, they'll be *no more*."

Sherrywine.—"We'll lose at last who runs the likes of you."

Sir Bottle. — "Next time I run him, I'll just run him through.
I'll ride bang thro' the city on the mare.
Die, unbeliever! and believe me now.
I'd seek the scoundrel who would take *my* place,
Cut off his head, and fling it in his face.
I don't like stakes, I'd rather have a chop."

Sherrywine.—"*One* wife? how odd! It may seem so to you;
But with us Irish, the odd number's two."

Princess Reiza. "Free as a frank, before the penny postage.
That day will come, and then will come the knight.
Parent as mild as just, and just as mild,"—

and the "*je suis sauvé*" couplets of the lovers.

We must not omit to mention that Mr. Alexander Lee's music in the "Magic Horn," is excellently arranged and selected.

And now let us not trouble ourselves to ask why Mr. Dance has re-introduced, in so little varied a form, the old affair of the Saracen's Head, on Snow-hill: it is nightly enjoyed by the hearers, and that is sufficient. There is a certain recollection of ancient jest which crosses us on hearing the "diving belle," and Pompey and "seize her" puns also; and we are not quite sure whether the above-quoted line about the "stakes" bears an original idea; no matter—we begin to think we have delayed too long at the Lyceum already, and, wondering whether the Princess Reiza was supposed to be acquainted with Shakspere, when she makes him say "fathers have flinty hearts," we must be wending our way homewards.

Before taking up our hat and greatcoat, however, a passing word on one or two other productions. "Which Mr. Smith?" is all very well of its kind; and Mr. Emery's impersonation is natural and clever, notwithstanding its terrible drag of bye-play. Mr. F. Mathews is good in this farce; but his excitement is too prolonged; the actor becomes hard, and his efforts painful and tedious. This may be the fault of the scribe, for what we know—we should rather suspect that it was so. "To Persons about to Marry" is an amusing and a well-illustrated sketch. We have lately made the acquaintance of "Mrs. Harris," and were tickled with Keeley's idea of the good dame; but his triumph, now-a-days, is, we think, in that strange affair yclept "Boots at the Swan."

Not very far from the English, and immediately opposite the Italian Opera House, is the "little theatre in the Haymarket;" hither we wandered the other evening, and took up our favourite position, in one of the stalls. The resources of this establishment we pretty well knew from former experience. We should say that it now boasted a most uneven company; that is, bountiful beyond measure in certain particular branches, and lamentably deficient in others. The strength consists in comedy and farce; the weakness is palpable in every other department: perhaps, this is as it should be here; however, time will show where the public taste is most constant and most to be depended on. There is a charm to a lover of the British Drama about this region; so many old and agreeable associations are connected herewith; and the theatrical tourist pauses here, in his search after the Present, to brood over recollections and tales of the Past. The very fact that Farren and Mrs. Glover are still to be seen and heard under this roof, is a sort of warrant for the maintenance of legitimate comedy. These two pillars will, of themselves, support much of the old structure; and when to these are added the names of Webster, Buckstone, and Mrs. Humby, the playgoer may rely on abundance of entertainment at the Haymarket. But there is a very respectable supply of new actors and actresses here also; that is, new within the last six or seven years, during which time some successful *débûts* seem to have been made before a London audience; and among these, Misses Julia Bennett and Fortescue, and Messrs. Howe and Hudson hold a very prominent place: more especially the two ladies, who were much required.

We cannot say that we liked the commencement of operations. The "Fortune Hunter" was all right, and honour to Bayle Bernard, as being one almost alone among the old, successful, original farce-writers. But why place before the public a new version of "Les Mousquetaires," however interesting the plot, and elegant the adaptation, and play it, as a leading piece, every night, under the title of "Queen Mary's Bower?" Is there, then, so little power of originality among present English dramatists, that it becomes always necessary to call in Mr. Planché to his occupation of the last twenty years; namely, alteration and renovation? We *had* asked ourselves, until the production of "Look before you Leap," had Mr. Webster resolved, from experience, to do nothing again in any manner approaching to the liberal £500 offer for a *new* comedy? We may be wrong, but we think the literary age as "dramatic," if not more so, at this present moment, in England, as ever; but what young writer of spirit would, unknown, venture to present a MSS. to a manager without *some* prospect of its being read or attended to?* No; that

* We could almost regret that this remark should have escaped us in our tour to the Haymarket, as the manager of that theatre is, we understand, unusually courteous towards aspirants to dramatic literary honours.

there is a fund of dramatic talent, if not genius, born, living, and decaying in these days, in quiet obscurity, is scarcely to be denied. It is like the valuable work marked "sixpence," at a book-stall. What Englishman, fitting up his library, could suppose such a volume worth the having? and there it may rest, among its well-bound and attractive-looking companions, unheeded, unthought of, till circumstances shall impel the finger of curiosity to open it, when it will be found to contain much well worthy of the perusal, though, perhaps, then, somewhat out of date. Those who take theatres in these days of speculation cannot be expected to bring forward aught but what is suited to the public appetite, and we suppose it to be inclined to the dishes now laid out for it on the board, or rather "boards;" but we venture to adduce, as a logical inference, that managers who are good actors themselves, must possess a certain innate love of a profession, in which no talent or genius, without love, can work proficiency. We have spoken of the interest of the plot of the drama in question: it *is* remarkably interesting; and Miss Fortescue, Messrs. Webster, Howe, and Hudson, cause it to act well and smoothly; but the piece is not of a stamp that, were it even completely original, would have more lasting effect on the stage literature of the country than Jerrold's "Golden Calf," or Buckstone's "Love and Murder," if playgoers should remember these at all. It is a drama for a fair run and shelving, and that is the truth of the matter. "Spring Gardens" is better in its way, but a translation or adaptation from the French also; the chief parts in which are played by Buckstone and Julia Bennett in a style of excellence seldom acknowledged; however, it may oftentimes exist at a British theatre. Messrs. H. Holl (saving a slight defect of gait, we wish he would remedy) and Howe, and Mrs. Buckingham, being right good stuff wherewith to fill up the entertainment; and, altogether, the "Gardens," if purely English ones, instead of being attached to the premises of a certain French "cabaret," would be unexceptionable. "Nicholas Flam" is an old favourite, in which Farren's allusion to his office bell is as comical as ever. Mrs. W. Clifford is a choice relic of the old school, and is an admirable adjunct to the lawyer and his clerk; the latter pourtrayed by Buckstone, after his best fashion.

The production of Mr. Lovell's new comedy affords, however, a rich treat for the lover of the drama: it has given him something not only to reflect and grow merry, but also to hope on; it forms an event, a white day, in the general obscurity of the dramatic annals of the age. We need give no detail of a plot that has been thoroughly sifted by the press, and laid before the public in its every shape; that it is an interesting one, few, we should imagine, would admit; it carries no web, no mystery, no

means of arousing much excitement; but it is, perhaps, with one exception, as correct, as free from offence, and as pleasing in moral throughout, as any English comedy one ever remembers to have seen on the stage, or even to have read in the closet; and that is saying much in these modernised "Clarissa Harlowe" days. It is not startlingly unnatural; nor is it at all dependent on situations and effects. The dialogue is neat, and happily turned in the extreme; there is a general ease and a smoothness; an evenness of good, unobjectionable writing in it, apparent on a first hearing: in fact, a dialogue which springs from so slender a plot, and wins the attention and applause of the hearers, must be of good, attractive stuff indeed. We prepare the garlands and bouquets of unqualified approbation, and cast far away the pincers and chisels of criticism in despair, while contemplating the admirable acting of Mrs. Glover and Farren, and the irresistible drollery of quaint, care-killing Buckstone. We trust no harm can be imagined in imparting to the world our idea that Mr. Webster's clever impersonation of Spriggs, could not prevent his looking less like a lawyer's clerk than a tourist among the lakes, or anything, almost, but a constant sitter on a high stool at a still higher desk. True, that the charming Fanny has to love him; but if she must love one of the tribe, it should be a real, and not an imaginary one. The three young ladies acted and looked after a fashion that we should like to see more prevalent on our neglected stage; and the introduction of Hardman's daughter to the fraternity of lawyers' clerks at large, would be enough to create suspension of service of all and every writ in Her Majesty's dominions, for one day, at all events. The three gentlemen lovers are very well; perhaps Brandon's part is not a quite agreeable one throughout, and the other two have almost a surfeit of bye-play, a tedious business, if strictly kept up. Lastly, Mr. Hardman, as shown to us by Mr. Rogers, looked as unpleasant and disagreeable as could be desired; in fact, when uttering his measured sentences, he was quite horrible to contemplate. We hope never to meet with a gentleman of this stamp again (Mr. H., not Mr. R.), at all events, off the stage, though we do not think we should miss him much *on*.

Altogether, the Haymarket well repays the visit; but with its present company, it should be devoted almost wholly to comedy, vaudeville, and farce. If tragedy be attempted, it is to be hoped there will be a very considerable increase in the establishment; (by the way, why are Mr. Vandenhoff and his accomplished daughter so little seen?) If opera, that there will be no more "Wonderful Water Cures," where two gentlemen have to sing through some pages of most difficult concerted music; one of whom is the usual Irishman of the afterpiece, and the other well known as the representative of Blueskin and Mr.

Toffey, (which latter character is played much with the humour of the late John Reeve.) We say, without the least disparagement to the acknowledged musical talents and vocal powers of both Messrs. Hudson and Bedford, that the "Groves of Blarney," and "Jolly Nose," would have little value in the estimation of so ambitious a composer as Monsieur Grisar, the giver of music to "L'Eau Merveilleuse."

Lyceum and Haymarket, *Valete!* Ye are, in the present age of Albion's theatrical world, the Roxana and Statira, the Briseis and Chryseis, the Polly and Lucy, of that Alexander, Achilles, or Captain Macheath, (whichever you may please to make him,) the British public! to us, in our humble tour, you are as Windermere and Yarrow. Not only can we say to you,

"How happy could I be with either,"

but, "How happy we *can* be with both." In conclusion, again, *Valete!* In supporting the fabric you have in your charge, use props of the "brave old oak" of your country; for if you trust to foreign wood, beware of the dry-rot of indolence and the insidious vermin of immorality! *Salaam!* as we say in the East.

CHAPTER III.

Introducing Tippoo Khan the Elder to the reader.

As I am about entering upon personal, family matters, it will be necessary for me to use the "ego" for a short time again—to be *singular*, I would have said, but that the singular man is he who avoids the all-fluent subject of self *in toto*. A respected uncle, whom I shall introduce to the reader as Tippoo Khan the Elder, has accompanied me in some of my excursions to the Lyceum, Haymarket, and other theatres. He has resided for upwards of five and twenty years in the East (the last five of which, owing to ill health and unfitness for active employment, have been devoted by him chiefly to Sadi, Hafiz, and preparations for quitting the world as he has seemed leaving India), and has now retired on a pension as member of the Bengal Civil Service, in which, for at least a score of years, he did the duty of the state with infinite credit. He reached England about a month ago, with a long beard, wearing mustachios, and head full of orientalisms. He despises my humble knowledge of Asiatic manners, and designates me a very infidel, or "Kaffir," in the service of Persian poesy: he looks suspiciously on all his own country-folk; and as to our neighbours the French, and other European foreigners, he hates and abhors them. He lives and dresses much in the manner of a Mahomedan, though in point

of actual religion I believe him to be as good a Christian as ever: he smokes his kalyan (pipe), eats his "kabob," and drinks his "sherbet," and never acknowledges to a preference for Havannahs, *côtelettes à la Soubise*, and cold claret. He is, naturally enough, testy and opiniated in argument, and keeps himself constantly wrapt up in the cloak of self-approbation, rubbing the chin of prejudice (which, we leave to the present age to determine, a bearded or shaven one) with the fingers of satisfaction. He is a tall, spare man—very brown in complexion—has dark hair, small blue eyes, and somewhat delicate features—and looks more shy than sinister. From his professed contempt for the opinion of the world at large, I have ventured on this slight sketch of his character; and from my conviction that many of his sayings and sentiments are spouts from the source of true wisdom, I have suffered them to flow over the barrenness of the soil of these pages. Probably at the sight of one of the houris known as Fame, while wandering in the open harem of literature, he may pause in amazement, and strive to be possessed of such exquisite loveliness, and, in order to gain his end, struggle to become wearer of the crown of popular applause—for these figurative kings fall and rise fast as a race of Affghan monarchs. At all events, I will hazard the experiment, and endeavour to retain him in his own country, which he threatens to fly—by drugging him in the first instance with the opium of print.

His ideas about theatres are, with all their apparent wisdom, perhaps vague and unconnected, but they may occasionally serve to amuse the reader: for although he may prate of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and other histrionic geniuses of his time, I fancy that their true images have long since been buried, for him, under heaps of "Khilats" and "Kurtahs," "Jikas" and "Jowahirs," "Teghs" and "Tabanchas;" in plain English, robes of honour and robes of common use, crown jewels and jewels for all classes, swords and pistols.

"Istighfar Allah! may I be forgiven!" said Tippoo Khan the Elder, when asked his opinion one night on the two theatres last visited and commented on. He had returned home to his quiet room and pipe, the light in the latter and the twinkle of contentment in the smoker's eye appearing at one and the same moment. To have questioned him when seated in the theatre, lost in the fog of contemplation, would have been as vain as for a tyro unknown to expect an answer from a manager on the presentation of a manuscript. "Istighfar Allah! but you are strange people, even among your theatres!" my uncle always made use of the second person to me when referring to English people generally, as though he were not a Briton himself. "I am glad I have seen your performances though, and know the race of your dramatic audiences, authors, and actors; the first of whom

talk too much; the second borrow and translate too much—are altogether too dependent on others; and the third think too much of the first, and too little of the second. I do not comprehend why people who come nominally in search of the ideal; nay, who pay for an illusion; should mar their objects so completely by forcing before themselves the commonest realities of life. You inconvenience yourself to dine early; eat a hurried meal; abandon the after-dinner wine, or dessert, or cigar, and go through the ceremonies of dress and ornament, for what? to talk, to hear the sound of your own voice, as though it had a treble sweetness and magic under the influence of gas-lamps and box hangings! Why, this end is much easier attainable by remaining in your 'khilwat,' or private apartment; ay, as we now are. If you want me to talk, suffer me at least to remain at home, and you will set the collar of obligation* on my neck for ever. As for your authors, they may be clever fellows—I know not: in these matters my vision is somewhat dim; but let us take your comedy writer, who should be the least faulty as most ambitious; and in the new production you so much extol, I see a very material '*aib*' (defect) indeed! You and others may not view it in the same light; new morals may have set in with new means of travelling; but be the age of either or both parties twenty or sixty, and however ignorant one may be of the identity of the other, I profess dislike at hearing a brother offer or meditate an offer of marriage to a sister, in whatever way this may serve towards the arrangement of a satisfactory climax. Yes, although I may be much pleased with the tone of your comedy in a general point of view, yet by reason of this flaw, the fountains of my delight become muddy and the eyes of my happy condition obscured."

I believe I myself hinted at one exception to correctness of plot in the tour which brought me to "Look before you Leap;" perhaps it referred to this particular point.

"Nor can I comprehend why some of your best performers, whose business you must allow to be their actual performance on the stage, should suffer their eyes, and evidently their thoughts too, to wander from that sphere, so perpetually to the boxes, pit, and gallery. Indeed," and my uncle took a deep inhalation of the smoke of the kalyan, as in the innocence of his heart he spoke this—"one would almost think some one or two of them were actually the managers of theatres themselves, looking to see how many people had come to the night's amusement."

We bowed our head, thought, and swallowed the saliva of submissive silence.

* I must here remark, that whatever latitude of simile I allow for myself, all my uncle's figurative allusions are purely Persian, and will be found in Persian works, by those who feel interested in such matters.—T. K.

"Some of your lovers and younger men, too," continued my uncle, "I have to quarrel with; not so much that they may want the appearance of those whom you point out to me, in the West-end, as the men of fashion of the day, but that they are out of all nature altogether; and I cannot admire the taste of the young ladies, in your farces, who consent to trick their parents and others for such unprepossessing people. The fire of annoyance kindles in my heart, and the waters of disappointment begin to run from my eyes, when I see a bright, moon-faced beauty wooed by a being swinging his arms about like a windmill, or as though he were dragging a net for fish; and whose simpers, smiles, hat-rubbings, and glances upwards, are the evident equivalents to so many rupees per week. Your bye-play, as you term it, is dangerous for these gentlemen and their brethren; for they do not hesitate to avail themselves of the inducement offered, to indulge in a little unartistical chat, more natural, perhaps, than conducive to the exact illustration of the author's meaning."

I thought my uncle somewhat severe here, and called to mind more than one exception to what he seemed to lay down as a rule. Possibly, he was mixing up the amateur performances of India with those he had lately seen at the London theatres. He continued:—

"But, after all, what is it? We cannot help our formations: all is Kismat—Fate!

> "When flies the arrow of Divine Decree,
> Urged with an aim from bow of Destiny,
> No shield of human skill—no human force,
> Can turn it from its first intended course!"

My uncle made some more observations on these matters; but after translating, in my own mind, his Persian verses as above (for he spoke them in their original form), I fell fast asleep; and am, consequently, wholly unable to record them.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST SNOW DROP.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

How beautiful! Oh, where hast thou been nurst,
  Through the bleak winter and capricious spring,
That thou in full maturity dost burst
  Pure as the down on the white turtle's wing?
I see thee on the parterre gaily bloom,
  And to its cultivation lending grace;
I've seen thee, also, blossom on a tomb—
  In grief's most desolate and lonely place.

I've seen thee decorate the virgin's breast,
Whose coy eyes, in their liquid beauty, sought
Thy sympathetic petals, when opprest
By Love, who scrutinised her timid thought.
Yet, ever meek as pity, and as mild,
Of thy unsullied loveliness alone
Unconscious, as the inconsiderate child,
To whom reflection is a thing unknown.

Oh, fair Consistency! *always* the same—
Lowly as aught beneath protecting skies!
Humility 's thy most appropriate name,
So well dost thou its nature emblemise.
Thou mindest me of gentle orphan maid,
With head down bent, and cheek of pearly hue;
Whose earthly hope is in the graveyard laid,
Yet hath a heavenly esperance in view.

Thou, thou so delicate,—thou, thou so frail,
The faintest zephyr shakes thy trembling bell;
And yet thou canst withstand the adverse gale,
When booming winds the raging tempest swell!
There is a Power supports thee, and sustains,—
THAT Power invisible, but ever strong,
Which the tyrannic hand perforce restrains,
Haply uplifted for thy mortal wrong.

If to a flower is lent supernal aid,
Which is to-day, and, on the morrow, not;
Shall man, in the Lord's proper image made,
By his benign Creator be forgot?
No; let him, like the snowdrop, bow his head
Submissively to hyperborean blast:
Angelic strength shall stand his weakness' stead,
Until the hurricane be overpast.

'Tis ONLY when we will not to him turn
That God appears his creatures to forsake;
The humbly trustful he will never spurn,
Nor, to the righteous, his pledged promise break.
He speaks to us in the most fragile things:
The reed that 's shaken by unruly wind—
The bird that careless through the ether wings
Its starlike, homeward flight, its mate to find—

Ephemera dancing in the tepid air,—
All teach a lesson to imperious man,
That nought 's too *mean* for God's peculiar care,
And nought 's too *great* for his contemning ban.
Live, then, in the sweet comfort of His love;
Secure a Father and a Friend on earth;
Secure a Father and a Friend above,
When seraphs wake thee to immortal birth!

SPANISH ADVENTURES.*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER XI.

The Venta of Somport.

THE ground-floor of the *Venta*, or common receptacle for men and beasts, into which our travellers proceeded in a body, through a wide, arched doorway, was a spacious hall, capable of containing twenty or thirty mules, with their loads and packsaddles. From the dim light yielded by the lamp, even aided as it was by a torch of blazing pine, held by an urchin of the establishment, it was difficult to make out the details of the place; but the wall fronting the entrance displayed a range of mangers well filled with chopped straw, oats, and barley; while sundry troughs of water stood at convenient distances for the refreshment of the thirsty animals. This important part of the *venta* was well-furnished with straw throughout its whole length, and was very warm; being, in fact, destined for the especial comfort of the muleteers as well as of their favourite beasts, which were now disencumbered of their loads and harness, and sent to luxuriate on the good things so liberally provided for them.

An inspection having taken place of the mule which had fallen, it appeared that a violent sprain had been the consequence of the accident. This threatened a serious loss of time to the smugglers, who were obliged to abandon all intention of going any further till the following night (for the motions of these gentry do not often court the "garish eye of day"); whereas they had expected to pass Canfranc, the first Spanish village, a few miles distant, before the ensuing daylight should expose their proceedings to the custom-house officers stationed there. The disappointment, therefore, excessively irritated their naturally peevish tempers: Saint John swore like a sinner; while Pedro, Garcia, and Antonio, chimed in with lungs of leather and bitterness of invective. They accused the people of the *venta* of having intentionally made the hole into which the mule had fallen, for the purpose of detaining them all night:

* Continued from vol. xlvii., page 402.

the latter retorted with equal fury, invoking all the wrath of heaven and all the curses of hell on the heads of their adversaries and their *maldita bestia*;* while, with the same breath, they called loudly on their favourite saints to aid them in the contest.

Disgusted with this shocking scene, our hero and his companion desired to be shown to a room where they might be provided with supper; but no obsequious landlord or bustling waiter responded to the call, and they felt that they were now in a country where the fatigued and hungry traveller is left to shift for himself as he best may. Having shouted in vain to the stable-attendants, who were too deeply engaged with the muleteers to wait upon them, even had they been so inclined, our philosophers were obliged to find their own way as well as they could. Guided by the screams of some children and the scolding of a woman, they accordingly groped along in the dark until they stumbled upon an old crazy staircase, apparently leading to the upper part of the building, which, in a Spanish *posada*, is generally dedicated to the lodgment of the family and the better class of travellers. Having ascended some rickety steps, and passed along a gloomy corridor; knocking their heads against walls and broken beams, bruising their shins against logs of wood, and stumbling over heaps of rubbish, they at length found themselves at the door of a large apartment, which was at once the kitchen, drawing-room, and *salle à manger* of this delectable hotel.

Our travellers, having uttered the customary salutation, "*Ave Maria, purisima!*" † and being answered by a rough voice from within, "*Sin pecado concebida!*"‡ entered the *cocina* of the establishment; within whose hospitable precinct all ranks are levelled, and the gentleman and the muleteer meet on a footing of equality. It was a large low room; the walls and ceiling of which were jetty-black with the smoke of half-a-century. In the centre stood a fire-place, consisting of a piece of rude masonry, six or eight feet square, raised about a foot from the floor; upon this blazed a huge fire of pine-logs; and through a funnel, or chimney, in the ceiling overhead, the smoke might or might not escape, as the wind was pleased to direct. Wooden benches were ranged round the fire-place, which served as seats during meal-time, and as places of repose for all who could not afford the luxury of a bed. Over the fire hung two large iron pots, suspended by iron chains from above; and the walls were hung with a variety of saucepans, gridirons, frying-pans, and other culinary utensils of a great diversity of shapes and sizes.

This multifarious apartment was under the superintendence of

* "Accursed beast." † "Hail Mary, most pure!" ‡ "Conceived without sin!"

the *patrona*;* who, though no longer young, possessed the remains of considerable beauty. Her appearance, however, indicated strongly that she was both a slattern and a shrew: her hair hung in disorder down her back, her gown was rent in many places, and her slip-shod shoes fell off her feet every other step she took; while the lines and furrows of her once-handsome countenance, formed a sort of map, wherein might be traced, in legible characters, peevishness, bigotry, ignorance, and extortion.

"Most charming *patrona*," said Henri, in an insinuating voice, to this elegant creature; "what can we have for supper?"

"*Lo que usted trae consigo*,"† sharply replied the *patrona*, without once deigning to look at her guest; being fully occupied in scolding and thumping half-a-dozen ragged urchins, who were tumbling about amongst the ashes.

"*Patrona de mi alma!*"‡ persisted Henri, in his most winning manner, "we have brought nothing whatever with us, and are actually famishing. What can you give us, therefore, to save our lives in this extremity?"

"*Jodeos*,"§ grunted the *patrona*, as she pursued her maternal avocations.

"What else?" demanded Blake.

"*Baccaliaou*," was the concise reply.

"*Muchesimas gracias!*"‖ responded Blake; "but my dear good lady, have you not some nice picce of *carne*¶ to add to the feast?"

"*Carne!*" reiterated the beldam, with something like a yell of astonishment at this demand for meat on a fast-day.

"Yes, *mi querida*," replied Blake; "a good *puchero*, for instance."

"Or a *guisado de liebre*,"** added Henri.

"*Carne!*" again exclaimed the *patrona*, with uplifted hands and eyes; "*Jesus Maria! esto es Viernes, Señor!*"††

"But, *patrona santisima!*" cried Blake, "though you may not yourself eat meat on a Friday, we are two English travellers who have no scruples of conscience in the matter."

"*Ingleses!*" exclaimed the *patrona*, crossing herself devoutly; "Jesus Maria and Joseph! Holy Virgin! Saint Peter and the Twelve Apostles! Forgive me for harbouring Jews and Protestants, on this blessed night, in my unhappy house!"

"We'll take the sin on ourselves," said Blake, "and willingly bear our own punishment."

* Landlady.

† "Whatever you bring with you."

‡ "Patrona of my soul!"

§ *Hodeos*, horse-beans; which, with the *baccaliaou*, or salt cod, enter largely into the *cuisine Espagnole*, especially on meagre days.

‖ "Many, many thanks!"

¶ Meat.

** A stew of hare.

†† "Jesus Maria! this is Friday, Sir!"

"And we'll open a new account with Old Nick, for a good supper of *carne*," added Henri, "if you will only supply us with the materials."

"*Virgen santisima del Pilar!*"* exclaimed the *patrona*, with a gesture of sacred horror; "you may damn yourselves as much as you please, but I shall not partake of your iniquity." Then going to the door, she bawled out, with stentorian lungs, for her attendants:

"*Chico! maldito sea! Niña! Demonio! Carajo!*"

Neither the Chico nor the Niña, however, answered her calls, they were so deeply engaged abusing the smugglers. She returned, therefore, to the fire-place, to vent her spleen on her children; who gave her back curse for curse, with the most dutiful imitation of voice and manner.

This little interlude of domestic harmony was, at length, interrupted by the entrance of the smugglers; who, having disposed of their mules for the night, and provided them with a good supper, now came to do the same kind office for themselves. They, accordingly, demanded what cheer was in the house, and received the same answer from the *patrona* as she had given to our hero.

"What the devil do you mean?" cried John the Baptist. "I'm not going to be fobbed off with a supper of horsebeans, old lass!"

"There's nothing else to be had in this house on holy Friday," said the *patrona*, doggedly.

"But I have got a dispensation to eat meat for supper," said John the Baptist, "as the night air doesn't agree with my weak stomach."

"I have got the cholic," said Pedro, "and shall certainly die if I'm forced to fast."

"I'm afflicted with the wolf," said Garcia, "and must either eat or be eaten myself."

"This is my saint's day," said Antonio, "and I can, therefore, eat everything but horseflesh."

"*Carambo!*" exclaimed the *patrona*, crossing herself very devoutly; "you're a crew of Jews and heretics altogether, and I wash my hands of your devil's doings."

"If that be the case," said John the Baptist, with a particularly solemn oath, "we must help ourselves, I see: therefore, Pedro, bring us up the *bota*† and the *alforjas*;‡ Garcia and I will cook the prog, and St. Antonio there shall say grace for us."

"That I will," said Antonio, "and in the good old fashion, *por exemplo*: What God is going to place before us, *el mismo demonio*§ shall not cast behind us."

* "Most holy Virgin of the Pillar!" Her shrine is at Saragossa.
† The wine-bag. ‡ Saddle-bags. § The devil himself.

"Amen!" responded John the Baptist. "Now, Pedro, my boy, produce the prog."

"Juan Bautista!" cried the *patrona*, in a croaking voice, "I warn you against the consequences of your wickedness. *El demonio* may uphold you for a time, but the pitcher goes to the well till it breaks. You travel too often to that vile country, France; but you shouldn't forget that we are *Christianos viejos*,* who fear God and honour his holy saints. As for these *estrangeros*, they are nothing but Jews, heretics, and *gabachos*,† who go about doing the devil's work, and seducing the people from their loyalty and their religion."

"*El demonio es una mala lengua!*"‡ muttered John the Baptist; "but patience, and shuffle the cards!"

Pedro now made his appearance from the stable, with the *bota* in one hand and the *alforjas* in the other. The former was replenished with generous wine; and from the latter he produced, in succession, an *izard*, a ham, a piece of beef, ditto mutton, three or four chickens, a large piece of cheese, a lump of butter, in shape and consistency like a cannon ball; some strings of sausages, bunches of onions, tomatases, garlick, *garbanzos*,§ and other savoury items. Ample portions of these good things were speedily cut up, and placed in a *puchero*, or stew-pan, with water, pepper, salt, pimento, and other condiments; some additional pine logs were then heaped on the hearth, and the *puchero*, being placed on a trivet over the blazing fire, was left to the concoction of that great gastronomic mystery to which all now looked forward with pleasing anticipations.

It was with no small degree of interest that our philosophers contemplated these savoury preparations, and contrasted them with their own cheerless prospect; but their anxiety was soon relieved by John the Baptist, who, with the proverbial hospitality of the Spaniard, exclaimed, in cheerful accents,

"*Vamos, Señores Ingleses, vengan ustedes à cenar con nosotros.*"‖

The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was given. Blake expressed his acknowledgments for this additional kindness of their new friends, and his hopes of returning the compliment on some future occasion. A cup of excellent chocolate was then handed by the *patrona* to each of the guests, to stay their stomachs till supper was ready; and while they were swallowing this, with the assistance of the small thin slices of toast always served with that delicious and nutritive beverage, our hero and his friend contemplated with much interest the curious figures of their associates.

* Old Christians.

† "Filthy, miserable fellows." A nickname given to the French in Spain.

‡ "A bad tongue is the devil!"

§ Marrow-fat peas. ‖ "Come on, English gentlemen, and sup with us."

These, four in number, were stout, determined-looking fellows, whose bushy whiskers nearly overshadowed their dark and somewhat ferocious features. Their dress consisted of a jacket and breeches of brown cloth; a dark-coloured velveteen waistcoat, with hanging brass buttons; a scarlet sash round the waist, in which were stuck a brace of pistols, and the formidable *cuchillo*, or side-knife. They wore leather gaiters, and *spartillas*, or sandals of hempen cord; and a coloured handkerchief round the head, over which the broad-brimmed Arragonian hat was thrown with an air of studied negligence. Juan Bautista, the leader, was an active, strong-built man, in the prime of life; with a military air, and a spice of the *majo*, or dandy, about him, as evinced by the superior texture and fashion of his dress and accoutrements. Instead of the coloured handkerchief which decorated the heads of his companions, he wore his hair tied up in the *redecilla*, or silk net; and his hat-band, instead of a buckle, was adorned with a silver image of the Virgin Mary; being further defended by a bunch of rosemary, supposed to be very efficacious against witches and the mischances of the road. Such was the chamber-costume of the contrabandists; who, when abroad on their honest avocations, were generally enveloped to the eyes in their capacious and toga-like *capas* of brown cloth. Besides the arms we have already mentioned, each had a *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, slung to the pack-saddle of his leading mule; and their appearance, altogether, gave no room to doubt their skill and ability in the use of those weapons. Their conversation was such as might be expected from men who followed so daring and lawless a profession; and displayed a curious compound of knavery and careless good-nature, reckless impiety, and gross superstition.

After waiting for a period that seemed at least an age to our hungry travellers, the joyful intelligence that supper was ready was, at length, announced; and right speedily that glory of Spain, the *puchero*, which daily adorns the table of the king as well as the mechanic, smoked upon the board; being transferred from the iron-pot, in which it was cooked, to an immense dish of glazed earthenware, which occupied the centre of the table. With a short grace, but most excellent appetite, the travellers now attacked the national dish: each, being provided with a wooden platter and a horn spoon, dipped the latter into the *puchero*, and helped himself *ad libitum*, according to his fancy or his appetite. Every man then drew forth his own knife, an implement which serves the Spaniard equally well to cut his own victuals and his adversary's throat; and the *patrona* having contributed a few wooden forks to the table service, both the solid and liquid parts of the entertainment speedily disappeared, being duly followed by copious draughts from the contents of the wine-bag.

The acerbities of the stomach being thus mollified, and the cold night air of the mountains expelled by wholesome food and racy wine, good fellowship and jovial discourse ensued.

"*Vamos, Señores Viajeros,*" cried John the Baptist: "*á torresno de tocino buen golpe de vino!*"* and suiting the action to the word he elevated the *bota* above his head, applied the wooden pipe to his lips, and fixing his eyes devoutly on a picture of the Virgin Mary, which hung against the wall, he imbibed, for several seconds, a satisfactory portion of the contents. His example was followed with praiseworthy alacrity by the rest of the travellers; who then, drawing sociably round the fire, lit their cigars, and mingled together in lively chat, which formed an agreeable contrast to the business-like gravity which had reigned at the supper-table. Anecdotes of love and war were freely related, and songs were sung, *contrabandista* and patriotic; while John the Baptist, who had been out with Mina, in the war of independence, entertained the company with *guerilla* stories, and Saint Antonio harrowed their souls with monkish legends, and feats of *diablerie;* our philosophers, on their part, contributing so largely to the general entertainment that they were unanimously voted to be *buenos compañeros.* In fine, the constitutional gravity of the Spanish character entirely disappeared; whim and frolic usurped its place, and even the mortified features of the *patrona* displayed a few "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," which seemed to wonder at their unwonted position on features of so bigoted and shrewish a cast.

But everything human, good and ill, must have an end. Sleep began to indicate its approaches by an involuntary yawning of the whole party, till at length the smugglers, calling for their lamp, retired to rest with their fellow-mules; all, except John the Baptist, who sat up with the *patrona* for the purpose of repeating certain prayers and penances, as an atonement for the sin of eating meat on a Friday.

Our philosophers also retired to bed, but not to rest; for, notwithstanding their fatigues, they were long kept awake by the gambols of ten million fleas, and the yelling, screaming, galloping, and fighting of, at least, fifty cats, which formed an important appendage to the establishment; each being destined, in turn, to fall a victim to the voracity of some luckless traveller, too hungry to be nice. At length their overstrained faculties subsided into repose, and they fell asleep in spite of their tormentors; but how long they continued to enjoy "nature's soft nurse" they had no means of ascertaining, for it was still pitch dark when they were suddenly roused from their slumbers by a tremendous noise, occasioned by the violent

* "A rasher of bacon merits a good drink of wine."

bursting open of their chamber door, and the forcible intrusion of some midnight assassin on their presumed security.

With all the alertness of old campaigners, accustomed to sudden onslaughts, our hero and his friend sprang out of bed and speedily grappled with the intruder, whom they pinned to the ground and sternly questioned as to the object of this unseasonable visit.

"*Por l'amor de Dios! señores Inglesitos,*"* cried John the Baptist, for he was the supposed assassin, "do not betray me, and I will explain everything to your satisfaction."

This task, however, we shall spare the gallant contrabandist, by ourselves acquainting the reader with the cause of the extraordinary uproar which now appeared to rage through the whole length and breadth of the *venta;* and which comprised one of the most unheard-of adventures hitherto related in modern romance.

Tio† Sancho, *el Tuerto,* or the Squinter, as he was familiarly called, from a villanous obliquity of vision, was the *patron,* or landlord, of the *venta* of Somport. He was also, in common with most of those who resided in this mountainous region, engaged in the smuggling trade; and had gone a few days before as far as Ayerbe, the last town in the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, to take charge of a convoy of mules for Oleron. He was not expected home for some days; but Fortune, the jade, who is apt to play a slippery trick when least anticipated, ordained that honest Sancho should be discovered *in flagrante delicto,* in consequence of passing by Jaca, very imprudently, before the *aduaneros* were sound asleep; he was, therefore, pursued with such celerity that he was obliged to abandon his mules and their lading, and to fly for his life.

Crossing the mountains by one of those break-neck tracks which are only frequented in cases of great emergency, Sancho arrived at his own snow-covered domicile, four and twenty hours before he was expected by his faithful spouse, who was dreaming, at that moment, of anything but him. Having a master-key in his possession, the frightened and harassed *patron* found no difficulty in entering any of the doors of his mansion, except the one which led to his wife's bed-chamber. This he found, contrary to custom, not only locked, but bolted inside; and he ascribed the circumstance to the laudable caution of his help-mate, who, he supposed, was afraid of some accidental intrusion during his absence; he therefore knocked at the door, felicitating himself having so careful a rib.

Tio Sancho's first application obtained no answer, and he had

* "For the love of God! dear English gentlemen."

† Gaffer. An appellation generally given to the peasants in Spain.

to repeat his knocking more vigorously before he was heard. At length some one began to stir inside, and he heard voices—yes; to his utter astonishment, he heard two voices consulting, apparently in some alarm, and in an under key. At this sound the fiend of jealousy began to stir within the breast of Sancho; convinced that his wife had a companion of some sort or other, to comfort her in his absence, he became furious, and thundered at the door as if he would tear the house down. Unable, however, to gain an entrance, he ran to the kitchen, and lifting an enormous log of wood from the fire-place, he carried it with difficulty to the spot where he contemplated effecting a breach. He then flung it vigorously against the door, which instantly flew from its hinges, with a noise that awakened not only Blake and his companion, but all the other inmates of the *venta*, who began to yell and scream as if all the *aduaneros* of France and Spain were at their heels.

"*Carajo!*" cried Sancho, with a shout of triumph, as he drew his *cuchillo* and rushed into the room, "now we shall see who the jade has got with her."

Scarcely, however, had he uttered the words when he received a tremendous blow in the face from some unknown hand, which laid him sprawling on the floor, bellowing out with pain and fury,

"*Carajo! Cojones! Demonio! San Antonio!*"

The forlorn hope being thus effectually checked in its progress, the concealed enemy, who defended the breach, jumped nimbly over the fallen body of the luckless Sancho, and made for the door, apparently satisfied with the feat he had accomplished. In his haste, however, he stumbled over the log of wood which had served as a battering-ram to the outraged husband; and pitched head foremost with such velocity against another door on the opposite side of the corridor, that he burst it open and tumbled in upon the floor. There, as before related, he was immediately seized by Blake and Henri, who occupied the chamber; and who, in spite of John's plausible disclaimer, were fully convinced that it was some desperate attempt to rob, and, perhaps, to murder them.

In the mean time the unfortunate *patron* had recovered his legs; and seizing his wife by the hair with one hand, he groped about with the other for his knife, which had dropped from his grasp in the sudden shock of his fall. Fortunately, however, he was unable to find it; but, determined to avenge himself, in some way or other, on his faithless rib, he belaboured her without mercy with his fists, in spite of her cries and groans, until she at length swooned under the operation. This, however, caused no remission in the labours of Sancho; for he concluded that her swoon was nothing more than an artifice, which she had

often had recourse to in similar cases of marital correction; he therefore pulled her out of bed, and kicked her along the floor; but finding her still insensible to the warmth of his caresses, he concluded that she had made a final atonement for her backslidings, and that her days were no longer in the land.

Fearful now of being apprehended for the murder, and unwilling to exhibit himself on the *garrota* for the amusement of the mob, honest Sancho flew to a small cavity behind his bed, where he was in the habit of concealing the fruits of his industry. Seizing a bag that contained some doubloons and napoleons, he opened the window, dropped down upon the snow, and fled to France; from which country he never returned to inquire after the fate of his children, thus bereft, as he thought, of both their parents.

It was lucky for the *patron*, that he had been so quick in his motions; for, just as he made his exit by the window, three of the smugglers arrived at the door with lights, and armed with their *trabucos*. One of them, seeing the dead body of the *patrona*, and the murderer attempting to escape, levelled his piece and fired at him: but Sancho's hour had not yet arrived; and death, apparently satisfied with one victim, allowed him to escape untouched; a circumstance which greatly puzzled the smuggler, and made him conclude that it must have been the devil himself who had thus baffled his skill in sharp-shooting.

The body of the *patrona* was now raised from the floor by the three smugglers; for the fourth, to wit John the Baptist, was nowhere to be found; a circumstance which gave rise to various conjectures amongst his companions. The *patrona's* children, and the male and female attendants of the *venta*, next came crowding to the spot, uttering cries of alarm and astonishment at the terrible aspect of affairs; and, though last not least, John the Baptist himself made his appearance in the custody of Blake and Henri; who were, however, prevailed on to surrender their prisoner, by the cogent argument of three loaded *trabucos*. John, we must acknowledge, looked rather sheepish on the occasion; but he very prudently held his tongue, and rubbed his eyes, as if to arouse himself from a heavy slumber.

No wounds having been discovered on the body of the *patrona*, the usual remedies were administered to restore suspended animation: a basin of water was thrown in her face; her temples were chafed with vinegar, and feathers and brown paper plentifully burnt under her nostrils. For some seconds these restoratives had no effect on the fair insensible; but at length she opened her eyes, heaved a heavy sigh, and looking wildly around, exclaimed in a faint voice:

"*Santa Maria! Madre dolorosa!* where is he? Is he gone?"

"Gone!" repeated one of the smugglers. "*Por Dios!*"

He flew through the window like a flash of lightning, though I fired at him. *Carajo!* I never missed my aim before, and I'm sure it must be the devil."

Here the whole party devoutly crossed themselves, and uttered ejaculations to their favourite saints; the men looked round the room, as if they expected another visit from his Satanic majesty, and the women huddled close to the men to protect themselves from his dreadful presence.

"In the name of the *Santisima Trinidad!*" said Henri, "what is the meaning of all this disturbance?"

"*Pobra patrona!*" exclaimed Blake, "who has maltreated you in this shocking manner?"

The *patrona* heaved another sigh, and shedding a copious flood of tears, earnestly recommended herself to the protection of the blessed *Maria, madre de Dios, sin pecado concebida!**

"But, in the name of all the saints!" cried the smuggler who had fired at Sancho: "tell us if it was the devil or not: that's what I want to know."

"The devil it was, sure enough," said the *patrona*, taking the hint, which is seldom lost on the fair sex in cases of emergency. "The devil it certainly was, and in the shape of a huge black ram!"

"*Carajo!*" cried one of the smugglers.

"*Madre Santisima!*" exclaimed the Niña.

"*San Pedro, Apostol y Martir!*" ejaculated the Chico.

"But how did it all happen?" demanded Blake with innocent simplicity.

"*Señor Caballero,*" replied the fair sufferer; "on going to rest, I unfortunately forgot to sprinkle holy water on the bed; and this I look upon as the great cause of my misfortune."

"*Sin dubio.* No doubt of it," said the Niña; "*el demonio no quiere el agua benida.*"†

To this the whole party assented, but in an under tone; for they were afraid to abuse the devil even behind his back, it being yet two hours to daylight.

"I was dreaming," resumed the *patrona*, "of my dear, good, honest Sancho:" here she began to sob at the name of her beloved husband.

"*Mi querido amigo!*"‡ exclaimed John the Baptist. "I love him all the same as my brother."

"I thought," said the *patrona*, "he had returned from France, and had brought me several presents: amongst the rest, a Bayonne ham."

"*Carajo!*" cried one of the smugglers, smacking his lips "nothing can be better; 'tis the real *tocino del cielo.*"§

* "Mary, Mother of God, conceived without sin!"

† "The devil doesn't like holy-water." ‡ "My dear friend." § "Heavenly pork."

"Well," continued the *patrona*, "I thought my mouth began to water for a slice of the ham; for my health has been very delicate of late, heaven help me!"

"*Pobrecita!*" exclaimed all the company, with a sympathising air.

"But just as I was cutting off a rasher," continued the *patrona*, "to put on the gridiron, my poor dear Sancho turned, all of a sudden, into a big black ram."

Here the whole audience began to cross and bless themselves, at the mention of this terrible transformation, and to recommend themselves to their patron saints; especially to San Lorenzo, who was deemed the most *apropos* on this occasion, having himself been roasted on a gridiron.

"*Jesus Maria!*" continued the *patrona*, "when I saw poor dear Sancho turned into a big black ram, I set up a shriek, and fairly swooned at the sight."

"*In hora buena!*" said John the Baptist; "no wonder at it, for I was in a devil of a fright myself when I saw him."

"*Toma!*" cried one of the smugglers, with a sly leer, "did you see the black ram, too, Juanito?"

"You shall hear all about it, when the *patrona* is done," replied John, with a very sanctified air.

"When I came to myself," resumed the *patrona*, "there was the black ram butting me with his horns, and crying out in a doleful voice '*Maldita sea!* how dare you eat pork on a Friday, you jade?'"

A general groan from the smugglers denoted their contrition for having been guilty also of this horrid crime. John the Baptist appeared particularly touched; and solemnly vowed, if he was forgiven for this transgression, to offer up a dozen of the largest wax candles on the altar of *La Virgen del Pilar*, at Saragossa.

"*Santa Maria, querida de mi alma!*"* exclaimed the *patrona*; "when I looked down, I saw the cloven foot of the big black ram; and then I knew that it wasn't Sancho, but the devil himself."

A groan of horror burst simultaneously from the terrified auditors at this awful announcement, and they began to mumble their prayers with unintelligible velocity.

"So, while he was butting me," continued the *patrona*, "I took out my beads and said, ten Paternosters, fifteen Aves, and twenty Credos; then, making the sign of the cross between his horns, I sprinkled three drops of holy water upon his nose, when he sneezed like a tremendous clap of thunder, and vanished in a flame of fire."

* "Holy Mary, beloved of my soul!"

"*Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed several voices, "guard and protect us from the snares of *el demonio!*"

"But, *patrona de mi corazon,*"* cried Henri, with an ambiguous smile, "you told us this was all a dream."

"*Sin dubio,* to be sure I did," said the *patrona.*

"Then, how, in the name of *todos los santos,*" continued Henri, "could an imaginary black ram produce such a quantity of blood from your handsome nose?"

"Or blacken your beautiful eyes?" added our hero.

"*Quantos años tiene usted?*"† exclaimed the *patrona,* looking stilettos at her cross-examiners; "'twas a vision, *Señor,* and anything can be done in a vision."

"To be sure it can," said John the Baptist; "I had a vision once myself, when I dreamt I had murdered a custom-house officer; and behold you, a day or two after, poor Domingo Cacafogo, the aduanero, was found lying in the bear's glen, with a dozen slugs in his belly; though no one could ever make out how the *diablo* they got there."

"Then, *patrona querida,*" said Henri, "you told us that the ram had a cloven foot, like the devil."

"Of course I did," said the *patrona* doggedly.

"Did you ever see a ram without a cloven foot?" demanded Blake.

"No, Mr. Wiseacre," replied the *patrona,* composedly, "I never did."

"Then how could you know it was the devil, from that circumstance alone, which appears to be common to them both?" persisted Henri.

"For this reason, *Señor Impertinente,*" readily answered the *patrona;* "if a ram has a cloven foot like the devil, why shouldn't the devil have a cloven foot like a ram?"

"*Vamos! Vamos!*" cried the smugglers triumphantly; "'tis a clear case: nothing can be said against that."

"Moreover," said John the Baptist, "I witnessed the whole transaction with my own eyes; and whoever doubts my word, will do well to keep his doubts to himself."

"That's the best logic I have heard to-night," said Henri.

"There cannot be a more convincing argument," said Blake, "than a bellyfull of bullets."

"You may take it as you like, *Señores Caballeros,*" said John the Baptist, rather gruffly. "'Tis well-known to all Catholic Christians, that the devil can assume what form he pleases, provided he shows the cloven foot: but I don't expect much faith from heretics and freemasons."

* "Patrona of my heart!"

† "How old are you, sir?" An exclamation frequently used, to rebut any pretension to superior sagacity.

"Heaven preserve us from all fiends and heretics!" devoutly ejaculated the rest of the company, crossing themselves at the same time with exemplary piety.

"But this I will stand to, and maintain to the last," continued John, "that I witnessed the whole transaction from the very back of the black ram."

"*Jesus Maria! Madre de Dios! San Antonio! Demonio! Carajo!*" exclaimed sundry voices, in as many different keys.

"It happened in this manner," said John; "and if I tell you a lie I hope I may never again see the holy *Virgen del Pilar!*"

"*Santisima Maria! sin pecado concebida!*" devoutly ejaculated the *patrona*, fixing her eyes on a voluminous cobweb that hung from the naked rafters.

"The sin of eating meat on this blessed Friday," continued John, "lay heavy on my conscience; and I sat up to do penance for the same, as you all know, *mis amigos*."

"That we can safely swear to," replied the smugglers, *una voce*.

"Well, then," said John, "I had nearly got through my prayers, and was just finishing the last '*mea culpa! mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!*' when in bounced a thundering black ram, and knocked me head over heels amongst the ashes into the fire-place."

"*Pobrecito!*" cried one of the smugglers with a grin, "you might have been burnt before your time."

"True for you, Pedro," replied the penitent; "but the fire is not yet lit that's to burn Juan Bautista, so I escaped with a singe: but when I got up I saw the black ram grinning at me; and his face was, for all the world, like my worthy friend Sancho *el Tuerto*, even to the very squint of him."

"*Querido de mi alma! Pobre Sancho!*" exclaimed the *patrona* sobbing; "I shall never see him again."

"Then Sancho, or the devil, whichever it was," said John, "cried out in a terrible voice, 'Miserable sinner! how dare you eat meat in my house on a blessed Friday!'"

"He was always very particular in the observances of our holy Catholic faith," sobbed the *patrona*.

"But I argued the matter with him," continued John; "and I said, 'After all, friend Sancho, it was only a small matter of sausage I took to keep the night air out of my stomach, in crossing the mountains.' 'You lying thief,' cried the ram, 'I saw you with my own eyes swallow a junk of bacon that would choke a horse.'"

"It must be confessed, Juanito," said one of the smugglers, "that you have a reasonable twist of your own."

"I know who can keep me in countenance, Garcia," retorted John, with a sly wink: "but let me finish my story, and a dry death to you, without a priest at your elbow. 'Well, friend Sancho,' says I, 'I defy you,' says I: 'for I have said my

prayers, and done my penance for the crime,' says I. 'You didn't finish your *maxima culpa*, you rogue,' says he: 'so come on my back and I'll carry you to Limbo,' says he. With that he gave me a whisk of his tail, and I found myself seated on his back before I could say *Vaya usted con Dios!*"*

"That would have saved your bacon, John," said Pedro, with a grin.

"With the blessing of San Lorenzo," continued John, "I wasn't fried this time, however: for the black ram carried me right through the door of the *patrona's* bed-room; and there I saw all the poor woman's sufferings, exactly as she has described them to you."

"But how, in the name of *Santiago Apostol*, did you escape so well, Juanito?" demanded Garcia.

"Luckily for me," replied John, "a drop of the holy water fell upon me, and saved me from the clutches of the devil: for when he found himself baffled by the prayers of the *patrona*, he flew off through the window in a flash of fire; first giving me a kick with his cloven foot that sent me slap-dash into the bed-room of the English travellers."

The story of John the Baptist, though somewhat marvellous, was perfectly in unison with the wonder-loving minds of his superstitious auditors; some of whom devoutly believed, while others affected to believe, every word he uttered; nay, such was the force of imagination, that many even pretended to have witnessed some part or other of this terrible visitation. One saw the devil vanish in a blue flame at the window; another had heard, not only one, but ten distinct claps of thunder; while a third had felt the house shake as if there had been an earthquake. In fine, every one was convinced that something supernatural had occurred, except Blake and his companion, who felt assured that the whole disturbance had originated in some sinister project of the smugglers, whose dangerous society they now determined to quit as speedily as possible; they accordingly dressed themselves, and lay down in their clothes, resolved to sally forth as soon as day appeared, and proceed on their journey.

CHAPTER XII.

The Humours of Ireland.

MORNING at length arrived; but as it had been snowing all night, every trace of the route to Canfranc was totally obliterated; and to venture, without a guide, to explore the intricacy

* "Go with God!" or, "God be with you!"

of the mountains was a dangerous experiment, that might be productive of fatal consequences. In this emergency, the smugglers recommended our philosophers to wait patiently till evening, when they promised to guide them down to the open country; and there being no other resource, they were obliged to yield to necessity. To this they were further induced by hearing from John the Baptist another version of the overnight's disturbance; which, though it did not improve their opinion of his saintship's morality, at least removed from their minds all suspicion of any improper intentions towards them on the part of their fellow-travellers.

Having come to this resolution, our philosophers sat down to breakfast with their guides; after which, they walked out to examine by daylight the country which had appeared so extraordinary to them in the dark. The *venta*, they found, was situated in a deep and savage glen, encompassed on every side by towering mountains, enveloped in snow from the summit to the base. Not a living object was visible; nor was there anything to vary the dull monotony of the scene but a few solitary pines, rearing their blasted trunks amidst the white expanse. No trace of an outlet appeared in any direction; it seemed as if they were cut off from the living world by an interminable waste of snow; and confined for ever to this dreary spot by the impassable barriers of mountains, which seemed to touch the clouds. While thus contemplating their situation, the snow began to descend very rapidly, and our philosophers were glad to take shelter in the *venta*. The smugglers were all asleep in the stable; the *patrona* was confined to her bed by the bruises she had received from Tio Sancho; everything, in short, was in a state of quietude and repose; and Blake and his companion sitting down by the fireside, the latter, to beguile the time, resumed as follows the narrative of his adventures:—

"Thus, once more at sea, without rudder or compass, I continued for the whole day running and walking alternately; ignorant whither I was going, and anxious only to get out of the reach of that fury, Firebrace, whom my fancy pictured every moment at my heels. Towards evening, however, I began to feel the urgent demands of hunger; and approaching a farm-house, I begged the comfortable-looking owner to give a little food and a night's lodging, for charity, to a weary and starving traveller. My broken English attracted the attention of this hospitable man, who, regarding me with a stern and scrutinising eye, exclaimed:—

"'Yes, friend, I'll gie thee a lodging—but it shall be in the jail; for I thinks as how thee bees a French prisoner escaped from—'

"Here he was about to lay hold on me; but the idea of going to jail dissipated my hunger and fatigue, and inspired me with

fresh spirits. I sprang from the grasp of this zealous clod of earth, and scampered over the fields with the agility of an Atalanta: but it was all in vain; for the farmer calling his domestics and workmen about him, a general pursuit commenced, and cries of 'Stop the French prisoner!' resounded on every side. In a few minutes—my pursuers being perfectly well acquainted with the country—I was surrounded by a dozen fellows, armed with flails, pitchforks, and long poles; and it was a mercy they didn't thresh me amongst them like a sheaf of corn. Having surrendered at discretion to this overwhelming force, my captors put themselves in march for the neighbouring town; applauding themselves for this glorious exploit,—each exalting his own bravery and activity above those of his companions.

"Melancholy were my reflections as I marched onwards, surrounded by my escort of valorous clowns, who, the better to secure their prize, had tied my hands behind my back, and linked my legs together in such a manner that it was with pain and difficulty I could move along. We had not proceeded far, however, when a travelling-carriage appeared in sight; and a gentleman, putting his head out of the window at seeing so formidable an escort for a single prisoner, ordered the postilion to stop. On demanding what was the matter:—

"'Oh, Sir!' said the clowns all together, 'we have taken this here Frenchman, who has just escaped from prison, and has committed ever so many murders and robberies on the road. We took him, Sir, in the act of setting fire to our master's house, although he was armed with a blunderbuss and six pistols.'

"Fortunately for me, the gentleman in the carriage was a man of discernment, and knew how prone to error is that many-headed monster, the mob; he, therefore, questioned me as to the truth of this fearful story; and I, bursting into tears, related my luckless adventures, with an air of innocence and simplicity, which at once won the belief and excited the compassion of this benevolent man. He represented to the countrymen the folly and absurdity of their story; adverted to my youth and apparent innocence, and said it was impossible that I could be so hardened a villain as they had described; finally, throwing a handful of silver amongst the gallant captors, he begged them to release me, which they accordingly did. My deliverer then asked me what I intended to do. I replied, that I did not know, for I was utterly destitute, and had not a friend in the world. 'Then, my poor lad,' said he, with a benignant smile, 'I will be your friend; mount on the coach-box, and I'll take care of you.'

"I was indescribably affected by the kindness of this good man, who I found was a Mr. Barton, going with his family to Ireland, to visit some estates in that country. We arrived the following day at Bristol, where my new master was detained by

business two or three weeks; during which time, I was regularly installed in his service, put into livery, and treated with an extraordinary degree of confidence; the result, I was happy to perceive, of my manners and education. On my part, I evinced such zeal and fidelity that I quite won the affection of the whole family, and the brief period of my residence with them was certainly the happiest of my life; indeed, I began to flatter myself that Fortune had ceased to persecute me. But, alas! I was doomed, like millions of my fellow-creatures, to verify the saying of the poet:—

> 'Oft expectation fails; and most oft there
> Where most it promises.'

"We at length sailed from Pill, in one of the Cork packets; but we had no sooner cleared the Bristol Channel, than the wind became so unfavourable that it was with the utmost difficulty we could lie our course. Thus for four days we were baffled and tossed about in the most uncomfortable manner; and on the fifth, the weather, which had long been threatening, increased to a violent tempest: the sky was black as night, the rain descended in torrents, and the wind blew with such fury that our little vessel was driven before it like a cockleshell. It was beautiful, but terrible, to witness the commotion of the elements, and the tremendous waves of the sea, breaking over the deck of the packet, and dashing against her sides with a force and fury that threatened every instant to rend her in atoms.

"Towards evening the faint, hazy outline of a bold rocky coast appeared not very distant, and a general shriek echoed through the vessel when it was ascertained that we were driving fast on a lee shore, from which nothing could save us but a sudden change of wind. Despair seemed to usurp the faculties of the crew, and the passengers abandoned themselves to unavailing tears and lamentations; but in this moment of terror and confusion my master, surrounded by his distracted family, displayed all the calmness and fortitude of a hero. His mind, replete with benevolence and fortified by religion, shrank not at this awful crisis; on the contrary, the natural strength of his character and his acquired philosophy enabled him still to offer hope and consolation to his suffering wife and daughters.

"It was getting dark when the vessel struck, and a horrid cry followed the first shock. A boat was immediately lowered from the stern, and several people jumped into it; but the waves running mountains high, it was speedily swamped, and sank with every soul on board. This sad catastrophe increased the uproar and confusion; and the shrieks and groans of the passengers multiplied the tumult occasioned by the winds and waves.

"In the mean time the vessel struck repeatedly, and was

rapidly going to pieces. Several of the passengers and crew threw themselves into the sea, with the hope of reaching land; but they were quickly smothered in the boiling tide, and their death-shrieks were lost in the howling of the tempest. I remained close to my master and his distracted family, anxious to render them every assistance to the last moment; until a horrid unearthly yell proclaimed that the vessel was at length going down, and I suddenly felt myself engulfed in the foaming billows.

"It was a fearful moment, but my presence of mind did not forsake me: I held my breath and struggled upwards until I reached the surface; but a drowning wretch, seizing me by the neck, carried me down again. I would willingly have saved him were it in my power; but I wanted strength, for he was heavy and incapable of assisting himself. Self-preservation, therefore, made me insensible to all other considerations; I shook him from me, and he sank to the bottom. Thus lightened of my load, I again rose to the surface; and being an excellent swimmer, I reached, though with the utmost difficulty, a sandy beach, not far from which the vessel had been wrecked.

"The moment my feet touched the ground, I mustered my remaining strength, and ran, with all the rapidity of which I was capable, towards some lofty rocks which overhung the beach. Clambering up their craggy sides to escape the returning surf, I at length reached a place of safety; where, overcome by dismay and exhaustion, I sank into a swoon.

"On recovering my senses, I contemplated, with stupid horror, the melancholy scene before me. The tempest still raged with unabated violence; the shrieks of one hundred human beings were hushed; they were swept from the living world by a sudden stroke of fate—hurried into eternity with all their imperfections on their heads, and not a vestige remained of their having once existed. The vessel had entirely disappeared, and the waves were dashing their angry foam against the rocks, as if in triumph at the victory they had gained; the steady howling of the tempest was interrupted occasionally by hollow gusts of wind; while the moon, struggling through the clouds, flung, at times, a faint and trembling light over the desolate scene.

"All night long I lay upon the rocks; wet, cold, and miserable. Sleep fled from my eyes; my ears still rang with the shrieks of the drowning creatures; and my heart was torn by the loss I had sustained in a master whom I loved with the truest affection; and whose melancholy death appeared to have been the consequence of his connexion with an unhappy wretch whom fate seemed to pursue with unrelenting rigour. It was then I made the first serious reflections on life; and it was then also

I found, from experience, that misfortunes can have but a transient effect on the happiness of one whose mind is free from guilt.

"The appearance of day at length dispelled the horror of my situation: the tempest had abated; the sea had fallen; and the sun rose in splendour. I was not, it is true, as cheerful and as gay as ever; but my spirits were exhilarated by the morning light; I offered up a grateful thanksgiving to heaven for my wonderful escape, and made a successful effort to relieve my mind from the impression left upon it by the dreadful catastrophe I had witnessed. With difficulty and danger I clambered up the rocks till I reached the summit; then walking some distance over wild heaths and barren mountains, I at length arrived at a miserable hut, which I entered without ceremony. A large iron pot was hanging over a turf fire, around which were huddled a wretched-looking woman and half a dozen ragged and dirty children. A few ducks and fowls, and a tall half-starved pig were foraging about in a vain pursuit for prog; but the dense smoke which filled the cabin prevented me from seeing anything else it contained.

"On inquiring into my whereabouts, I found that I was in the county of Kerry, and not far from the town of Killarney. Having acquainted the poor woman with the calamity I had experienced, she invited me to dry my clothes by the fire, and lavished upon me all that kindness and hospitality so emphatically the virtue of the Irish; wondering, perhaps, at the same time, that the world could contain a being more wretched and helpless than herself. When her potatoes were boiled and her husband was called in from his work, they pressed me to sit down to table with them, gave me the only chair they possessed, and vied with each other in picking out the largest and the finest potatoes for my use. In fine, these poor people did all in their power to console me under the heavy calamity I had suffered, and I ate a hearty meal with them; partaking freely of their only luxury, by dipping my potatoes with them into a dish of salt-and-water, which they humorously called a 'blind herring.'

"When breakfast was over, and my clothes thoroughly dried, I rose to take leave of these hospitable cottagers; upon which the good woman produced an old stocking from a hole cunningly made in the wall of the cabin, and dipping her hand into her long-hoarded treasure, presented me with a tenpenny-piece, to defray my expenses to Dublin, whither I said I was bound. It was in vain that I declined this donation, which, though a trifle, was equally important to giver and receiver; both the husband and wife insisted on my accepting what was given with all the veins of their hearts. God would send more, they said; and if he didn't, sure they could wait patiently; and

it should never be said, any how, that they had sent away the poor shipwrecked stranger penniless from their door, for neither luck nor grace would ever attend them afterwards.

"My kind and hospitable host having left his work, and walked two or three miles to put me into the high road, I gratefully bade him adieu; and in a few hours I reached Killarney, whose beautiful lake lay before me in all its glory. Though winter was far advanced, the romantic shores of this lovely piece of water displayed the most charming features of variegated landscape, which made a deep impression on my enthusiastic imagination; and I ardently wished for the power of combining it with the sublime scenery and splendid climate of my own native mountains.

"It being my object, as speedily as possible, to reach Dublin, where I thought I might obtain some employment, I tore myself away from Killarney, and continued my journey with very little intermission, my tenpenny-piece procuring me sustenance by day, and at night I got a lodging for nothing in some poor cabin by the road-side. Thus, for four days, I continued travelling towards my destination, and living on the charity of this poor, but hospitable, people. On arriving at a town, I found that money was demanded; but in the cottages of the peasants I lived for nothing. Thus civilization, amidst all the blessings it produces, diminishes the primal virtues of charity and hospitality.

"I arrived one day at a large village, the name of which I now forget, where a great fair was held. I had only one penny remaining of the present I had received from my friendly cottagers, but necessity inspired me with a stratagem to replenish my finances. I disbursed my splendid penny in the purchase of a sheet of white paper, which I divided into thirty or forty equal parts. Then going into the fields I selected a lump of hard yellow clay, which I pulverized, and made up neatly in little packets. Thus furnished with a stock in trade, I returned into the midst of the fair, and began to cry with a loud voice:

"'Dis be de *poudre* for kill a de flea! Gentlemans, come and buy my *poudre* for kill a de flea.'

"The novelty of the announcement, together with my foreign accent, soon drew a crowd round me, and my merchandise had a rapid sale, the simple country-people being flattered with the hope of getting rid of a serious nuisance at so cheap a rate; for I liberally advertised the price of my packets at 'two halfpennies for de grand, and one for de leetel *poudre!*' No one, of course, doubted, for an instant, that a foreigner, especially a Frenchman, must necessarily be a very great conjuror; till, at length, a bumpkin, after buying one of the infallible nostrums, had the curiosity to ask me how it was to be used.

"'Plaise your honour,' said he, 'how am I to kill the flais with this powdher?'

"'How you are to kill a de flea?' I reiterated, musing, for I was certainly not prepared for the question.

"'Yes, sir, that same,' said the clown. 'Am I to give it them in tay or in whiskey?'

"'Not neider in de one nor de oder,' I replied; 'bote I vil give a you *des explications* so distinc, dat you vil see dem all at von *coup d'œil*, vat you call von kick of de eye.'

"'A kick of what?' demanded the countryman, somewhat bothered.

"'Von kick of de eye,' I replied. '*Voyez-vous, mon ami?* you must first catch a de flea; den you must hold him by de tip of de wing; den you must shake him a lectel of de *poudre* on de tip of de nose, and den he vil sneeze and die.'

"'Tunther and turf!' exclaimed the bumpkin; 'sure if I had the flay in my hands I could kill him between my thumb-nails.'

"'*Chacun son vilain gout!*' I replied; 'dat may be as good a way as any; but mine is de betterest of all.' I then continued my progress through the fair, shouting incessantly, as I went along, '*Venez, Messieurs; tout au juste prix:* dis be de *poudre* for kill a de flea.'

"In a few hours I had disposed of all my flea-powder, at a profit on my original stock in trade, which fully convinced me of the facility with which active ingenuity may impose on the credulity of the public. The honesty of the transaction did not, however, satisfy my conscience; and I resolved never again to sully my honour with speculations of a similar character. This salvo, in some degree, blunted the stings of remorse; and I entered one of the booths, where I regaled myself with a good dinner, in company with a number of jovial fellows, who were treating themselves and their lasses with the customary luxuries of such festive meetings.

"I had scarcely finished my meal when I heard a tremendous shouting outside the booth, and saw all the people in the fair running in one direction. I sallied out with the rest, and following the crowd I soon arrived at an open space, where two or three hundred people were fighting with the utmost fury. The combatants were armed with sticks, flails, scythes, reaping-hooks, and long poles with bayonets fastened on them; while showers of stones and brickbats, flung by those who could not come to close action, darkened the air like the arrows of the Persians. Blood was flowing in every direction, and several were already *hors de combat;* while cries of victory or revenge resounded on every side. I was petrified with amazement at this singular and sanguinary exhibition; for which I could in no other way account than by supposing that a foreign enemy had invaded the country, and were vigorously opposed by the sons of the soil. This idea vanished, however, when I saw, to my utter astonishment, that

nearly all the people in the fair, on arriving at the scene of action, espoused one side or another: and joined the fray with the same fury which had actuated the original combatants.

"A scene so different from anything I had ever witnessed in France or England, struck me with horror and amazement; but, concluding that these unfortunate people were all seized with sudden madness, owing to some peculiarity in the atmosphere which affected them, like the companions of Ulysses in the island of Circe, the moment they came within the sphere of its influence, I resolved to get out of the way as fast as possible, lest I should also be seized with the terrible infection. I was, accordingly, quitting the spot with all expedition, when a general cry was suddenly raised of, 'The soldiers! The soldiers are coming!' and immediately these desperadoes scampered off in every direction, leaving at least a dozen of the combatants either killed or desperately wounded on the field. My astonishment at the first act of this tragedy was now surpassed by what I felt on seeing so large a body of men, who had just been giving undoubted proofs of desperate courage, fly, scattered in all directions like a flock of sheep, on the appearance of a subaltern's detachment of militia, with their bayonets fixed. Puzzled exceedingly to account for so striking an inconsistency, I quitted this mad village, and continued my route towards Dublin.

"On the road I overtook an old farmer going home from the fair; and entering into chat, I requested he would acquaint me with the cause of the great battle which had just taken place.

"'Is it the cause of it you want to know, young gintleman?' said he. 'Surely 'tis myself that can tell you. But you appear to be a stranger in these parts; pray, where do you come from?'

"Having satisfied the old man in a few words, he, in his turn, commenced his promised explanation, as follows:

"'On Michaelmas-day, five-and-fifty years ago; sure, I remember it as well as I do this blessed minit, though I was only a gorsoon at the time, no bigger than a praty-stalk; it was at the fair of this very town that Darby Dwyer, who was head of the faction of the *Modhera-Roos*—'

"'Pray, what may that signify?' I demanded.

"'The Red Dogs, to be sure,' replied the farmer: 'the name by which the numerous clans of the Dwyers and Ryans are known in this part of the country. Well, as I was saying, Darby Dwyer came reeling out of a tint, with a dhrop in his eye, according to custom, poor man; and seeing that all the boys were going home quietly and daisently, he got into a tunthering big passion.

"'Och, murther alive!' says he; 'three o'clock and no fight! Ireland's lost, by Jabus!' for he was the boy in the gap whenever there was a bit of a row.'

"'But do you always fight at your fairs in this country?' I demanded.

"'Is it fight at our fairs?' cried the old man with a stare of astonishment. 'Faith, you must have dropt from one of the seven iliments, to ask such a question as that, my ogawn; but the longer you live the more you'll larn. Well, in saying them words, what does Darby do but he hits a car that was standing there, three or four angry blows with his wattle; and, as luck would have it, who should be the owner of the car but Ned Flannigan, who was head of the faction of the *Slieve-na-Mucks*—'

"'Pray,' said I, 'who or what are the *Slieve-na-Mucks?*'

"'*Slieve-na-Muck*,' replied the old man, 'signifies the Pig's Mountain; and that's the name we give to the clans of the Flannigans and Mulcahys of that neighbourhood. Now, Ned, thinking it was done to take a brag out of him, goes up to Darby, and says—

"'Honest man,' says he, 'that's my car that you *hot* with your wattle.'

"'What *duv* I care,' says Darby, 'whose car it is?'

"'I'll make you care in three jiffeys, my ogawn,' says Ned.

"'See here now,' says Darby, spitting in his fist, paiceably and quietly; 'only say *Paise* now, and, by the Piper of Moses, I'll give you a leathering!'

"'Bains! by Jabus!' cried Ned, mistaking the word, in his hurry to take up the challenge.

"'Paise and Bains is all the same in my country; so take that, you spalpeen o' the world!' says Darby, giving Ned a crack on the sconce with his two-handed wattle: so, without wasting any more words on the matter, to it they went, hammer and tongs; and their friends being all to the fore, there was as fine a fight, God bless it! as you'd wish to see on a summer's day. From that time to this, the two factions of the *Slieve-na-Mucks* and the *Modhera-Roos* have been always at loggerheads, till they agreed to fight it out genteelly on this blessed day; which they would have done fair and aisy, sure enough, only the Red Army meddled in it, and spilte the fun, as they always do, bad luck to 'em!'

"Such was the important cause of this sanguinary conflict; which, though excessively foolish and absurd, might perhaps meet with a parallel in the origin of some of those wars which, at different periods, have desolated countries of greater pretensions to civilization and humanity.

"Two days after the adventure at the fair, on passing through a large town, an idea struck me, by which I thought I could raise the wind, for my finances were again looking very consumptive. I accordingly put it in execution; and having bought a fife, I got a carpenter to make me a wooden model of

a musket. Thus furnished, I took up a commanding position in the market-place, where I played several lively and martial airs on my instrument, of which I was a perfect master, and which soon attracted a crowd of boys and idlers about me. When I had sufficiently excited the curiosity of my youthful audience, I told them that, if they would make a collection of halfpence for me, I would show them the French exercise.

"A cap was accordingly sent round, and a large contribution immediately made; encouraged by which, I threw myself into an attitude more grotesque, it is true, than dignified; and not only went through the manual and platoon, but added a multiplicity of manœuvres *à piacere*, to diversify the severe monotony of science. Mortal eye had never before witnessed such evolutions, but my young spectators were delighted, which was all I cared about. My *coup d'essai* proved a palpable hit; for, in a short time, nothing was talked of by young and old but the wonderful Frenchman, who played so beautifully on the fife, and could fire ten shots while a local-militiaman was loading his musket: in short, I found that in this, as well as in my culinary capacity, whatever was *à la Française* was sure to find a never-failing harvest in the credulity of the multitude.

"I was now in a money-making profession, lived well, and every day gained an addition of fame and fortune. Hope began to flatter, as usual; and, although I had lost a large portion of my youthful enthusiasm, I had little doubt of being enabled, by my present occupation, to realise sufficient money to place me beyond the reach of want. But Fate loves to laugh at the speculations of mortals: and when our imaginations are most elate with dreams of prosperity, the scene takes a sudden shift, and we are precipitated from the pinnacle of our fancied grandeur. Fortune, in short, was preparing another of her skittish tricks for my entertainment; and, as usual, the jade commenced her roguery with one of her most deceitful smiles.

"There happened to be a puppet-showman in the town where I was now the reigning lion, who, on witnessing my exhibition one day, saw at once that I was a most dangerous obstacle to his own fame and emolument. He would, no doubt, have *taken* me off by assassination, if that did not involve dangerous consequences to his person; while to *buy* me off would have made too heavy an inroad on his purse: he, therefore, hit upon a *mezzo termine*, and proposed a joint-stock partnership, to which I readily assented. As, in addition to my military feats, I could dance very well, both on my head and my feet, was a tolerable ventriloquist, a dab at legerdemain, had a good voice, a mechanical turn in manufacturing new puppets, and a ready genius in framing new dramas for them, I struck a very advantageous bargain with the showman; who, taking my talent as an equi-

valent for his capital, shared the profits of the speculation equally between us.

"All necessary legal instruments being signed, sealed, and interchanged by the high contracting parties, we removed our properties, scenery, and machinery, to a neighbouring town, where a flaming play-bill was issued instanter; setting forth that, in addition to one of our most favourite puppet exhibitions, the celebrated Signor Don Monseer de Twistumtwino, First Tenor of the *Teatro di San Carlo, Premier Flutiste* of the Scala, Ventriloquist to the Prince Regent, Opera Dancer to her Majesty the Queen, and First Conjuror to the Great Mogul, was engaged, at an immense expense, to perform at the 'Grand Cosmorama,'—for so we designated our hay-loft,—positively for three nights only!

"This fascinating programme attracted great crowds, and all the world came to see the Queen's Opera Dancer; so that our Cosmorama was not large enough to contain all the Company, and we were obliged to refuse admittance to several. Our performance having met with unbounded applause from a numerous and splendid audience, as duly stated in our bills the following day, our three nights were extended to ten, *by particular desire:* while my fame especially was spread by a young gentleman, who had made a tour to Bath and London; and who, to establish his own claims to ultra-fashion, assured his friends that he had frequently seen me at His Majesty's Theatre, performing with Madame Catalani, in the opera of *Il fanatico per la Musica.*

"In this honourable and lucrative profession I continued for some months, and had nearly made the tour of Ireland, when it was my ill-luck to witness an Irish duel at Cashel; the serio-comic termination of which, as Dr. Prolix would say, caused a very great laugh at the time; though its influence on my fate (for, strange to say, I was hooked into the catastrophe), made me laugh on the wrong side of my mouth.

"The rage for soldiering being, at that period, the prevailing epidemic in Ireland, there happened to be two independent companies of Yeomanry Cavalry in one of the neighbouring towns; which were commanded respectively by Captain O'Brien and Captain Manning, two gentlemen of property and influence in the county. The former corps was composed entirely of Catholics, and the latter of Protestants, and the most bitter animosity prevailed between them; for religion, which ought to bind all hearts together in one bond of heavenly love, seems, in Ireland at least, most unhappily to have quite a contrary effect.

"The captains fell out, it seems, on some convivial occasion, and a meeting was appointed to take place on the race-course of Cashel; on which occasion the combatants were actually attended

not only by the members of their respective corps, partially armed and accoutred, but also by a vast assemblage of the country-people; who, on all such occasions, eagerly flock to see the fun, with as much relish and *sang froid* as an Englishman would go to see a main of cocks. The magistrates, *of course*, knew nothing of the matter; it was not their business, you know, to interfere between gentlemen; especially, as they might have occasion the following day, in their own persons, for similar magisterial forbearance; all disputes in Ireland, whatever may be their nature, being finally settled on the sod.

"The usual preliminaries being adjusted, with the scrupulous courtesy observed on such occasions, the seconds placed their principals at the customary distance of twelve paces; each being supplied with a brace of loaded pistols; and expectation stood tiptoe for the result. Captain O'Brien was a well-known duellist, of great nerve and unshaken steadiness. His rule was to allow his adversary to fire the first shot, in as deliberate and deadly a manner as he chose; after which, if O'Brien did not fall, he was at liberty to advance upon his antagonist, one pace at a time, the latter retiring in the same proportion, and to choose his opportunity to return the fire. By this rule he certainly incurred a fearful risk in the first instance; which generally induced an acquiescence in his peculiar system of tactics; but if he survived the first shot, his admirable *sang froid* gave him a decided advantage, of which he had frequently availed himself, to the damage of his adversaries.

"An unlucky consciousness of this appeared to have affected the nerves of his antagonist, on the present occasion; for Manning, though he fired deliberately enough, did not hit his man; who now advanced the stipulated pace, with a look not altogether pleasant under the circumstances. As O'Brien advanced, Manning stepped back, a pretty good long pace, as you may suppose; but still he was within an awful proximity of his adversary's muzzle; which, however, remained depressed, the favourable moment not having yet arrived for its elevation. In the anticipation of this critical moment, Manning's hand becoming unsteady, he also discharged his second pistol, before it came round to his turn, but whether with intent to hit his adversary I shall not say:—happily, it missed him.

"A cry of 'Shame! shame!' arose amongst the crowd; while O'Brien continued to advance, frowning, but perfectly cool and collected; and apparently contemplating where he could hit his man to the best advantage. The aspect of affairs was certainly calculated to affect the stoutest nerves, and I am sorry to say, that those of Captain Manning failed him entirely; this was first evinced by the ghastly paleness of his features, and the tremor of his limbs; then, by his taking two steps backwards to

every forward step of his adversary, till at length he fairly wheeled about and ran away altogether.

"A shout of triumphant derision, and a groan of scalding shame rose from the respective partisans of the combatants; those of Manning, especially, looked desirous of wiping out with their own valour, on the crests of their opponents, the eternal disgrace of their leader; and, in the state of excitement which prevailed, a serious collision would most probably have taken place between them; when, suddenly, a countryman rushed from the crowd, caught the flying Manning in his brawny arms, and, reckless of the peril he himself incurred, shouted out at the top of his voice:

"'Now for it, O'Brien! fire away, my boy! Shoot the coward, and, by Jabus, I'll howld him for you!'

"This happy intervention gave a comic turn to an affair which otherwise threatened the most tragical consequences. Amidst the shouts of laughter that resounded on every side, some friends of Captain Manning implored the victorious O'Brien to forego his advantage, which he generously consented to do; and this singular duel thus happily terminated without bloodshed.

"Availing myself of this truly original subject, I wrought it into a 'grand tragi-comic-melo-dramatic-operatic ballet,' for performance at the grand Cosmorama, with correct likenesses and characteristic dresses; and, such is the lively contempt of the Irish people for everything approaching to cowardice, that our theatre was full to overflowing, night after night, to witness my splendid production; which had a run altogether unparalleled in the annals of the Irish stage. But it happened unfortunately, that the runaway duellist, from family influence, and other causes, had a number of friends amongst the higher classes; who felt their own dignity insulted through that of their champion, by this nightly exhibition, and cast about how they could best avenge their sullied honour. They accordingly crowded to the theatre one night, when I was performing to a brilliant audience for my own benefit; when Fortune seemed to smile propitious on my efforts, and my companions were calculating, somewhat enviously, that I should net nearly ten pounds, it being the fullest and most fashionable house of the season.

"The war commenced on my appearance by a furious tempest of hissing, hooting, rattles, and catcalls, on the part of Manning's partisans; which called forth a corresponding hurricane of applause and admiration from the opposite party. This, frightful as it was to our tingling ears, was cakes and gingerbread to what followed; for one unlucky blow having been struck by an enthusiastic admirer of Captain O'Brien, five hundred immediately followed: and, in a few minutes, the whole audience became engaged on one side or the other. The fight was furious:

the women ran out of the theatre, and the blackguards ran in; windows were smashed in pieces, the scenery torn to rags, and our orchestra, consisting of a hand-organ and a tambourine, demolished, without remorse of conscience. But the greatest loss we sustained, and which, indeed, was irreparable, was the total destruction of our *dramatis personæ:* kings, queens, princes, knights, squires, and ladies of honour, together with the scenery, machinery, dresses, and properties of every description, were reduced to atoms; more effectually than the puppets of Gines de Passamonte, by the renowned hero of La Mancha.

"In fine, the confusion was indescribable; and the combat ceased not until all the military in the town were marched to the scene of action, headed by the magistrates, who threatened to read the Riot Act, and fire on the mob; the usual method of settling popular disturbances in Ireland. It happened, unluckily, that the originators of the quarrel and real culprits were sprigs of influential families. To meddle with them, therefore, was a *noli me tangere* affair with the magistrates; but the poor devils of players, being *feræ naturæ*, were very properly offered up as scape-goats on the altar of civic harmony. We were formally banished from the town, with all our ragged retinue: my unfortunate partner was reduced to beggary, with a wife and seven children; and I, very little better, took the road to Dublin, determined, for ever, to quit this mad country as speedily as possible.

"On my arrival in the beautiful, but deserted, metropolis of Ireland, I took up my residence with Jemmy Lawler, a little shoemaker, whom I had once met at the Curragh races; and whose eccentric character had afforded me frequent amusement. He was a good-natured, rollicking fellow, sadly addicted to gambling, particularly in the three great branches of boxing, horse-racing, and cock-fighting; which, with an occasional drinking bout, served to fill up his time and to empty his purse in a pretty equal ratio. This peculiarity of taste, though it gratified the fancy, sadly dilapidated the finances of the little shoemaker; for though, in his lucid intervals, he worked like a Trojan, and made ladies' shoes to admiration, being universally admitted the best fitter out of Paris, yet, somehow or other, he kept sliding backwards in the world, with a degree of velocity that bothered himself to account for, on any rational grounds of fair-dealing on the part of dame Fortune.

"Jemmy Lawler's creditors, however, had a clearer conception of the matter: and being anxious to recover certain items of long standing against him in their respective ledgers, before 'the fancy' had entirely swallowed up his little property, they took out sundry writs against his person; he having contumaciously declined 'booking up' on any other terms. Jemmy was, however,

both a bruiser and a cudgel-player; and whenever accosted by an agent of 'John Doe and Richard Roe,' he never failed to give the impertinent fellow either a broken head or a pair of black eyes; which so tamed the ferocity of that diabolical fraternity, that, at length, there could scarcely be found a bum-bailiff in all Dublin to come to the scratch with Jemmy the Bruiser.

"There was, however, one rumbustious braggadocio, of gigantic dimensions, who had long been an unrelenting tyrant amongst quaking debtors; having incarcerated more starving bodies, and distrained the goods of more helpless widows than any dozen of his ruthless brethren. This 'Triton of the Minnows' having been invited to arrest the bold shoemaker, instantly assented, and loudly boasted that he would speedily quell the turbulent spirit of Jemmy Lawler.

"'Bathershin!' cried Jemmy, while a saucy smile of defiance played over his expressive features.

"This was the threatening posture of affairs when I arrived at Jemmy Lawler's residence in Smock Alley; where he received me with great hospitality in his only apartment on the third floor, which served him for kitchen, for parlour, and all; and where I found him working and singing as blithe as a lark. Suddenly, in bounced a curly-headed urchin, with an exclamation of—

"'Daddy! Daddy! Big Ben is coming up the first flight.'

"With admirable *sang froid* Jemmy laid by his work, bolted the door, and began to whet his paring knife, as he told me in a few words the state of the case.

"In a minute or two Big Ben gave a very genteel and unbailiff-like knock at the door.

"'Who be dat?' demanded Jemmy, in the shrill treble of an infant.

"''Tis I, my dear,' replied Ben, aggravating his voice like a sucking dove. 'I want to see your father, dear.'

"'Daddy isn't at home,' said Jemmy, in the same tone as before. 'He gone to Donnybrook.'

"'Very well, my dear,' said Ben, in a wheedling voice, 'you can let me in, you know, to rest awhile.'

"'Put in ee fingee,' said Jemmy, 'and lift de latch.'

"Big Ben accordingly thrust the fore-finger of his right hand into the hole under the latch, purposely left vacant for the occasion, and Jemmy instantly cut it off with his paring-knife, close to the door.

"'Put in ee odee fingee now,' said Jemmy, with the same innocent simplicity."

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN TO VENUS.

(FROM METASTASIO.)

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

O bella Venere,
Che sola sei
Piacer degli uomini
E degli Dei.

PROPITIOUS in splendour,
Descend from above,
O Venus, delectable
Mother of Love!
O beautiful Venus,
Whose smiles have been given
For bliss upon earth
And for rapture in heaven!

Thou, whose eyes dancing
With light airy motion,
Make joyous and fertile
The land and the ocean!
Earth, with the human race
For thee is teeming,
Under Sol's fruitful ray
Fervidly beaming.

Near to thy laughing stars
Placidly shining,
The clouds are all scattered,
The winds are declining.
The green sunny meadows
Around thee are flowering,
Thou stillest the waves
When the tempest is lowering.

For thee the tremulous
Splendours of heaven
Shine forth, and the curtain
Of darkness is riven;
While o'er the firmament
Wantonly straying,
The light airy zephyrs
Of spring time are playing.

Inflamed by thine ardours,
The feathered creation
Pour forth in thy temple
Their pure adoration;

The dove and the maiden,
Tho' timid, ne'er falter,
But brave every danger
To rush to thine altar.

Thou tamest the tiger,
When fierce in his anger,
Who yields up his prey
In thy soul-melting languor.
By thee are developed
All forms and all features,—
Thy raptures give life
To all things and all creatures;
And bright from thy fruitful
And joy-giving spirit,
Springs all that of lovely
The globe doth inherit!

Propitious in splendour,
Descend from above,
O Venus, delectable
Mother of Love!
O beautiful Venus,
Whose smiles have been given
For bliss upon earth
And for rapture in heaven!

SONG.—ADIEU, BELOVED FRANCE!

Air—"*Mary's Dream.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Thus mourn'd the Queen, what time to Gallia's coast
She breathed full many a fondly parting sigh;
And saw, 'midst fears and anxious bodings lost,
The white cliffs lessen from her lingering eye:
Through the long night she watch'd the glimmering shore,
And heard, in doleful plight, the sullen billows roar.

"Queen of unnumber'd woes! with evil star,
Borne from such long-lov'd, pleasant scene away,
To realms where everlasting Discord's jar
And maddening factions spurn thy feeble sway:
What woes are ripening in the womb of Fate,
A Murray's venom'd guile, a Tudor's deadly hate."

Adieu, beloved France! adieu!
Yet, while thy lovely shores I see,
As slowly they recede from view,
Oh! how my heart flies back to thee!

The barque sails on, a dreary waste
Of boundless sea salutes my eyes;
Be still, ye winds! Ah! why this haste
To bear me from those golden skies?
Adieu, beloved France! adieu!

Dear treasured land of past delight,
This parting doth thy spells enhance.
Oh! there are eyes will weep to-night,
Will weep for me in pleasant France;
And I with burning tears requite
Those gentle hearts that sigh for me,
The while I watch the dawning light
To catch one last, last look of thee.
Adieu, beloved France! adieu!

Wake, minstrel, wake the dulcet string,
And soothe my midnight woes with song;
But, ah! a sadder measure sing,
Such as to grieving souls belong.
I go to seek a distant throne,
A widow'd queen, but late a bride,
And leave those hearts that *were* my own,
For hearts that I have never tried.
Adieu, beloved France! adieu!

The bright sun rises from the deep,
To bless me with a parting glance.
Ah! foolish eyes, forget to weep,
Nor dim my last, last look of France.
Oh! let me gaze, while yet I may,
On those loved hills that still appear;
'Tis past, their blue tints melt away,
And with them all my soul holds dear.
Adieu, beloved France! adieu!

NOTE.

On the death of her husband, Francis II., the beautiful Mary quitted France to return to her native Scotland; and the old historian, Brantôme, gives an affecting account of the regret which she expressed upon that occasion. As the vessel in which she embarked made at first but little way, she watched for nearly five hours, with tearful eyes, the slowly receding shores of France, and repeated her mournful adieux. When the shades of night began to fall, and to conceal them from her view, she redoubled her tears, exclaiming, "Farewell, dear France! You disappear from my sight, I shall never see you more." She declined to eat anything, or to go down into her cabin, and they therefore placed her bed upon deck. With many sighs and tears, she ordered that, as soon as daylight appeared, if the coast of France was still visible, they should immediately awake her. The wind having ceased, it fell out according to her wish; and raising herself on her couch, she began again to contemplate the land of her affection, which she continued to do as long as she was able. When it was finally lost in the increasing distance,—"Farewell, dear France!" she again repeated; "farewell, sweet France! it is all over: I shall never see you more!"

EMMELINE;

OR,

LOVE AND AVARICE.

A TALE.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. MONTIMAR was one of those men who, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, without talent and without education, rise from the lowest stage of penury and want to the highest pinnacle of fortune and of honour. Such instances have, indeed, for the last hundred and fifty years, been so common in this mercantile country of ours, that they cease longer to surprise or awaken our curiosity. Nor was Mr. Montimar's career in any way different from the generality of such events. With plodding application and the negative virtue of honesty, aided by fortuitous situation, his elevation was but the natural result of that train of circumstances which placed him in the position of advancement. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the world, which is ever prone to flatter opulence, and find merit in success, will hold such a man forward to humanity as a worthy example and pattern to the emulous of youth; write panegyrics on his talent, ability, and application; and find in the most grovelling and selfish of human pursuits—money making—a genius equal in its way to the brightest luminaries in arts, science, or literature.

Mr. Montimar having, at the age of ten years, escaped from the parish workhouse of a retired village in the North of England, with a slight knowledge of accounts, and a more imperfect acquaintance with orthography, without father or mother, or any known relative, and even unconscious of his parental name, Parish Jem, as he had been called, found himself, after a month's peregrination, one winter morning, cold, tired, and hungry, in one of the narrow streets at the back of Doctors' Commons.

A poor, but honest, widow, who kept a small green-grocer's shop, saw the boy crying, and, attracted by his forlorn appearance, took him in, soothed his grief, warmed his body, and fed

him from her scanty meal. She had no children; for poverty, sickness, and death had been busy with her once happy home, and years before had left her no earthly tie to love, to cherish, or to feel for. The human heart, ever prone to fellowship and the fond endearments of affection, will find objects for its love from materials the most incongruous; and so the widow White believed, or fancied, in the half-starved parish boy before her, a likeness to her own, her first-born hope. Indeed, each day the delusion grew more firm, and all the sources of her long pent heart, her chilled and crushed affections budded anew, and she grew to love the boy, and watch his steps with that solicitude that only mothers feel; the child was grateful too, and naturally kind, and this return of feeling for her love wound tighter round the widow's heart the bond of motherly affection. Often her eye moistened, and her bosom heaved with deep and fervent gratitude to God for thus, in her sterile age, bestowing on her a warm and living object on which to pour the long-diverted tide of that delicious joy, man's first, longest, latest boon, love —a mother's love—pure, devout, unsullied by an earthly stain.

Daily, too, the boy became more useful to her, aided her in her little shop, and made himself so necessary to her very life, that the poor woman often wondered how she had existed so long without him. They had lived together about two years, when, through the agency of a former friend, the widow obtained the situation of charwoman to a banking-house in Lombard-street, the emolument from which added largely to her happiness and comfort, especially as she could now afford to dress her *protégé* in clean and wholesome clothing. And now it was that the boy had the opportunity of really evincing his gratitude; for, strong and active, he performed all the harder work of her new office by polishing the desks and counter, beating the mats, and cleaning the brasses. One morning, when they had left the bank, the boy had occasion to return for some of his brushes accidentally left behind, when, on moving the mat nearer to the door, he discovered a twenty pound bank-note beneath it, much soiled and crumpled. Instead of returning home with his prize, the boy remained in the bank till the manager came down stairs; when, upon being asked what business he had there at so late an hour, told the gentleman what he had found, and that he feared to go away till he had returned the note, lest they should think he had intended to steal it; so saying, he laid the disfigured bill upon the counter, and hastened home.

The reader will anticipate the sequel. From that day his fortune was made; he was judiciously rewarded; the bank placed him, for three years, in a mercantile school, taking upon themselves the expenses of his maintenance. He was then advanced to the office of light porter, and in five years afterwards, cle-

vated to a stool; and ultimately, at the early age of twenty-six, he became a junior partner.

A foreign loan, which the bank was anxious to negotiate for to a very large amount, was alone objected to by Mr. Montimar (the name he had assumed on quitting the academy), who strenuously and obstinately opposed the hazardous speculation; the result was, that he withdrew his capital, and, at the age of fifty, left the bank, retired from business, and with £90,000 in the funds, married, and settled in the neighbourhood of our story. Three years later his wife died, leaving her husband one child, a daughter Emmeline; who now, at the age of nineteen, was domestic, handsome, well-educated, and rich.

It is not to be supposed that so great a prize in the lottery of life had reached the age of womanhood unsought or unwooed. In truth, many suitors came and solicited an interview with the owner of Probity Hall; but very few had ever got far over its threshold; there was a stumblingstone, an impediment little dreamed of by the eager and expectant admirers of beauty and accomplishment, a desideratum which had not entered into the imagination of the wildest or most luxuriant fancy; they all fully believed, and confidently expected, that the happy lord of the lovely Emmeline's choice would receive with, not give, money for his bride. It was, therefore, with feelings allied to indignation, that suitor after suitor, who had offered to exchange his own fair person for a young and beautiful wife encumbered with £90,000, threw up the negotiation, looking upon the transaction, if not as a swindle, at least, strongly approximating to an insult. But there was neither insult or swindle in old Mr. Montimar's determination; it was one of those crotchets that often enter and take possession of unenlightened and contracted minds; trifles, indeed, frequently only fit for our laughter, or, at best, our indulgent forgiveness, did not the happiness or misery, the life or death perhaps, of others too often depend upon the will, blindness, or caprice of such men as Mr. Montimar. I have shown that he was rich, but, in his own opinion, not rich enough; there was a goal that he had set himself to reach, and which would have been long since achieved but for the unexpected issue with the bank, for he had chosen rather to stop within sight of the winning-post, than remain and risk all in the struggle for more. We have seen him, then, not swayed by any feelings of early gratitude to those whose fostering care raised a bastard pauper boy to a princely merchant; but, at whatever inconvenience to others, grasping his own—certainly his own—honest profits; fortune, the result of that protecting benevolence which rewarded a negative quality with a regal recompense. What, therefore, could not be accomplished in business he waited to perform by means of his daughter; he

had said to himself, "I will die worth a 'plum;' and if Emmeline is never married, she shall not wed until I am."

To fulfil this end, he had demanded of each suitor a donation to himself of £10,000, to be paid down the day before the wedding; binding himself no further than by a promise to leave his ample fortune unconditionally to his daughter. It may be truly inferred, that the good and pretty Emmeline was no willing agent in this mercenary and extravagant whim of her father; but she had been early taught obedience; and so dependent a creature was she, that to have opposed her parent's will, and marry without his consent, never for a moment entered her gentle and confiding breast. Of the many suitors who beset this Argosy, but one had made an interest in her heart; and him she loved with all that deep, devoted mystery of feeling, that but a woman's bosom can know; and in her selection of this favoured one, she had the full warranty and concurrence of her father.

Charles Stanley was the only son of a retired gentleman, who, dying early in life, left his child to the guardianship of a wealthy uncle, a bachelor, at whose death it was understood that Charles would succeed to all his property; his own patrimony not exceeding £5,000, upon the interest of which he had for the last two years lived, spending the greater part of his time in the country, at his paternal home, a small, but elegant mansion, beautifully situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the more opulent and extensive dwelling of Mr. Montimar. It is of little consequence to our story, to recount how, or where, these lovers first met; it is sufficient to say, that their affection was as pure, disinterested, and true, as human passions generally are. Each day strengthened the bond that bound them to each other; the joy of one was the happiness of both; it was felicity to meet, and pain to separate; in mutual confidence, their love went hand in hand, unchecked by doubts, unsullied by a fear.

At length the day arrived when the lovers were doomed, for the first time, to feel alarm. With manly frankness, yet conscious diffidence, young Stanley sought an interview with Mr. Montimar; told him of what, indeed, the father already knew, that he loved his daughter, and that daughter returned his love; mentioned his own small fortune, told him of his expectancy when his uncle died, and ended by asking his consent. The banker heard him to the conclusion; and replied, that he had not the slightest obstacle to urge, that he should prefer him before any other man in England—that was, of course, if his terms were acceded to; that he must have £10,000 paid to him the day before the wedding; upon these conditions, and these alone, could he listen to his suit. In vain the anxious lover offered all his own £5,000; nay, would resign all hope, all claim, on Emmeline's fortune; Mr. Montimar was inexorable.

"Those terms, or else all further conference ends; and till I have your definitive reply, your future visits here and to my daughter cease." Half distracted by so unlooked-for a termination of all his hopes, cut off from intercourse with her who most could soothe his grief, Charles Stanley left the house, not knowing whither in his despair to fly for aid. Suddenly he thought of his uncle, fully persuaded that he would not for a moment hesitate, when his beloved nephew's happiness was concerned, to aid him with pecuniary assistance, to purchase from this mercenary father the person of his daughter; and determined to lose not an hour in useless delay, but to proceed at once to London, reveal the nature of his feelings, explain Mr. Montimar's determination, and throw himself upon the generosity and kindly feeling of his only friend and relative.

Mr. Theophilus Brownlow, the maternal uncle of Charles Stanley, was, on the morning on which we shall introduce him to the reader, perambulating a gloomy back-parlour, in which, from early habit, he spent more than half of his time; and which still retained its original appellation of office, though Mr. Brownlow had long retired from the business of the 'Change, and, indeed, had no longer any mercantile pursuit, to engage his time or give zest to his thoughts—unless to him the all-important epochs, called dividend-days, may be allowed in this case to be exceptions. Still the office was the office, and it looked like business to be in it; and, at the same time, it gave him a kind of elevation in his own esteem to be considered always at his post. But though there was nothing actually in the way of business to do, yet Mr. Brownlow was by no means idle; indeed, he had never been so seriously engaged in his life; for he was waging a cruel, sanguinary, and exterminating war upon a powerful colony of flies, who had taken full possession of his *penetralia* of business. He was thus industriously occupied, with a small pliable cane in one hand, and a bit of chalk in the other, slaying, and reporting on the lid of his desk the amount of the fallen, when the door was opened, and his nephew entered, eagerly exclaiming, "Ah, my dear uncle! I am so glad to find—"

"A hundred and ninety! Stop, you dog! I have lost my reckoning!" and, going up to the desk, put down another item, the sum-total of his last onslaught, "a hundred and ninety, three, three—aye, it was three, I like to be accurate," laid down his weapon, and cordially shaking young Stanley by the hand, said he was very glad to see him.

"And what has brought you to town, eh? Oh, there's a whapper—a brigadier, at least!" And seizing up his cane, he pursued his enemy round the room, with all the energy and address of a skilful general, till, getting the fly between himself

and the window, the fatal missile descended, and the brigadier bit the dust, or rather the oil-cloth. "Ha! I had him there. One! Well, and what brought you to town? dine at two, remember. Another!—another! It's no use; I'll have you, Sir. Come, how do you like that? Four!"

"Why, uncle, when you have suspended hostilities, and granted terms of accommodation to these your rebellious subjects, or tenants, I will open my negotiation."

"Presently—presently; only look how scientifically I use this, in any other hand but mine an awkward instrument; its very pliability, to some its defect, is to me its beauty. Five! six! seven! Just notice, Charles, only one slap on their heads —eight!—and down he goes. Nine! A blow on the back of the head is sure death—ten!—and gives no pain—eleven!—all over in a minute!" Who shall say but that this casual and unimportant remark, trifling and insignificant, was not one of those secret levers that stir the soul of man to crime. Upon an immaterial word, what fate has hung! What bloodshed and what desolation! results, that he who gave the spur could never by possibility dream of. The observation made little or no impression then; but hereafter we shall see how, in a mild and generous heart, it had the power to confirm that heart to perpetrate a black and damning crime.

"There!" resumed Mr. Brownlow, throwing down his cane; "there! we—stop, twelve!—now we suspend the war! And let me see: 329, total, *hors de combat*, divide by 60 = $5\frac{1}{2}$ a minute; not bad work that for an hour. Look, there is the dead, in that corner;" and he pointed to a heap of dead flies, which he had lately swept together under the window. "And now, Charles, we'll go to the parlour and get something to eat; come away!"

"Ten thousand pounds for his daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Brownlow, when seated with his nephew before the luncheon; "no, I'll see him at Jericho first! The unconscionable rogue! though he is no rogue after all, but an honest enough man in his way. The beggarly upstart! A pauper boy want ten thousand pounds for his daughter indeed! no, if it was only ten farthings, he should not have the satisfaction of touching one. I know what he wants it for; I know very well; but it shan't be. I have not forgot his treatment of me; and if it would save him from Limbo, no, I would not do it!"

"Pray, Sir," said Charles, espying in this old grudge a shadow of hope; "pray, Sir, what was this feud between you? Perhaps, after all, a mere misconception."

"Misconception!" exclaimed the old gentleman in disdain; "No! no! I'll tell you, Charles. I used, many years ago, to bank at their house; well, I was the fortunate negotiator of a

loan, that their house, among many others, had striven hard to obtain. For this purpose I sold out a very large amount of stock, and withdrew a heavy sum from my bankers. Well, the next week I sent a cheque, which turned out to be over-drawn some five pounds, and this mean, grasping beggar's whelp, this Montimar, refused, Sir, to honour it to the full, telling the bearer, a wealthy Cit, by the way, that there was not assets to the amount, nor, he added, is there likely to be. But it wouldn't, it couldn't do me any harm, for I was well known on the 'Change as a comfortable man, a warm man, a very warm man; a rich man, Sir." And he struck the table, as he spoke, with a degree of energy quite in character with his assertion. "An opulent man, Sir! and could have bought this pauper any day; but I am not so rich now by a score or two of thousands, but quite enough for all that. And look you here, Charles, in this pocket-book there are ten one thousand pound notes. Just the sum wanted; and which I have kept ready any day this six months, to give your wife, the day you are married, as a wedding present to buy pins and needles with; for I have heard of this affair, you sly dog, for some time; and like the girl well enough, but as for him, why, I'll see him—"

"That is precisely what I wish you would do, my dear sir," eagerly added Charles. "Perhaps your influence might moderate his demand, and induce him to view his extravagant request more reasonably, especially where the peace and happiness of his only child is so materially concerned."

"That's not exactly what I meant, my boy," replied his uncle. "But I will see him, and tell him a bit of my mind, that's my plan; and so, as the stage starts at five, we'll go down to-night, see him in the morning, settle the affair one way or another before dinner, in time for me to be back for business the next morning; that's my plan."

And acting upon this arrangement, the uncle and nephew procured seats by a late coach, and at ten o'clock that night were set down at the end of a bye-road, that led about a mile further to the sequestered village of Westerham.

The night was beautifully mild and star-light; and as the two journeyed on towards Stanley's paternal residence, situated about a quarter of a mile in the further extremity of the straggling hamlet, and but a few acres removed from the more aristocratic mansion of his intended father-in-law, which went by the euphonious appellation of Probity Hall, Mr. Brownlow kept up a constant and enlivening conversation, endeavouring to dispel the evident gloom that hung on the spirits of his nephew, who, the nearer he approached his home and the scene of his former happiness, and where, indeed, all his hopes and joys were centred, grew more dull, more taciturn, more oppressed with grief and gloomy forebodings.

As they drew near the village, for many hundred yards the left side of the road was bordered by a deep wood, which formed a tall, dark wall of chesnuts, elms, and oak-trees, constituting a natural fence. At the commencement of this umbrageous hedge, and under the shadow of a clump of tall beeches, called by the peasantry the Five Sisters, stood the charred and mouldering ruins of a cottage, that, many years since, had been accidentally destroyed by fire. The walls, for the height of ten feet, were almost perfect, while the gable, with its chimney, stood considerably higher; the whole, viewed under the gloom of the trees, assumed by night a mysterious kind of grandeur, quite at variance with its uninteresting features when revealed in the full tide of bright day-light.

A wide, open common skirted the opposite side of the road, till passing the parish church, the highway took a graceful bend, and dipping into a gentle declivity, led to the fifty or sixty small irregular houses that scattered on either side, constituted the honour of Westerham.

"I say, Charles, this is an ugly-looking spot; one might fancy it had been made on purpose as a screen for robbers or a highway murder," observed the uncle, as they passed close by the hut, and emerged from the deep shade of the sheltering trees, upon the more open path.

"It is a lonely spot," replied his nephew, "but perfectly guiltless of such purposes as you allude to."

A comfortable supper in Charles's house, and a cheering fire, for it was autumn, and the evenings were cold, well recompensed the worthy but blunt old man, for his late ride and night's walk; and by three o'clock on the following afternoon Mr. Brownlow was ushered into the presence of the owner of Probity Hall. What took place there, the pro's and con's, the carte and tierce, will be better surmised from the sequel of the interview, which occurred at the door of Mr. Montimar's residence; for, about an hour after Mr. Brownlow's entrance, he was conducted down the steps, somewhat rudely perhaps, by two of the lacqueys of Probity Hall: on whose shins, head, and shoulders, the old gentleman did not fail to let fall the full weight and vengeance of his sturdy walking-stick, making the menials, when they released him at the garden-gate, seek the shelter of the servant's-hall with the greatest possible despatch. But Mr. Brownlow was by no means soothed by this evident triumph, for, on directing his gaze towards the house, he perceived the broad and grinning features of its owner surveying his degradation in security over the short green-blinds of the library window. A few interjections, half audible from passion, about law, assault, process, &c., burst from the bosom of the indignant old man, as he buttoned up his coat, and, in a rage, strode back to his nephew's house, vowing deep

and bitter revenge on Mr. Montimar, and all the elevated paupers in Christendom.

Charles, who had long anxiously looked for his uncle's return, counting minutes hours, and with thoughts fluctuating between alternate hopes and fears, viewed his approach with anguish and dismay. What transpired between the relatives was never truly known, except such conjectures as were gathered from occasional exclamations and menaces overheard by the servants, though it was evident that the nephew's pertinacity, in refusing to relinquish all pretension or hope of Emmeline's hand, only exasperated the once amicably inclined but now enraged uncle; who, as he left the house, swore he disowned him, called him a sneaking fool, a pitiful boy, whom he despised for want of proper pride and manly spirit, and, almost choked with rage, ordered the servant to bring his portmanteau to the village inn, from whence he would proceed, in the evening, to take the night coach for town.

Shortly after his uncle's departure, and while Charles was still wrapped in the saddest forebodings, two letters were brought in by the servant and laid before him; the handwriting was too well known to admit of a doubt as from whence they came; he eagerly tore open the first, it was from Mr. Montimar, and ran as follows:—

"*Probity Hall.*

"Sir,—I have still personally a high esteem for you, despite the coarse, ungentlemanly, and insulting conduct of your uncle this day, and if my terms are complied with by twelve o'clock to-morrow, A.M., I shall be most happy to bestow my daughter upon you as per agreement; after that hour all negotiation must on your part cease, as my daughter will be then the affianced wife of a gentleman who equally holds my esteem and respect.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"James W. Montimar.

"To Charles Stanley, Esq., The Hermitage."

The other was from Emmeline, and contained the following painful announcement:—

"Oh dear, dear Charles!—Our happiness is for ever sacrificed. Your kindly but rash uncle has set the seal to our misfortune; my father is furious, and commands me, to-morrow, to receive old Mr. Danville as my future husband. I have so long obeyed his slightest wish that I have not now courage to oppose his imperious mandate; this cruel folly of my father will break my heart. Mr. Danville has given my father a cheque, which he has just shown me, payable contingent on your answer to-morrow. God help me! I am truly wretched; too weak, too childish to resist; no friend to aid, no tongue to counsel; pity, forgive, forget your irresolute but, to death, devoted Emmeline.

"Farewell, for ever!"

To paint the grief, the rage, the passion of Charles Stanley, on reading those letters, would be hopeless. For more than an hour he paced the room in wild excitement; then, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, exclaimed:

"What! and shall my happiness, the peace, the comfort, of my Emmeline, two lives of love and confidence, be blighted, seared, and blasted in the bud, by imbecile and drivelling fools? things, in whose breast, life, hope, and trust, are dead? who own no love but wealth, no tie but cursed aggrandisement? Shall they step between me and my soul's long-cherished, prayed-for bliss? Shall frosty-fingered age blight and destroy youth's aspiration, love's warm hope? No! no! no! she shall be mine, I swear it!" then, pausing suddenly, and casting round the room a quick, unquiet glance, continued in an under tone, "One blow is sure death. Ha! he said so; the precise sum, too, on his person, set by and portioned out for her. My uncle,—but no! he himself has broken, outraged the bond, the link of blood; disowned me, heaped contumely on my head, disgraced me. Why should I hesitate? oh, my God, it is fearful! fearful! but how tenfold horrible to see, and through long time to contemplate my Emmeline. *My* Emmeline, my wife in heart and soul, pressed in the withered clutch of cold revolting age! Oh! it shall not be; mine by nature's tie, and by affection, she is; mine by law she shall be!"

And as he spoke, he seized the letters from the table, and hastily quitting the apartment, he hurried up stairs to his dressing-room, and securing his door from intrusion, remained undisturbed in his solitude till the following morning.

The village clock of Westerham had just tolled eleven, when Mr. Brownlow, with a small valise under his arm, and a stout walking-stick in his hand, left the cheerful fire and bright parlour of the Red Lion public-house, and stood in the deserted and silent street of the hamlet. The night was very dark, and a chill moaning wind swept down the road, making the contrast from the ruddy hue that shone through the bar-window, with the desolation and death-like stillness without, anything but cheering. Above, all was impenetrable darkness; while below, the only object actually discernible was an irregular whitish belt, tapering to a thread in the distance, and which indicated the windings of the highway upwards to the common.

"You can't mistake the road, Sir; and if you keep the burnt house on your right when you come to the crossings, you will reach the finger-post at the end of the lane, in plenty of time for the mail, which passes at half-past eleven; but you had better let me send the ostler with you, Sir," said the kindly voice of the landlady, as she lighted her guest to the door. A firm, but surly negative, was the only rejoinder to the good woman's suggestion, as the old

man strode quickly up the road; having reached the church, and the entrance of the common, Mr. Brownlow left the middle of the road and ascended the footpath, as the long wood edge, formerly noticed, sheltered him from the wind, which here blew cold and sharp, and his eyes had now become sufficiently inured to the gloom, to allow him to trace the footway with tolerable certainty. Occasionally, as he pressed forward, he struck off a small twig or cluster of leaves from the boughs overhead, partly to divert his thoughts, sometimes with a malicious wish that Mr. Montimar's head was only there instead; and partly for society, for though he was too angry to own it, still he did not altogether like his solitary walk at such a place, and at such a time. Whether it was the increased motion in the foliage above, as he drew near the extremity of the wood, where the wind had uninterrupted sway down the cross-roads; or the recollection of his former impression, when he passed the same spot the night before, is not known, but Mr. Brownlow suddenly stopped, as he approached the five tall and broad-armed beeches, or Sisters, beneath which, stood the ruined hut, or burnt house, as it was called by the landlady, and, carefully looking around him, said, in a suppressed tone:—

"I don't half like the looks of this place, somehow, but it must be got over," and striking his stick firmly on the ground, as if to re-assure his own courage, Mr. Brownlow passed under the gloomy covering. At that instant, a man sprang from the thick screen of hanging foliage that had concealed him, and dealt him one sudden and severe blow on the back part of the head with the hammer end of a cooper's adze. His victim fell instantly forward on his face, without a groan or the slightest evidence of life. The murderer instantly turned the body on its back, and, kneeling on the chest, pressed both his thumbs tightly on the dead man's throat, preserving both his hold and attitude for full five minutes; then rising, took the corpse in his arms, and carried it into the hut, and, having reached the most remote corner of the ruin, threw down his burden, and, drawing a long deep breath, leant against the wall for support; for his limbs shook under him from exertion and terror, while the cold sweat poured down from his head and face. But this was no time for rest, and the wretched man felt it. Roughly wiping his brow with the sleeve of his coat, he addressed himself instantly to the horrid work before him. With an involuntary shudder he approached the body, tore open the coat, ransacked the pockets, emptied a well-filled purse, and removed the papers and contents of a large pocket-book; and having secured these effects upon his own person, replaced the empty articles from whence he had taken them. The murderer then left the corpse, and retiring to the opposite extremity of the hovel, knelt down, and proceeded, with the sharp edge of his

adze, to cut up the sod. In half an hour, he had removed about two yards of unbroken sward, with its rank luxuriance of nettles, weeds, and thistles, still growing on it; and carefully setting the whole aside, began the more laborious part of his task, the hollowing out a grave. The ground was hard, stubborn, and gravelly; and as often as his rude spade clashed on a stone or harder impacted earth, a tremor passed over his frame, and he paused in breathless agitation, and listened long and eagerly, dreading lest the slightest sound might betray his whereabout; frequently, too, he stopped his work to wipe with his hand the cold moisture that bedewed his face, and fell like drops of rain on the hard marble on which he worked and strained.

Two hours had passed—two long, dread, unutterable hours, and yet the work was not complete. Anon, the low scud that had hitherto obscured the night, gradually cleared away, and showed the higher heaven of clouds, through which two bright stars shone out, like two avenging eyes to note and chronicle his deed. So suddenly burst out these skyey fires, where all before was dark, that to his heated mind they seemed special intelligences sent to rouse the world, and guide the arm of justice. Ever and anon, another and another star looked out through the dark veil of cloud, making the fearful man pause often in his revolting work, and gaze with inquietude and dread, upon the still brightening sky; and as the faint reflection of the rising moon showed itself on the broad dun edges of the packed clouds, with palpitating heart the murderer toiled with redoubled force. Another hour was past, and the weary man rose from his labour. Hitherto he had studiously kept his eyes from the quarter where the body lay; and now that his work was so far done, he stood irresolute, unable to complete the revolting task, or direct his gaze upon the hideous, terrible thing his own desperate hand had made. The silence, too, no longer disturbed by even the slight noise made in his work, was painful, fearfully still, unearthly tranquil. His breath came short, his blood felt cold, and his labouring heart beat slow and strong in sudden pants; he felt his limbs totter, and his scalp grow contract and rigid, lifting the damp locks straight off his brow. At that moment the moon burst like an avenging spirit from the dark mass that shrouded it, changing in a thought the visible night into a glaring day. As the full stream of light fell on the floor of the hut, revealing every stone and blade of grass with the distinctness of a summer noon, the murderer's bosom heaved convulsively, and he would have shrieked, had his swollen heart permitted, as his fascinated look fell on the lifeless corse, that, cold and rigid in the sleep of death, basked in the full moonbeam, while on its blue face and glassy eye the flitting ray seemed at times to make the dead man smile. The murderer gasped for breath, and every fibre of

his frame trembled violently. With a desperate effort he shook off the subduing tremor, and approaching, bent over the body; he started back, he could not meet that cold, stony, shining eye, that froze his very soul. Maddened at his own irresolution, he threw his handkerchief across the face, and seizing the body by the feet, dragged it to the shallow grave. It was too narrow for the dead man's shoulders; in vain he forced and stamped the body with his foot, it would not down. One arm, now stiff and hard, stood up, and to his fevered thought the long fingers pointing upwards, seemed to admonish him of retribution. His heart seemed on fire, the air was suffocating, he could not breathe; he unbuttoned his coat, and allowed the cool air to fan his hot breast; then grasping the uplifted arm, bent and forced it under the corpse. As he did so, the stiff damp fingers trailed over his face, making him recoil with horror. In, in he threw the earth, he could not hide the form; more, more earth, but still the corpse-like shape remains; more earth he heaps, the feet and head still define the hateful outline. Upon the body, barely sprinkled with loose earth, he laid the rough and tangled sod; then pressed and smoothed it down. The scattered gravel was brushed away, and the spot made to resemble its original look of neglected wildness; the murderer then took off the heavy square-soled boots from his feet, and replaced them by a narrow shoe; and, getting out of the window on the opposite side to that by which he had entered, stood on the green patch that skirted the road. It was now four o'clock, and he had spent nearly five hours in secreting what his rash hand had not taken a moment to destroy; for an instant he remained in the moonlight, breathing the pure air, then plunging into the obscurity of the wood, was quietly lost to sight and sound.

"Are you awake, Sir?" inquired a servant, knocking at Stanley's bed-room door early the next morning; "are you awake, Sir? Here is a letter," he continued, as he heard his master moving as if from his bed; "a letter from Miss Montimar, which came late last night, but I could not make you hear, and did not like to disturb you, thinking you were tired." And as Stanley unlocked and opened his door, the man presented the letter, but quickly added, "Dear me, Sir! you look very bad; are you ill?"

"No, John," Charles replied, "only a head-ache, thank you. When did it come?"

"Last night, about eleven, Sir, but you went to bed early."

"I did not hear you knock, I must have slept sound."

"You did indeed, Sir, for I made a good deal of noise."

"Get my horse ready directly, John," Stanley replied, as he returned to the room; and throwing himself listlessly into a chair, opened Emmeline's note.

Great Heaven! Why do his eyes start as if they would leap

from their sockets? It took scarce a minute to read the few hurried lines; but who can count the agonies that rent his heart and mind within that atom of an hour? The letter fell from his grasp; and burying his face in his spread hands, dug the long nails through his forehead into the bone, as, with a deep groan, he fell forward on the floor in a convulsive fit.

For the satisfaction of the reader, who may feel anxious to know what cause could produce such effect, we shall take the liberty of doing what the servant was guilty of, after putting his master to bed and sending for a surgeon; that is, read the letter that caused this state of things. It was brief, and contained the following lines:—

"Oh, Charles!—Dear Charles!

"My father, my poor father, is dead; half-an-hour since, he dropped down by my side, and instantly expired. Oh, come to me, and comfort me! for I have now no one but you to trust to, to guide, to support, to protect me.

"Your own ever-loving

"Emmeline."

On the morning of the seventh day after the murder of Mr. Brownlow, two individuals were seen emerging from the wood in the rear of the burnt cottage, and, entering the highway, proceeded towards the village. One was an old sturdy beggar, who held up his tattered trowsers with one hand, as he leaned, but evidently without necessity, on a huge stick in the other. His companion was a woman, old, ugly, and wrinkled, without bonnet and cap; and whose habiliments were not a jot in better season than those of her partner. As they drew near, the man's voice was heard exclaiming, "You was niver better in your life, you havn't been worth a ha'poth o' good these forty years."

"Don't be after abusin me in my ould age; isn't it my luck?" rejoined the woman, in a deprecatory tone.

"Wasn't it your luck that made me give up sellin whisky, becase you was always so thirsty, and there was none for the ready-money customers?"

"Will! and I'm not ashamed o' my misfortin, though you havn't the dacency to lit it alone; isn't there nobody throubled with the luck but mysilf?"

"Devil a soul!" rejoined the husband: "where are the tates the lady guved you this morning?"

"Me! Sorra a cold tate did I git—there was my luck agin—you had thim yoursilf."

"Will, and if I had, hadn't I the throuble of paling them?"

"True for you," replied the wife, "and the luck to find thim illegant new brogues in the wood there, which you've got on, and niver so much as lit me try if they'd fit."

"Troth, and you're right, mistress; and I was thinking mysilf in luck's way this mornin till the botherin tooth-ache comed upon me?"

"Is it the tooth-ache?"

"Faith, it is, and it's like to drive me crazy; give me a taste of the poteen you bought last night, or I'll go wild."

"Now, didn't I tell you about my luck wid the bottle?" the woman somewhat timidly replied.

"What's the matter now? devil a word did you tell."

"Och! thin I mint it, and its jist the same; you know'd there was a big hole in the bottle."

"But wasn't there a piece o' baccy stuck in it, you fool?"

"True for you, Dan, there was; but it was my luck, you see, and it dropped out in my pocket; and whin the woman put the liquor in the bottle, sure it began to run out; so I clapped the hole to my mouth, to keep it from spilling, and before the mistress could git a corke it all run into my mouth, and I forgot at the time that I had my throat wide open;—and that's the blissed truth."

"Oh, the devil fly away wid you! you're always sarvin me so; give us a chaw o' the baccy, thin."

"Sorra a strig of it have I; wasn't the last bit in the bottle, and didn't I lose it?"

"Och, murder! you'll drive me mad, you ould cat; why did you lose it?"

"Why, wasn't it my luck?"

"Give us a taste o' the blackguard, and hould your tongue."

"There you're at me agin!" whined out the woman; "sure, thin, I lost the box, for there was a thrifle of a hole in my pocket."

"You iverlastin tormint to me, why didn't you mind it?"

"Oh, botheration! what's the use of mending? wouldn't it a broke out agin? isn't it my luck? Och, Dan! here's a gintleman comin on a horse!"

"Git away and ax him for charity, while I gits the shade over my eyes, and ties on my leg!"

So saying, the sturdy beggar got under a tree, and taking a wooden-leg from his coat-pocket, fastened it on his left knee; and, drawing down a blind from under his hat, re-issued in a few moments on the highway, limping and whining; while his wife made up to the horseman, with many importunities about starving children and a blind husband.

But Charles Stanley—for it was him—prevented all further solicitation, by throwing the woman a large silver coin from his pocket, and riding rapidly by.

"But it's a strange-looking crown-piece this, Dan, the gintleman guved me!"

"Troth, and I can't make it out," replied the husband, lifting up his shade to examine it more minutely; "but it's real good metal, anyhows."

They were both, however, quickly roused from the perusal of Stanley's bounty by the loud barking of a mastiff, and the hasty steps of a man, who, leaping out of the wood, seized the beggar by the collar, and shaking him well with one hand, with the other nearly thrust his constable's staff down his throat, in his eagerness to show the impostor his baton of office.

"So I've cotched you, you awdacious willain—cotched you in the fact; come along, you ruffin, what do you call this?" cried the constable, striking away the wooden-leg, and bringing his prisoner instantly to the ground; "what do you call this, you swindle?"

"Please, Sir," added the beggar, "I'm obligated to wear it for a wakeness in my knee."

"And that's true for him, Sir,—a wakeness through a fall," chimed in the wife.

"It's a lie! I seed you put it on; get up, you thief!"

"We are honest folk, your honour, and only beggin a morsel o' bread," continued the woman, in an appealing tone.

"It won't do!" replied the officer; "do you think I don't know a willain by natural instinct? Only begging! Why, you awdacious warmint,—why, begging is the greatest willainy what is. And so, mister himperance, you ain't a thief, neither?"

"No! upon my honour and conscience, Sir."

"Who'd believe a dirty ragged wagabond like you? Had you been well-dressed, I might have beleft you, you gallus-rogue: get up! What should make my dog bark at you if you warn't a thief? Come along, we shall soon get a burglary will answer your description; and it don't sinify about the right man, so he is a thief. Come along! I'll give you an opportunity of edecatin your honesty on our treadmill. I'll beg you, you ruffin! Hah! hah! hah!—if it warn't for the people seeing, I'd like to punch your precious 'ed with my staff, I would. Hah! he! he! ho!—you scamp; come away, you thief; come, —hah! hah! hah!"

And shaking the beggar till he was out of breath, and flourishing his baton about his prisoner's head, the constable dragged his expostulating captive into the village; and from thence, followed by his wife, led him before the Justice, from whose presence they were both subsequently removed, in strong custody, to the county-jail, on a charge of wilful murder.

* * * * *

"I doubly feel the kindness of this sympathy at such a time, dear Charles, when heaven has taken from me my natural guardian. Harsh, singular, and extravagant, as his last behaviour

was, I know he ever valued you; and now that we can meet again, without the possibility of an obstacle to our one-day happiness, I feel in this, your tender memory of my father, more gratitude, more love, more unity of feeling, towards you, Charles, than years of social habitude could bring. But oh, how I have missed you in your illness! counted the long days, thought of you in my sleepless nights; and only found a consolation to my grief, when, in deep prayer, I begged from heaven the restoration of your health." So spoke, so thought, so felt, the pale yet beautiful Emmeline, as, on the evening after her father's funeral, she sat beside her lover, who had only left his chamber the previous day, to pay the last sad duty to the remains of his future wife's father.

But never did the hand of crushing, cold, destroying time write such disfigurement on the face of man, as eight short days of sickness wrought upon the soul, the features, and the manner of Charles Stanley. Haggard, pale, dejected; the wan and flitting smile that once, with dimpled cheerfulness, lighted up his happy face, gave to the features now a mournful, painful cast; his round and well-formed frame of early manhood was become gaunt, angular, and sharp; and in his voice, the mellowness of which was once like music to her ear, the anxious girl detected harsh and jarring strains. But this, but that, and all her eye, her ear, perceived, denoted, was, she fondly thought, but the result of that so strange and sudden malady, which left him now so weak and low: but he would yet revive, the harmony of voice return, the bloom of feature come again; and she would doubly love him for all his sufferings and his trials past; and with that blessed elasticity of youth, that repels from the young heart the sadder picture of life's trouble, to revel in more congenial dreams, the fond girl already witnessed in her mind the full recovery of her lover, the unalloyed and teeming happiness of both. Bright privilege of youth! Who would not sell an age of consummated bliss to feel again the fresh confiding ecstasy that gave, in former years, the paradise to life?

The conversation of the lovers was interrupted by the unannounced entrance of four gentlemen, three of whom were neighbours, and had the previous day attended the funeral; two of the party were magistrates, the fourth a stranger.

Having advanced into the room, Mr. Wakefield, a very particular friend of the late Mr. Montimar's, apologised to the lady of the house, for intruding so abruptly; but they had business of some importance to transact with Mr. Stanley, and finding him from home, had taken the liberty to wait on him here. Emmeline rose to quit the room; but Stanley, who had viewed their entrance with marked uneasiness, begged her, with a slight, but momentary earnestness of manner, to remain.

The gentlemen, having been seated, looked for a moment in each other's faces, as if inquiring who should open the business, when Stanley observed, with studied calmness,

"I am quite at your disposal, though I have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance."

The stranger alluded to replied, "My name, Sir, is Whitby; will you permit me to inquire when you last heard from your uncle, Mr. Brownlow?"

"Not since——not since——he left me to return to town, a week and more ago. Why do you——Why sir?" inquired Charles, with considerable embarrassment?

"He has not been heard of from that time till to-day: and this gentleman, his legal adviser," added Mr. Wakefield, "has been applied to by his servants, and came down here to investigate the cause of his absence; he has not been seen from the time he left the inn, eight days ago, till this morning his body was discovered." Charles Stanley's face had assumed, during Mr. Wakefield's account, a livid hue, and his hands involuntarily clutched the cushion of the sofa on which he sat, as if for support, as he answered, "His body found?—Is my uncle dead?"

"He is," resumed the lawyer; "and what is more dreadful to recount, he has been murdered." And Mr. Whitby placed a peculiar emphasis on his words, while he directed the full expression of his eye on Charles's countenance.

"Murdered!" shrieked Emmeline, clasping her hands; "murdered! oh God!" At the same moment Stanley started to his feet, and bent a look of pale, but haughty, defiance at the man of law. After an instant's pause, he articulated hoarsely, "Murdered, Sir! by—by whom?"

"An Irish beggar and his wife were yesterday arrested, and committed by me upon this charge," replied Mr. Wakefield.

"What motive could they have in perpetrating such a crime?" asked Emmeline, as her lover resumed his seat by her side.

"Your uncle was latterly accustomed to carry a large sum of money on his person," the lawyer added, addressing Stanley.

"Then robbery," stammered out Charles, "robbery was the motive."

"Of course," Mr. Wakefield continued; "and yet it could be no ordinary robber, for, on the body being searched, a watch and many valuable jewels were found untouched."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Emmeline, "you have secured the wretches; oh, the poor—poor old man!" and the tender-hearted girl burst into tears, partly from real sorrow at his untimely fate, and from the sympathy of heart, that felt as keen her lover's grief, as if it was her own unshared calamity.

"I am sorry to say No, Madam. We thought so at first; but, on investigating the case more closely, we were deceived; the

foot-marks around the spot corresponded with the shoes worn by the beggar, and on his person was found a coin, an old Spanish doubloon, which I myself gave to your uncle not a month ago; I had marked it, and I have since identified it," replied the lawyer.

During this short speech the fingers of Charles Stanley had gradually sought his waistcoat pockets. It was a trivial incident, but not unobserved; and as he withdrew his hand he leant his body back on the sofa, while a livid shade passed over his features, and large drops of perspiration stood on his face and forehead. At length, with some difficulty he said, "This was strong evidence."

"At first," observed Mr. Wakefield, "presumptively, it was; but he has since accounted for the possession of both the boots and the coin. Pray, Madam," he said, addressing Emmeline, "do you not own this miniature?" at the same time holding up to view a very small ivory portrait of herself, which was suspended by a delicate gold chain, a few of whose links were elongated and broken.

"It is mine!" exclaimed Charles, rising up, and seizing the miniature from the magistrate's hand; "how came it there—here, I mean? I have sought for it everywhere."

"Indeed, Sir! Had not the lady better retire?" inquired the lawyer. "No! no! let me stay; I will remain," she cried; then turning to Stanley, who stood pale and haggard by her side: "You are ill, Charles; dear Charles, you are very ill." "Sick, love, only; sick—very sick," he faintly answered. Emmeline instantly filled a glass with water and presented it to him. His hand shook as he took it; but quickly recovering his composure, he drank it off, and again resumed his seat.

"Pardon me, Mr. Stanley; but, in my young days, we considered it ungallant to receive anything from a lady with the worst hand, I mean the left," Mr. Wakefield remarked, with a peculiarly meaning and unpleasant smile.

"It is a habit, Sir," Charles somewhat sternly replied; "I have been left-handed all my life."

"Indeed! that is very remarkable," exclaimed two or three at once.

"Remarkable, Sirs!" cried Charles, now angry. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you will explain what is remarkable."

"I will, Sir; but Miss Montimar had better retire," Mr. Wakefield continued.

"I shall remain, Sir!" Emmeline instantly added; indignant that her lover's peculiarity should be thus rudely commented upon.

"As you will, Madam!" said the justice, and then proceeded. "Two professional gentlemen of eminence have examined the body of your murdered uncle, and from the nature and position

of the wound on the head, and the deeper indentation of one of the thumb-marks on the throat, give it as their opinion, that none but a left-handed man could have done the revolting deed; and, to be brief, Sir, £10,000, the sum known to be on your uncle's person, in notes, and agreeing with the numbers by him drawn from the bank, have been found in your house, which, coupled with the piece of money you were seen to give the beggar yesterday, and that chain and miniature found entangled in the dead man's fingers, can no longer render it doubtful, that you, and you only, have been guilty of this unnatural murder, on which charge I here arrest you."

One faint, half-choked scream was all that escaped from the tortured bosom of the miserable Emmeline, as she dropped lifeless over her lover's feet. The two gentlemen who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation now rushed forward to raise the unconscious girl from the ground. Stanley, mistaking their motive, leapt over the sofa, and stood with his back to one of the lofty windows that looked down upon the carriage drive; his eyes dilated to their utmost verge, and directed to the opposite wall; his mouth open, and every hair upon his head erect; while both his arms were stretched out, his hands upwards, and his fingers widely parted; his whole aspect denoting horror and madness.

"Stand back! Come not near me! Merciful God! let him not touch me!" he almost shrieked in a cracked and broken voice. "Awful shadow! what is your will? Stand back! back! back!" and, as he spoke, he retreated round with his arms still extended, as if avoiding some hideous phantom, till, having made a half-circle, preserving the same attitude, he stood with his back pressing against the sofa, while his gaze was directed with ghastly intensity upon the window. "What should I care?" he again cried shrilly. "Am I not mad? mad? but I will go! By heaven, I will pass you! though your bloody corpse should blast my eyes, as it has maddened my brain! Why do you point your bony finger up to God? Ay! now I know; I see! The grave, the grave! Coming, coming! Ha! retribution—retribution is here!" and throwing his arms wildly over his head, sprang forward to the window, dashed up the lofty casement, and, in a moment, hurled himself headlong down.

The last action was so quick that, even had they been prepared for such a catastrophe, human aid would have been too slow to intercept his tragical descent. Hastily summoning her female attendants to the still insensible Emmeline, the gentlemen hurried below, where, on the hard gravel, lay the mangled body of Charles Stanley. He had fallen on his head, which the constable was supporting on his knee, while, with his handkerchief, he endeavoured to cleanse the mouth of the blood that poured from

it. A few faint scratches with the fingers along the gravel, two or three spasmodic tremors of the legs, one jerk of the spine forward, and the body rolled off the officer's knee, as insensible and earthy as the hard ground on which the dead man now lay.

* * * * *

In a small carpeted room, not quite ten feet square, destitute of all furniture except a small, strong mahogany table and a stuffed arm-chair, both nailed and riveted to the floor, with a window crossed and barred with iron rods, sat a pale but very beautiful woman, attired in an elegant velvet dress of the deepest mourning; her dark hair braided and carried behind her ears, and secured, as well as her back hair, with silken strings, gave a classical character to her fine features; while her white neck and well-developed bust seemed more snowy pure, from contrast with her sombre dress. Her left fore-finger and thumb were compressed, as if holding some delicate work, while gracefully, with parted fingers, she elevated and depressed her right arm, as if drawing the fine thread through some rich embroidery.

Sometimes she paused, and then, by action most true to nature, unwound the reel, threaded her imaginative needle, or put the knot upon the attenuated line, and then, again, resumed the constant work.

More rarely still she lifted up her eyes; but when you saw those once so soft and melting orbs, the beauty of the face was gone, for they were fierce, quick, and flashing; the mild repose that gave such delicacy to the regular and well-formed features of her face, became, when lighted by her scorching eye, square and imperious.

She never spoke. Sometimes, indeed, in a low voice like a dying harp-string's note, she would sing a plaintive air, beating the time with her small foot, till suddenly the clanking chain that, double-riveted and strong, secured her tiny ancle to the staple in the floor, roused her to other thoughts; and then a deep and wrinkled frown ploughed up her fair, broad forehead, giving her whole contour a Pythian sternness.

And thus, for fifteen years, in solitude, with few sounds but idiot laughter, or the hoarse maniac's shriek, to greet her ear, lived, wasted, died, the beautiful, the rich, the loving Emmeline.

THE SONGS OF ZION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Oh, Zion, thou mayst ne'er forget
The sadness of the day,
When, by the streams of Babylon,
Thy harps in silence lay.

Ages since then have darkly pass'd,
Whose clouds fierce storms enfold;
Yet wak'st thou not those hallowed strings,
As they were waked of old!

Thou hast resigned thy songs of Heaven,
For those the earth alone—
Filled with their echoing mournfulness—
May sadly turn to own.

Their joy is changed to bitter grief,
Their holy trust to fear;
And for one hope they lift above,
Full many a hope dies here!

Thou hast exchanged thy joyful notes
For those whose weary flow
Was born of hours made desolate
To bowed hearts long ago!

The heathen's song of heaviness,*
O Israel, was not thine,
Till thou hadst all forgotten Him
That made thy own divine!

To us those varied tones—now blent,
No more in time to part—
Have brought a mingled melody
That may not fill the heart!

If in the soul earth's sad, sweet songs,
Here bear too wide a sway,
Like all the watchful songs of night,
They point a coming day!

How like to thine, O Israel,
Is this lone life we lead;
From its first hope, alas! we are
A fallen race, indeed!

Our lays of joy lie mute, while oft,
With grief as vain as fond,
We weep the promise broken here,
Forgetting that beyond!

* The first profane song on record was the song of Maveros, claimed by the Greeks, but stated by Herodotus to have been a very ancient production of the Egyptians. It was a lamentation for the death of one of their princes. The first poet of earth owed his inspiration to earthly sorrow.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.*

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Lough's Statue of Southey at Crosthwait, and Park's Bust of Ditto at Bristol, to Chantrey's Bust of Wordsworth.

"WORDSWORTH!" cried Southey's voice from the Lake regions, "how do you like my new statue by Lough? I am as proud as a little boy the first time he is breeched."

"Indeed? Why, I like your statue much. It is one of the most creditable works that sculptor ever turned out of his atelier. But, I say—how do you pronounce his name?"

"There, now! an Englishman to ask such a question!"

"Even so," said Wordsworth. "English spelling sometimes puzzles an Englishman to pronounce. L-o-u-g-h—the *ough* is the perplexity. It is possibly an Irish name, and has the guttural sound of the Irish word *lough*, a lake."

"Wrong, wrong! Try again."

"Let me see," continued the other, deliberating. "I think there are six or seven ways of pronouncing *ough* in English. For example:—*dough* (doe), *through* (throo), *plough* (plou), *tough* (tuff), *cough* (cauff), *Gough* (goff): but to say confidently with which of these his name rhymes, I confess is a thing I cannot do."

"Laughable!"

"Lamentable!"

"Whichever you please."

"Why," resumed Wordsworth, "he might be either Mr. Lo, Mr. Loo, Mr. Lou, Mr. Luff, Mr. Lauff, or Mr. Loff! Here's for you! Which is it, for I am quite bewildered?"

"That's amusing," said Southey's statue; "but I will tell you. He is Mr. Luff—to rhyme with *tough*."

"And too tough a problem for me to solve. Passing from your sculptor to your statue, I must say that it is one of the best—if not absolutely the best work he has achieved; for his productions by no means find universal favour in my estimation. They all look too stoney. They are hard, and heavy, and rocky. It pains me to look at Bishop Middleton, in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. Your bust, by Park of Bruton-street, in Bristol Cathedral, does him credit. My bust by Chantrey is admirable—though *I* say it as shouldn't say it."

"Ah!" rejoined Southey, "it is not everybody that gets a

* Continued from vol. xlvii., page 460.

Chantrey for his sculptor. A good sculptor amongst chiscllers is something like a good reviewer amongst scribblers—he sets one off before the public in the most favourable terms. If my statue were writing critiques now, it could amuse itself with turning over the new generation of authors sprung up since our day. I may say *our* day, although your bust has still got a living body called William Wordsworth; for notwithstanding that personage lives, whilst nothing remains of me but sculptures and sundry volumes, still, you are pretty well laid on the shelf as far as writing is concerned. Where is your annual Ode to the Queen, Mr. Poet-Laureate? For shame! You don't deserve your butt of sack, or the commutation thereof. You almost deserve the sack alone. A nice young man to succeed me in the honour! Leigh Hunt would have done more if he could have got hold of the wreath, for which he was mad and impertinent enough to fish when I—oh, miserable!—when I, his old chum, was on my death-bed. I don't say he could have written an ode, but he would have puked out something."

"Leigh Hunt!"

"Ay, surely. That ancient reviler of royalty could at last, in his grey hairs, turn round and cringe to the Throne. You remember how the bare idea of a king or a queen used to make his gorge rise, (and who says it does not secretly even now?) and you remember the share he had in Byron's 'Vision of Judgment?'—in which libellous and blasphemous poem the amiable old King (George III.) is called 'This royal Bedlam bigot,'—where it is said, 'a worse king never left a realm undone,'—but where, by a sweeping observation, we are told 'his conduct was but natural in princes;' for printing which the said republican got the inside of a prison rent-free. An eligible man, truly, for the inside of a palace! And yet, afterwards, he could fawn like a spaniel, and wag his tail at the throne of this king's granddaughter, by writing some namby-pamby, senseless, and fulsome lines on the birth of the Princess Alice, in the hope of getting a bone thrown to him in the shape of a laurel crown! What made the thing more obvious and heartless was, the fact that I, his old chum, as I said, was lying on my death-bed, and the prize expecting to be relinquished every day! When you go to glory, Wordsworth, I hope Alfred Tennyson will have it. There is not a more fit or worthy person in the country."

"True," said Wordsworth, assentingly; "and I think his chance is good."

"As for yourself," proceeded the statue at Crosthwait, "I doubt whether you would have got the appointment solely on the merits of your verse—especially if Wakley had been your eulogiser; for I think he said in the House of Commons that 'he would spin such stuff by the mile;' but your age and

your long flirtation with the Muses, and there being nobody at hand so popular as yourself—except Leigh Hunt—caused you to be selected. There are no modern versifiers who hold a distinguished place now-a-days amongst the herd: and even those who strive hard to signalise themselves, so far from getting encouragement, only get neglect, rebuff, and derision. Young Coventry Patmore and Thornton Hunt are trying to get shoved on under the editorship of their fathers; and Henry Brinsley Sheridan has written a fragmentary book, full of expletives (which don't explain), thinking his name might get some of his copies off.—No go."

"You appear to be more talkative than usual," observed Wordsworth."

"My new statue has put me in a good humour," was the reply. "Dr. Carus says that we have, in England, men deserving good statues, but that we have no one who is capable of making them. I cannot do our English sculptors the injury to coincide with such an assertion. If he had said that some of our writers were too republican, living as they do under the safeguard of a monarchy, I should have gone hand-in-hand with him. Jerrold continues to be as venomous as ever—yet he does one good thing, in exposing the villany of pettifogging attorneys: Gilbert A'Beckett is less rabid, since his vein runs more upon quizzing, punning, and parody; but Ebenezer Elliot is as furious and as mistaken in his politics, as any one of the short-sighted race that it would be possible to name."

"It has always been a matter of surprise to me," said the other speaker, "that the monthly reviewers never swamped or annihilated him."

"Ah! I know what you allude to. He certainly invited their artillery—but it was not worth while. We don't shoot gnats with sixty-eight pounders. Speaking of them in his preface, he says:—'The Monthly Reviewers—in whom baseness seems to be an instinct or a fatality.' Generous! Ay! Fanny Kemble Butler tried this species of bravado a dozen years ago; but you recollect how the sleeping lions, that she thus ventured to awake, roared at her for her temerity. As the best poetry, embodying the finest sentiments, gets but small encouragement now-a-days, it is nothing strange that democratic verse of questionable ability, and overloaded with spleen, should get no readers. 'The Modern Orlando' and 'The New Timon' have had the best success as modern poems; not so much, however, on the score of excellence of composition, as from the fact that a certain suspicion prevailed amongst the public respecting the authorship. Thus, we hear nothing a second time of the facile verses of Paton, Timperley, Patmore, and such like."

"Our lady writers," said Wordsworth, "are at present doing as much as the men."

"They are," rejoined Southey.

"Both in poetry and prose," added the former.

"Precisely."

"Mrs. Hall," said the Laureate, "is a pleasing writer, and caters well for pre-existing tastes."

"Which is a very good way," observed Lough's statue, "to become popular; but scarcely the way to astonish the world with any startlingly new theory or novel abstraction."

"Perhaps not: and in this she resembles Carlton and a host of others."

"Because the great mass write for present popularity."

"True," said Wordsworth's bust. "By the bye, what makes Lady Bury so miserably melancholy in her 'Journal of the Heart?'"

"I suppose something had gone wrong. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellis, and a few others have done much for the rising generation of girls. Charlotte Elizabeth means well, but she has too much cant. This is always repulsive rather than encouraging."

"It is mistaken, and not practical piety."

"I say, Wordsworth—aside—a word in your ear. I sometimes smile over the motherly precepts of Miss Sedgwick, and sundry other maiden ladies I could mention. These authoresses are always rearing children in imagination. It is amusing to see them discourse so wisely on a subject about which they can know nothing—or next to nothing. Moreover, they would escape the jokes of men, if they would rather pretend the most thorough ignorance of cradles and nurseries. But that is not all. If they profess to know so much of these things, what inference are we very naturally led to draw from their knowledge? Why, simply, that they know more of them than they *ought* to know. It is sometimes wise to be ignorant."

"You open up a new light to the unthinking."

"Again:—I wish she would be more careful with her grammar; and I would also counsel the author of 'Nicholas Michell' not to murder the Queen's English so grievously as it is there assassinated. Lady Morgan should not deride the aristocracy and all those above her, whilst she is at the same time boasting of her acquaintanceship, and even trying to identify herself with them. It is inconsistent. Ditto Mrs. Gore."

"Mrs. Gore," observed the other speaker, "I perceive, is following up the plan of Christmas story writing."

"It is the last new dodge in literature," was the rejoinder. "Dickens originated it three years ago, and wrote two or three tales before his new empire was invaded; when sundry despairing authors, marking his fair progress, forthwith copied the happy notion, under the hope of sharing some of his success. To all this I object nothing: but there is one practice in the

New Year's Day publications to which I have a strong dislike. In past years we have seen 'Books of Beauty' and 'Drawing-Room Scrap-books,' containing scores of fulsomely complimentary verses to ladies, written by other ladies. It gives one the qualms to see such an unnatural style of writing. Can one woman, within the recesses of her heart, really feel towards another of her own sex, the raptures which she pretends to feel, according to the glowing tenor of her verses? Every person who knows anything of human nature, and who chooses to reflect for a moment, of course knows that it is all ridiculous nonsense. Such things cannot be. And why should they? Goodness me! are there not men enough in the world who might be retained to perform such an office, and from whom the compliments would come naturally enough? There is a something peculiarly disagreeable in the pretended passionate admiration contained in these female stanzas laudatory of the dimples, or smiles, or complexion, or bright eyes of some beauty of rank, or fashion, or riches: and especially so, when we recollect that few women ever survey the personal attractions of another without a secret feeling of jealousy and envy. In order to account for such an unnatural state of things, we are driven to assume that there must be some ulterior motive, apart from spontaneous admiration."

"Your assumption is a curious one."

"Perhaps; but it is not mine only. *Apropos*; why are female writers so fond of the term '*self-abnegation*'? You may see it in scores; but Miss Pardoe has been particularly joked for it. Hush, Wordsworth—aside again:—You have doubtless read her amusing 'Confessions of a Pretty Woman.' Of course it has occurred to you who the pretty woman is who makes these charming 'Confessions.' Ay? Hold your tongue."

"I think, Southey, you ought to hold *your* tongue, by the way you are going on."

"Nonsense; I mean no harm."

"I hope not, I am sure. Perhaps the works of Miss Hendricks have come under your observation?"

"They have, and they have pleased me much. She has fought on perseveringly, through some little difficulties at first, until I hope she is beginning to feel herself established as a growing favourite with the public. She tries earnestly to succeed—and she deserves to succeed. I have been pleased also with the power with which Miss Costello has written her 'Gabrielle.' But why does she so much seek to excuse the profligate gaieties of Ninon de l'Inclos?"

"May she not defend a frail sister?"

"Certainly, and with credit; particularly if the frail one is inexperienced in her errors, or if she has been led into them

through deception, or if she was tempted stronger than she could resist, or if she has been duped, or deceived, or betrayed, and afterwards regrets what has happened. I fear this was not the case with Ninon. I am afraid she did not much grieve over her errors, or feel many pangs of remorse. Hence it is difficult to defend her, and especially hazardous for a woman to gloze over her 'gaieties.' I never would condemn a woman for her fall, because I am too well convinced in my own mind, that her tempter is the one on whom the blame and the execration ought to be hurled. I would not begin to condemn her until I see her continue in a course of error, when she has the opportunity within her reach of relinquishing it, and returning to the paths of virtue. Was this Ninon's case? I doubt. I would never denounce a woman until I am convinced that she prefers to go on in the practice of iniquity when she need not from necessity. I would not judge her harshly until I perceive her glory in her sin, or continue in it from choice. It is time enough to condemn then; for it is charitable to excuse the unfortunate."

"That is rightly said."

"Mrs. Loudon," proceeded Southey's statue, "possesses a remarkable style of composition for a female writer. Her language is terse and nervous, her precepts are excellent, and they are enforced with a logical determination that is unusual in a lady."

"Exactly," was the reply; "and her daughter is rising up pleasingly under her tutorage. Her recent work is amiably written—as is the 'Dream' of the Misses Hersee. 'The Life of a Beauty' is an admirable title, but it is not so admirably worked out. Our female writers have produced an extraordinary deal of varied talent during the last quarter century, whether we take science, under Mrs. Somerville, F.R.S., history under Miss Strickland and others, prose fiction under Mrs. Gore and dozens besides, or poetry under Mrs. Norton and the scores who bleed in the same vein."

"Alas! for this latter vein—the poetic," cried Southey's effigies, with a stronger sense of feeling than is usual in statuary marble—"Alas for this vein! The public care not to open it. They delight no longer in such phlebotomy. Time was when such a warm stream was the very life, and the only life, of the universal palate: but Byron catered such a banquet of luxuries, as everybody feasted on to repletion; so that until a few more years shall have elapsed to complete digestion, there will be no hunger again for a fresh supply. We began life in a fortunate age. We had a fancy for the manufacture of verse; and luckily for us, this was just the victuals for which man and womankind were hungering. It is a mistake to suppose that it was the excellency of our numbers that made our fortunes. No excellency

in poetry since the passing of the Reform Bill has ever attracted attention; and you may be sure that had we begun our struggle for fame since the first railroad was opened, we should never have been heard of anywhere but in the workhouse. A man one day is ravenous for a mutton-chop at dinner,—another day he cannot dine unless he is humoured with a beef-steak. It is the same in literature. It was all poetry in our time—not because all the poetry supplied was good, but because people's appetites yearned for that species of aliment, and so it was thought savoury. When a person fancies a mutton-chop for dinner, he has no relish for a beef-steak, however tender and good it may be; and now the public love to peck at trifling morsels of light prose; no poetry, however highly seasoned, can find favour between their plates and covers. Writers, consequently, in order to get read, must not altogether consult their own tastes in what they will supply: they must consult the taste of the public who are to be their patronizers. What sways tradesmen in the choice of such species of stock with which they fill their stores and shops—their own fancy, or the fancy which they think lies in the public? Surely the latter. No shopkeeper would be fool enough to fill his shop-windows with satins, when he knows that people are buying nothing but silks. Each season has its fashion; and he must in some degree humour that, if he would thrive. The same in literature. Many of the inexperienced put literature above analogy with such a mercantile train of argument; but I suspect that it is only because they are inexperienced that they do so. They think it is base to discuss the penning and publishing of the sublime idealisms of heroic verse, by the same arguments with which we talk of bartering moist sugar, treacle, and legs of mutton. The whole of it, however, comes under the principle of supply and demand."

"Your ideas," rejoined the bust of Wordsworth, "are decidedly much less sentimental now than when you wrote 'Roderick,' and 'The Curse of Kehama.'"

"I find," said the other, in reply, "that one's notions change as time goes on. A mutton-chop to-day, a beef-steak to-morrow; verse in youth, prose in age; Matilda Sophia before twenty, but plain, honest Mary after. It appears, also, that the age of the world has grown older than heretofore, and thus been led to relinquish its ten-syllable iambics for sober prose; or else it has exchanged its idealism for steam and utilitarianism."

"Aye," cried the alabaster of Wordsworth, "steam and utilitarianism are coming upon us at too rapid a rate. They are, on all sides, ruthlessly plunging through every romantic glade in the country; carrying fire, smoke, and screaming whistles into the retired glens, where nothing has been heard from time immemorial but the sweet warbling of the linnet and the nightingale:

and they are impertinently invading the picturesque recesses of the forest, where poetry and heavenly contemplation have ever loved to dwell. You may remember what a fluster I was in, a year or two ago, when there was a talk of sending a railway through the heart of the Lake District?"

"Do I?—don't I?"

"Well, I protested against it—"

"You did—in the 'Morning Post:' and your protests availed just about as much as protests avail, when one monarch protests to another against foreign marriages, the violations of existing treaties, or the seizing on free cities."

"Not much more, I am afraid; as the events, in all cases, have proved."

"Romantic glades," said Southey's statue, "are giving way to cuttings and embankments; the woodland songs of linnets and nightingales to the despairing scream of steam-whistles; levellers and navies are scaring away the hare from her form and the partridge from her nest; and heavenly contemplation has turned to earthly share-dealing."

"All this," rejoined Wordsworth's bust, "is miserable to think of."

"I am afraid you are getting pathetic," observed the other speaker.

"It is enough to grieve one," said the former.

"That is the reason why I died," added Southey's marble.

"Truly, it is lamentable to witness the wreck of everything hallowed around one by a generation of levellers. This is a levelling age, if it is not a republican one. I feel like a cavalier in Cromwell's time, or a legitimist in Robespierre's. I witness the overthrow of all that was time-honoured by 'levellers.' I 'protest' against the revolution; but I only get the answer that was returned on another occasion: 'Protest, and ——.' All this is most afflicting."

"My dear bust, do hold your tongue. It is enough to melt a heart of stone. I fear you will liquify like a wax image before the fire, if you thus give way to the melting mood."

"Good-bye, for the present, then."

"Good-bye."

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Lucretia; or, The Children of Night. By the Author of "Rienzi," &c., &c.

Again has Sir E. B. Lytton taken up a pen, with which he has so often charmed the world. Again has he woven one of those enchantments, which at once fascinate and enthral the heart and mind. Again has he manifested that engrossing and peculiar influence, which the mysterious power of his own imagination, the elevation of his fancy, his comprehensive sympathy with all that is tender, terrible, and sublime, in this creation, and with all that is exquisite in nature, have endowed him.

If we take a retrospect of all Sir E. B. Lytton's works, we shall find them alone in one particular,—their versatility. Unlike other authors, he has never trodden even in his own footsteps. True, he himself is the same individual, whether he dives into the Alsatia of thieves and vagabonds, to sound the depth of their humanity, or soars on "moonbeam," or "starbeam," to reckon the mysterious links which unite the universe. He is still the same, though he carry us through scenes as opposite as the poles: and hence the greater marvel of his vast variety. In no instance has Sir E. B. Lytton repeated himself; and this truth was never more strongly exemplified than in "Lucretia." Here he has entered on a new study, and a new arena of human passions;—the last, novel, diversified, painted with the highest artistic skill; the first, vast, profound, comprehensive, but with an intensity so fearful, that, like the mysteries of Isis, there is need of the sternest courage for the contemplation. We wish we could have been permitted to believe that this work was a grand ideal. But no. Sir E. B. Lytton assures us, that life has sat to his canvas; and thus, instead of being presented with a great conception of the sublimity of Satan, we are compelled, with admiring terror, to gaze on the certified portrait of our own humanity. We know not, indeed, whether it manifests higher power to conceive the ideal, or to grasp the actual; but we know that the combined capacity can but belong to the most gifted genius and the most capacious mind; and both of these powers are stamped on the execution and conception of "Lucretia."

Fiction ought not to be the servant of the imagination alone, to paint its changing pictures, no matter how dazzlingly tempting the views which it displays; for just because the mind can never

invent the new, but can only reproduce the old in fresh combination, exactly in the same way that no material element can be called into being in the visible world,—and science knows that it can but accomplish yet unattained results; so fiction can only reproduce, in unexpected aspects, what memory has been storing in her secret chambers; and thus it is that she often wanders distraught, like a maniac, through her wide and varied realms. But when the mind marshals the events of fiction under the banners of truth; when some great principle is illustrated by the development of actions fairly deducible from it, displaying causality and effect to the world's convinced heart; then this intellectual anatomy becomes a higher triumph of mental science than the keenest investigator of that which is corporeal may dare to contemplate. The development of the pampered passions of the body may be both powerful and beneficial; but that of the sins of the spirit, approaching those of the fallen archangel, approximate to the sublime.

Sir E. B. Lytton has in this work taken a new, but most important, position. He has armed himself with the weapons of his genius against the sin of the day. That sin is *impatience;* a name which scarcely bespeaks its heinousness. Impatience is the sin of the age. Men are impatient for fancied good; impatient for that good, if good it be,—money,—which commands all those other minor goods dear to the comfort-loving heart of man. Divinity, overflowing with that mercy and goodness, of which, if we may presume the expression, it could not divest itself, converted the curse which it pronounced upon man's fallen nature into a blessing. He ordained labour as a punishment: labour which, instead of making us groaning slaves, turned us into useful members of society; and which became the purchase-money of every benefit, both corporeal and intellectual. Man's sin is the impatience by which he endeavours to escape this doom, seeks to throw off the blessing in disguise. Hence all the gambling of society—the juggling spirit of the age; hence its thousand short-cuts to learning—its railroads to wealth. Our forefathers toiled patiently, and they tasted the blessings of toil. We, their children, escaping the toil, escape also its blessing.

Throughout the whole of this work, Sir E. B. Lytton has set himself to the task of correcting this fiery spirit of impatience. He has unveiled it in its multiform aspects. We might almost say, that not a single character, not a single incident, but teaches the same lesson, and preaches the same moral. Who can tell where the overdue impatience to possess ourselves of some coveted desire may lead us? Not in vain was the tenth commandment given; the only one in the Decalogue explicitly addressed to the thoughts, rather than to the actions. Our own day needs the preaching of this divine injunction more than any

preceding one. "Thou shalt not covet," is set against this sin of impatience,—this impatience which, at the present moment, characterizes us, both nationally and individually; and, consequently, they who enforce its spirit ought to be ranked amongst our highest moral teachers.

But there is a charge sometimes brought against genius, not always unfairly founded, that, even when arming itself against some dominant sin, its own pencil is so dipped in brilliant hues that it paints even the monster, whom it compels to sit to its canvas, in rainbow colourings which attract rather than repel, which fascinate rather than disgust; that even when the narrative leads on to a catastrophe in which the judgment is rendered terrible by its due severity, the imagery, the sentiment, the power, the passion which have accompanied the narration of the crime, leave its memory invested with temptation of which not even the final retribution can divest it; that the guilty actors in life's dark tragedy are arrayed with so many charms, that the reader is taught to pity, to envy, or even, perhaps, finds himself seduced into a fatal sympathy. We, at once, agree with the severest moralist in his utter condemnation of this treacherous pretence of zeal in the interests of virtue, this infamous inculcation of wrong under the mask of right, this disguise of the hypocrite under the hood of the saint. But we would challenge the world to find this fatal error in Sir E. B. Lytton's present work. From the first page to the last his "Lucretia" is personally as unloveable as she is criminal. We find her unable to inspire a single sentiment of affection. Her very beauty is charmless. We say her beauty: but even that should be taken in a limited sense, for Sir E. B. Lytton has given us a description of her person, not drawn from the rich redundancy of his own fancy, but full of the accurate *minutiæ* of fact, and bearing the stamp of truth. There are touches in this delineation that attest the painter's accuracy: homelinesses, and even blemishes, admitted into the portrait, that leave nature and identity indisputable. Not all Sir E. B. Lytton's grace of diction and charms of expression can create a heart-interest in his heroine. We cannot, indeed, withdraw our gaze, for we are intently fixed on watching the coilings of the glittering serpent, but our feelings revolt from her even while we are fixed in fascination. We do not pity her temptations; in truth, she has no temptation but impatience. Sympathy never attends her path; the heart is all in arms against her; and, rather than wishing it averted, desires to see that fearful justice overtake her which at last consummates her doom. The murderess is, as she ought to be, separated from all the tender reciprocities of human affections, and her intellect is of that cold and calculating nature, possessing that sort of acute but perverted casuistry, which so foils itself, that it neither persuades nor convinces.

In this woman, unlovely, unloveable, and unloved, we can but gaze upon an exhibition of the power of the delineator's master mind. The morality is unimpeachable, and it must have exercised the compulsion of a stern necessity upon Sir E. B. Lytton's mind to have imposed such restraint upon his fancy, that not one melting charm, not one touch of native, unextinguished feeling should have escaped a pen from which they usually are showered, and dropped, like a sunbeam, on his guilty heroine. It is not so; and again we say, that the morality of the tale is unimpeachable.

The character of Lucretia's accomplice in crime must involve the thinking reader in deep reflections. We are apt to say that recklessness and levity argue the absence of all grave criminality, since the effort, which is necessary to conceal some hidden sin, brings with it an anxiety of expression totally destructive of all light-heartedness. But Varney is a villain of a new school. Not one by temptation, but by nature. Not one who has overcome scruples and stifled conscience, but one who never heard their reproaches or their pleadings. And here we are met by a startling question. Do children, indeed, inherit their parents' sins? We know that Sir E. B. Lytton puts forth no trivial theories, but that even his touches are truths. But we will leave the painful speculation, and return to him from whom it originated. Varney is an original. We never met before with a gay villain who was a cruel one. Cheerfulness is not only received by the world as a redeeming quality, but it is admitted as positive proof that bloodthirstiness cannot exist in its companionship. It is a false deduction; for where the conscience has never been aroused, a man may act the assassin with a smile upon his lip. Varney is an artist; but Sir E. B. Lytton, with a wise discrimination, has marked the possession of talent without genius, which, in such association, must have suffered profanation.

The reader of "Lucretia" will turn from the masterly, the lofty, the triumphant exhibition of the author's power in the darker actors of this drama, to refresh himself with the exquisitely touching and tender characters with which he has relieved his picture. On Helen and Percival Sir Edward has pressed the charms of purity, guilelessness, gentleness, and generosity. Perhaps it may be said that the interest of the *intellect* rests upon Lucretia and Varney, but the interest of the *heart* is fastened on this unworldly pair.

Speaking generally of the works of imagination which are continually being introduced to the world, we are accustomed to pronounce upon them that they amuse or they fatigue, that they please or they offend, and so they pass away from a short-lived memory. But this cannot be the case with "Lucretia." They who have read *cannot* forget it. The work will be engraven on

their minds; re-produced in their thoughts. It will open before them vast fields of contemplation. It will lead them into the deepest metaphysical speculations. It will make them inquire into their own nature. It will teach them to investigate themselves. The impressions it must produce cannot speedily fade from the memory. The scenes are so realized before them that they must, perforce, walk through them; the lineaments of the actors are so depictured that they must feel themselves surrounded by them. The readers of "Lucretia" cannot choose but feel as if her eye still glittered over them, as if her voice still sounded in their ears; they will fancy they have known the boy Gabriel from the childhood of his velvet vest, to his moustached manhood. They will scarcely be convinced that they have not wandered through the groves of Laughton and tasted the hospitality of the true old English gentleman Sir Miles. They will fancy that they see the sleek, smooth scholar Dalibert first pouring the poison into the heart of the heiress, then whispering treachery into the ear of the first consul at Paris; then they will follow him into his sealed cabinet, and contemplate intellect studying murder-craft, and then perforce hear the groan, the gasp, the struggle of his own death-agony beneath the grasp of a provoked assassin. But we stop our pen. The work is one that *must* be read, and, when read, *cannot* be forgotten.

Jullien's Album for 1847.

This is a new idea, and it is one which is carried out in a manner worthy of the subject and of the reputation of Jullien. It is one of the most handsome works we have ever seen. The collection of music is at once extensive and well-selected. Among the distinguished names whose contributions appear in its pages are those of Balfe, Rubini, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. The illustrations have never been surpassed; and, altogether, a more splendid book has never graced the drawing-room table.

The World's Complaint, and other Poems. By Charlotte Young. London: Grant and Griffith.

This is, we believe, Miss Young's first appearance in the world of literature. She has made an auspicious *début*. The first and longest piece in the volume indicates not only the possession of poetic feeling, but a lively perception of the morally and intel-

lectually beautiful. We quote, as a specimen of the writing, a few stanzas from the opening piece, entitled :—

"THE WORLD'S COMPLAINT.

"Ungrateful mortal! canst thou look around,
Upon the waving trees and meadows green?
Canst listen to the universal sound
Of joy and gladness filling ev'ry scene?
Canst see the stars benignant shine at e'en?
Canst feel the breeze refresh thy sullen brow,
And cherish still thy bosom's inward spleen?
Oh! haste at once thy stubborn will to bow.
Think! would such beauty be bestow'd on me,
If I were made to nourish misery?

"And let thy reason take a loftier flight,
And, leaving sunny hill or dale, attend
Where nobler pleasures thy regards invite,
And good commences that can never end.
Think on the Spirit's treasures, where they blend
Beauty's surpassing Nature. Truth and love,
Friendship and gratitude, are there to lend
A charm to manhood, rising far above
All that is found in me—a beauteous whole,
Lovely with life, but yet without a soul.

"'There's nothing true but heaven,' the poet said,
When painting me as fickle and forlorn;
And yet unconsciously a tribute paid,
E'en in the words he utter'd in his scorn;
For ev'ry hour within me there is born
So much that comes directly from above,—
At silent evening, or awaking dawn,
Such proof of blessed truthfulness and love,—
That heaven is ever circling us around,
And needs but earnest seeking to be found.

"Come, now, and look upon my laughing face:
View the bright colours of the simplest flower,
The merry rivulet's meanderings trace
In the glad sunlight of the morning hour;
And, yielding to the soul-pervading power
That's deep enshrined in all created things,
See, if thy gloomy visions dare to lower
Where e'en the insect in his gladness sings.
Look forth, and tell me where the spot appears,
That should be called by man 'the vale of tears.'"

It is impossible for any one to read, without admiration both of Miss Young's mental acquirements and moral feelings, her piece headed—

"THE POOR MAN'S FLOWER.

"Wand'ring along his weary way,
In dirty tatters meanly dress'd,
A beggar-man one summer day,
Seem'd hastening to some place of rest.
No smile was on his wither'd face,
It nought but anxious care exprest,
Grim poverty had left its trace,
And inly rankled at his breast;
Yet in his coat that weary hour,
The poor man nursed a cherish'd flower.

"'Twas no choice plant in hot-house bred,
And guarded with a tender care;
No hand had propp'd its drooping head,
Or shielded it from midnight air.
Yet choicest flowers might fail to bring
To their rich owners thoughts as fair,
As did that simple, lowly thing,
To that unhappy man of care,
Who from the hedge-side, free to all,
Had pluck'd himself that blossom small.

"No flow'ret in a lady's dress,
Where all beside is meet and bright,
And she, in her own loveliness,
Seems but another flower of light,
Has aught so sacred or so dear,
So touching to the gazer's sight,
As that bright spot amongst the drear,
That star amidst the gloom of night,—
The flow'ret pluck'd by fingers rude,
To cheer the beggar's solitude.

"On, on he passed, that human flower,
Whom men set foot on like a weed;
Yet, waiting for a kinder hour,
Within was many a precious seed.
The beggar's spirit, like his dress,
Might not be wholly fair, indeed;
Yet some bright bud of loveliness,
The germ of many a noble deed,
Did we but take the pains to find,
Blooms fresh in each neglected mind.

"The simple plucking of that flower
Betray'd a tenderness of thought,
Ready to find in every hour
The kindred sweetness that it sought:

A sense of beauty seldom found
Where all within is darkly fraught,
But often trampled to the ground,
And mercilessly set at nought
By those who in their selfish power
Treat as the weed what is the flower.

"Yet brighter days begin to dawn;
The weeds of prejudice and pride,
Tho' slowly, yet are surely drawn,
From bosoms where they used to hide:
And thou, poor scorn'd and wither'd flower,
With wealth and grandeur unallied,
Shalt see ere long the happy hour,
When men, from falseness purified,
Shall learn to estimate the worth
Of all the toiling sons of earth."

We will undertake to say that few of our most popular female poets have written better than this at the commencement of their career, and we trust Miss Young's success in the present instance will be such as to stimulate her to a still more intimate acquaintance with the Muses.

Royal Gems of the Galleries of Europe. By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. Parts I. and II.

THE public are indebted to Mr. Virtue for some of the most valuable and most beautifully-illustrated works which have ever made their appearance in this country. Few men have done more to inspire and extend a taste for the fine arts. It would be a curious item of information to learn the amount which he has, from first to last, paid to artists and engravers. The sum must be immensely large. His illustrated works have not been confined to England; Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, the Canadas, the United States, and even Turkey, have all had their "Beauties" described by the pens of Mr. Virtue's authors, and portrayed by the pencils of his artists. We have here a new illustrated work, on a still more extensive and expensive scale than any that have gone before it. The plan of the "Royal Gems" is, to single out the best national pictures of the great masters, and cause them to be engraved in the first style of the art. The literary department is confided to Mr. S. C. Hall, and it could not have been entrusted to better hands; for there is no subject in which Mr. Hall feels more at home than in one connected with the fine arts. When a few more parts have made their appearance, we shall recur to the "Royal Gems," and report progress, at considerable length.

Lionel Deerhurst. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley.

The prevalence of novel-writing and novel-reading is a characteristic of the present busy age, to which philosophers have as yet paid too little attention. Prose fiction is rendered one of the great moral instruments of the nineteenth century; as is apparent when we reflect how great a mass of the population are thrown wholly upon novels for mental cultivation. Our wives and daughters, especially, receive a tone from the teeming contents of Circulating Libraries; and though, perhaps, most men have little inclination, and less time, to become novel-readers, they notwithstanding indirectly feel the influence of this class of literature through woman, who "humanizes and moulds us to her will." Nay, start not, ye self-complacent pedants, or short-sighted speculators in social philosophy! great effects often flow from little causes. Think how insignificant a being is that which rears from the depths of ocean those formidable reefs, on which the wise man's argosies are wrecked, and the deep calculations of the worldling are baffled! The novelist in his garret, who blots the crumpled paper which reflects the brilliant coruscations of his heaven-born genius, as the tears wrung forth by grinding penury fall quicker than the "thronging fairies" of his brain,—that poor, despised, and broken-hearted novel-writer may yet have his revenge, when the gall of his pen smarts and convulses with shame those against whose selfishness or secret vices he puts the world on their guard—the Cutes and Pecksniffs of their age. Or he who, already appreciated by the public, in his luxurious studio, dashes off the glowing sketches of human life, or ideal pictures of imagined excellence, may feel he contributes as much to help forward his generation as any coroneted visitor he boasts of, or any intimate, neck-high deep in the waters of diplomacy. The novelist may often boast of effecting what preachers and moralists attempt with almost equal certainty of failure. They find a ready ingress into regions which are forbidden ground to holier and better works. The glowing images of fancy beguile from sin and selfishness, hearts in which fierce and fearful occupants would else be domiciled. They hold "converse sweet" with the outlaws from humanity, and mediate, as it were, between them and their offended race. In bosoms long since insensible to every higher feeling, they often strike a chord, which ceases not to vibrate till all be still. They excite abhorrence. They inspire admiration. They often purify where all was else impure. They awaken recollections of long-lost innocence, and thus point out the heavy forfeit at which gratification is purchased. They may be made, and are made, in master-hands, the channel to unwilling

minds, of moral and historic knowledge, to edify and enlighten. When religion and morality are alike silenced in the mad din of self-enjoyment, and repelled as unwelcome intruders, their functions may be delegated to the able novelist, and their ends be indirectly carried out. They are catholic in their operations,—being read by all classes, from the marchioness to the milliner; and produce results alike important and unpretending. The amusement created by them is generally proportioned to the necessity which subsists for it, whether arising from weariness or *ennui*. A good novel idealizes what is too real, of the "earth earthy;" and makes sensible what is purely sentimental, of the air airy. Charles Dickens, for example, has taught a lesson in the artificial regions of Belgrave-square, which the parish ministers would have in vain inculcated. The inmates of those enchanted palaces, who breathe, as it were, an atmosphere composed of other elements than the rest of men, and wot not of any enemy to repose, save their own evil genius *ennui*, have, thanks to his master-pen, been startled from their dreamy state, and taught a lesson not easily forgotten. In ancient days poetry, and later, the drama, were the great organs of moral instruction; as refinement advanced, these primitive mentors were supplanted, and it was found necessary to bring human profligacy under the ferule of satire. Just now, however, poetry is not the fashion: more is the pity. The drama, too, is at a discount, save for its sensual elements and satire, as represented by a spurious offshoot, "the Burlesque," which is formidable without reforming. Novel Literature may be made subservient to the purposes for which their elder sisters are now inappropriate. A good novel may, at once, *idealize, realize,* and *satirize;* and every good novel should combine these three elements. A work whose conceptions were purely imaginative, as "Vathek" or "Rasselas," and have no antitypes in nature, can be appreciated only by a few. If, on the other hand, a tale is too close to the original society, like a Daguerréotype likeness, it is sure to disappoint. We do not care to read, without any qualification, in a novel, what we hear and see going on around us every day, as in the "Sense and Sensibility" of Miss Austin. Again, if human nature be too much caricatured, however we may be obliged to laugh at its oddities, we lack the excitement which can only be produced by enlisting our sympathies in the tale; and if the inimitable Pickwick has any fault, this, surely, is that solitary want; and this consideration brings in, at last, the subject of the present review, "Lionel Deerhurst," edited by Lady Blessington. Though, perhaps, not equal to any of those works which we have particularized, it does certainly exhibit a combination of the *real, ideal,* and *satiric,* in no ordinary perfection. The incidents are such as might befall any one, and no *deus ex machinâ*

is hauled in to eke out the catastrophe. We may too readily trace resemblances to the leading traits and vices of the characters in society around, while, at the same time, the halo of imagination is thrown around them, which, without destroying the verisimilitude, relieves the *vulgarity* of the picture. Withal, there runs throughout a deep vein of Swiftian satire, in which we trace the object of the story—to hold up to ridicule the foibles and vanities of fashionable life under the Regency.

The morality is, perhaps, of too deep and recondite a character, but very bilious—such as is conveyed by the pencil of Hogarth, or the envenomed pen of Savage. It is, some may think, left too much to the reader to draw his own moral from the occurrences of the tale; and no effort is made, as is usual in what we term moral stories, to contrast good and evil, and perpetually ring changes on the old schoolboy's theme, "*Honor est præmium virtutis.*" "Lionel Deerhurst" is certainly not a moral tale, in the same sense as the exemplary stories of "Tom and Harry," or "Right and Wrong;" but it does strike us as conveying, in its own peculiar way, a grave and solemn warning against the fatal effects of vanity. A book is not the less instructive for not spreading out its moral in every page, or, as in old-fashioned stories, winding up with an apothegm. Just as the paintings of the great masters require not the little scrolls which, in primitive days, used to be drawn as issuing out of the mouths of the characters, but by excellence of their execution convey the necessary information. The style is easy and unambitious, except that one or two scenes are rather overwrought; while, again, others betray too great an absence of art. The plot is by no means perfect, if measured by the strict rules of criticism, as it wants unity, and divides itself into two branches; but the interest of the reader is sustained throughout; and it is one of those books which we cannot lay down without an effort. There is an air of originality about the production, as if the author had felt with Boileau—

> "Malheureux mille fois celui dont manie
> Veut aux règles de l'art asservir son génie."

But the reader is, doubtless, curious to learn something of the story itself. He, whose life is the subject of the moral, is the issue of an imprudent marriage, which proves the means of disuniting his parent from Sir Roger Deerhurst, a wealthy nabob, and the heir's grandfather. The quarrel between Deerhurst's father and grandfather, at the outset of the story, is described with great brevity and spirit:—

"As the time of Lionel's departure drew nigh, and the prospect of being rid of his irksome presence appeared more certain to Sir Roger, he softened, considerably, in his manner, and gave unto him several

proofs, if not of his affection, at least, of his wealth. This liberality unmanned my generous and reckless father more effectually than all the nabob's coldness and sternness; so much so, that, when the night before his departure arrived, with the tale of his marriage still untold, he was so overpowered by his fears, that he had recourse to wine, to sustain him through this trying ordeal. In the extremity of his moral courage, he quaffed glass after glass; and, in the height of his intoxication, forgetful of all respect, waiving all preface or apology, he boldly announced his marriage, nothing extenuating. How he commenced his acknowledgment, how defended it, he knew not: there was some attempt to laugh it off, to be witty, to boast of the coming heir, the embryo bridegroom's grandson; but, of the particulars, his deep potations left no recollection.

* * * * *

"'Boy,' said he, 'though time should last to eternity, I never can, I never *will* forgive you: nay, I shall never willingly see you more. You have trampled on every principle of filial duty and affection; you have taunted and insulted an indulgent father; you have disgraced an ancient family by marrying a bastard; you have snapped asunder the slender cords that bound us together; and now abide the consequences.'

* * * * *

"Strange, how a few short hours can alter the whole aspect of our fortunes. Death itself could have hardly effected a more striking change in the living man, than did this interview in the prospects of Lionel Deerhurst. He arose next morning; yet, oh, how different! But yesterday, the expected heir of thousands; the favoured child of fortune; the son whose every wish was no sooner uttered than gratified; to-day disinherited, bearing about him the intolerable burthen of a father's wrath—the wretched victim of weakness and intoxication."

We intended to have given several more quotations from the work, confirmatory and illustrative of the opinions we have expressed, but, as our readers will perceive, our space is exhausted, and we are, therefore, obliged abruptly to conclude."

Glimpses of the Wonderful. Third Series. Harvey and Darton.

In these days of book-making it is a most difficult task to provide for the young what is not only useful and interesting, but what is novel. This elegant little volume combines these desiderata in as creditable a manner as its space would allow; and it is, moreover, embellished with many very beautiful engravings. Our young friends would do well not to overlook these Glimpses when choosing interesting amusement for their winter evenings.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE kingly crown rests on the head of Manfred: were it a crown of fire it would be less painful. A pang shoots through his temples, as if the blade of a dagger transfixed them; the fibres of his brain, as if scorched up, are wrung with an inexpressible torture; nevertheless, he raises that haughty head, as in a day of victory, and proves that pride shall reign upon his brow till death displays upon it the ensign of destruction. Those eyes, accustomed to watch through nights of horror, to see in sleep dreams full of terrors, to gaze often, not upon earth or heaven, but as if in search of those troops of malevolent spirits† with which superstition or remorse had peopled the air, below the sphere of the moon; those eyes, I say, sparkle with such a light, that daring is he who ventures to look upon them twice. Veins of azure and crimson spreading from under the lids towards the pupils, blend themselves in the whites terribly protruding, as if a shock of internal passion had almost impelled them to start from their sockets; but they had resisted and conquered; yet the victory was not an easy one, and the eyes remain starting, as it were, beyond their lashes. People whispered that a ray issued from them more terrible than that of the vanished comet, which seemed to scorch the flesh where it fell. His face is white; and on that face is a smile—madness smiles because it knows not how to weep; despair smiles because it cannot weep,—but certainly he does not smile for joy. Such is Manfred, surrounded by regal pomp. The purple vest, embroidered with gold and gems, clothes his person; his right hand grasps the sceptre; his left is on the silver eagle woven upon his bosom, as though he would prevent its flight, but in

* Continued from page 23.

† At the period at which we write, it was a common opinion to suppose in the spheres generations of evil spirits who could be commanded by enchantments. This superstitious belief was one of the causes for which the celebrated Cecco d'Ascoli degli Stabili was burned alive at Florence, in 1327.

vain. It is written in the book of destiny, that the Swabian eagle shall abandon the realm of Naples for ever.

At the King's right hand sat Count Rinaldo di Caserta, of the family of Aquino, as Grand Constable of the Crown. Over his seat hung the scutcheon, with the arms of his house, which were, then, three bends *gules* and three *or*, with a lion rampant, the upper half *argent* in a field *gules*, the lower *gules* in a field *argent*. He wore a mantle of purple lined with ermine; his head was covered with a cap of crimson silk, and he held in his hands the royal sword, the ensign of his office. Forgetful of the persons who surrounded him, forgetful of himself, he was gazing on Manfred's face as if to watch for pain; but whether he rejoiced at, or was grieved by the King's constancy, he showed it by no outward sign, for he sat immoveable as a corpse. At the monarch's left hand appeared the Grand Justiciary of the kingdom, Giordano Lancia, cousin of Manfred; he, too, was clad in purple; and his arms were a lion *sable* in a field *or*, with a border *or* and *gules* round the shield; which the Counts di Lancia had assumed as descendants of the Dukes of Bavaria. Beside his scutcheon he displayed the Gonfalon of Justice, which, according to ancient custom, he hung to the balcony of the palace whenever he condemned a man to death. Next to the Constable, on the right hand, was the seat of the High Admiral, then vacant; for the office had been conferred on Marino Capece, who at that time, with his brother Corrado, governed Sicily; yet over his seat hung his family arms, and the shiplanthorn, the badge of his office. The second seat on the King's left hand was occupied by Anselmo, Count della Cerra, Grand Chamberlain, in a purple robe, with the golden keys at his girdle. He was turning his eyes suspiciously from side to side, and observing the motions of head, and hand, and foot; wherever there was but a single rank of tables he took but little heed; but wherever there was a group he laboured to catch glimpses between the heads, and to mark those who stood the furthest off, and less displayed by the lights. Next to him came in order, the high officers of the crown: the Grand Prothonotary, whose office it was to receive all memorials, and to reduce the King's commands into the form of decrees; he was the third on Manfred's right hand, and was, according to the historians, a certain Messer Giovanni d'Alife. Corrado di Pierlione Benincasa, Grand Chancellor and president of the civil affairs of the kingdom, and secretary to the monarch, was the third on the left, after the Count della Cerra; and lastly, the Grand Usher, with a boar's head embroidered on his purple mantle, sitting on the steps of the throne at the King's feet, and who, if I mistake not, was named Giordano d'Angalone, uncle of that Natale who was so deeply concerned subsequently

in the conspiracy of the Sicilian Vespers. The principal officers of the crown being placed as we have narrated, the rest of the Hall of Council was occupied by the general herd of the nobles, not, indeed, mingled together, but according to the dignity of their seats, which were wide open porticos, wherein, from time immemorial, the barons of the different districts sat in convocation, either for their amusement, or to discuss private or public affairs. When the Count of Anjou invaded Italy, there were twenty-nine of these seats, of which six were the greater, and twenty-three the lesser. The first in prerogative was the Capuan seat, so called from its proximity to the Castle Capuano, the King's residence; the second, that of the Nile, thus termed from an antique statue of that river placed in the middle of the portico; the third, that of *Forcella* (*i. e.*, the gibbet), because being near the gallows; that of the Mountain was the fourth, being in the most elevated part of the city; among the greater seats were also reckoned those of the *Porto*, and the *Porta Nuova;* the remainder may pass unnamed. Wondrous to behold were the rich vests, the doublets of brocade, the mantles, some lined with minever, some of green, crimson, or rose-coloured satin. The chronicle adds the names of several kinds of habits, the forms of which are forgotten; such as the *Cypress*, the *Tunic*, and the *Cioppa*. Wondrous were the jewels, the chains, and the girdles of gold, or of silver, wrought with all the skill of those days; and the suits of diamonds, many of them worth more than a thousand ounces of gold; but it was still more wonderful to see how, in an assembly of persons loquacious by nature, there was not the slightest whisper to be heard; they seemed like shades of the dead compelled by the incantations of a necromancer to appear upon the earth wherein their bodies had long before mouldered away.

Whilst the summoned nobles were waiting, in the utmost anxiety, for some extraordinary event, the folding leaves of a door suddenly opened, and two priests appeared, bearing a portable altar. When they had reached the middle of the hall, they stopped, lighted two candles, placed a silver crucifix upon the altar, and, without uttering a word, retired as they had entered. Manfred moved as if to rise from his throne; he could not. He strove again, but in vain; at length, by an extraordinary effort, he rose erect, descended the steps, and stood before the altar, on which he laid his sceptre, crown, and regal mantle, and stretching his ungloved right hand towards the nobles, exclaimed,

"We do not ask your blood—we do not ask your disgrace. Cease to seek in treason the means of ruining the throne: you cannot do it. By your free and universal consent it was that we assumed at Monreale that sceptre and that crown; by our

own free will we restore to you at Benevento that sceptre and that crown. May he whom you have called to succeed us act as *we* wished to do; may he, by his virtues, make you bless the moment in which, changing your allegiance, you deem the fall of your ancient sovereign your highest good." He was continuing, with much emotion, when the nobles, heedless that their King was speaking, drew their swords, exclaiming loudly, "Death to the traitors! Where are the traitors?" And those who cried out the loudest, were the deepest in the treason: the Count della Cerra became hoarse from exclaiming; and Rinaldo di Caserta raised his sword, but recovering from his abstraction, and perceiving that the question now was of defending, and not slaying the King, he lowered it, sighing, "It is not yet time."

The noble Manfred, raising his voice amid so many others, burst forth, "We seek not blood; let this be the last command of our authority."

Then the nobles, not knowing what to exclaim, said, "Resume, Sire, the crown which we bestowed upon you, and we will shed our blood in preserving it on your head."

"The crown of Sicily," replied Manfred, "is now become a crown of thorns, rather than of glory; yet we will not refuse the burden of it, if you participate in the peril of sustaining it. We alone suffice not to it; but it needs that you renew your former oath; *that* is the same crucifix which heard your voices ten years ago; *that* is the same book of the Gospels that felt the touch of your hands.—Swear!"

If a man skilled in the ways of the world, should ask how it was that Manfred, who, from disposition and experience, was so distrustful of mankind, could commit himself so lightly to their fidelity, and could fancy that some words uttered before an image might avail to hinder from betraying him souls which had ceased to be innocent from the moment in which they had thought of treason; we pray him to consider that the times were now such for Manfred, that it was dangerous for him not to shed blood, and still more dangerous to shed it. He saw the weakness of the expedient he had adopted; but he had meditated on the evil of the one he did not adopt. Not that he hated vengeance, for he loved it as well as other men; but if in the family of a traitor, there should be any one who was a friend to his throne, he should alienate him by the punishment of his kinsman; and he had great need of friends—of enemies he had more than enough. In the recesses of his soul he determined, whenever the storm passed over, to make the traitors guilty, in order to punish them with justice. What he did was not by choice; but many other kings and rulers had adopted similar expedients, some with good success, some with ill, and Manfred was among the latter; and that was less the fault of

his determination (which ought not to be blamed for the unfortunate event,) than it is the fault of human nature, which, being made up of contradictions, is subject to no certain rule whereby men may conduct themselves in dubious cases by infallible steps.

To resume. The nobles of the realm replied to Manfred, as tumultuously as an assembly of plebeians, "Sire! we are ready to do all that you command."

As all ranks had become mingled together, Anselmo found means to approach Rinaldo (who had again fallen into abstraction), and to whisper in his ear: "Recollect yourself, Count; we must renew the oath of allegiance—here is one crime the more."

"It is not the one that will send us to hell," replied Rinaldo; and then going boldly up to the altar, he knelt down, and, according to the custom, touching the book of the Gospels with his right hand, and the King's hand with his left, he pronounced the following words, with a voice which was at first distinct, but gradually became hoarse: "In the presence of God and the saints I renew, in the hands of my King Manfred, the oath of allegiance and loyal homage which I swore to him at Monreale."

As he said these words, whether it was from disgust, or from conscience that smote him, a crimson flush overspread the paleness of his cheeks, and the other parts of his countenance became of a dark hue; but the Grand Justiciary was in such haste to administer the proper oath, that the change in Di Caserta remained unnoticed. Now approached the Count Anselmo; arrogant, and with a sneering smile, as if mocking the sacred presence of the King, and still more sacred presence of the Almighty Witness, and of heaven and earth, he knelt before the altar, and laid his hand upon the Gospels.

"Heavens!" cried the accursed one, in affright, as an icy hand grasped his wrist with the force of a vice.

"Perjurer!" uttered, in a threatening voice, a cavalier behind him, entirely clad in mail. "Perjurer! if I were not withheld by respect for the altar which you have polluted, and for the King's majesty, I would strike my poniard to your heart.—Rise! Before my Sovereign, before you, ye honoured nobles, I accuse this man, Anselmo Count della Cerra, of high treason against his monarch and the realm."

"You lie in your throat," replied Anselmo, hastily, and quite discomposed by the occurrence.

The cavalier turned to Manfred, and said, "Under favour of your Majesty's permission, I declare and pronounce in your august presence, that Anselmo, Count della Cerra, here present, is a traitor. He has plotted to give to your enemies your dominions, to your prejudice, and in contempt of your high station, and to the evil example of all your vassals. He has

employed all his power and all his abilities in this infamous work; and although there are many proofs to establish clearly my accusation, I restrict myself to the production of this letter, which certainly is in itself alone sufficient."

He respectfully presented a letter to the King, who had recognized the knight to be the same who, on the evening before, had discovered to him the conspiracy. The paper was the draft of a letter which Anselmo was preparing to send to Charles of Anjou; in which he enlarged upon his services, promised to perform still greater than those he had already done, and recommended himself to Charles's favourable remembrance. He continued, that all the nobles were mere fools, who, but for him, would put themselves again in Manfred's hands; but he would be able to overrule all events, and resist fortune; and, that for so wise and generous a lord he would willingly employ all his bodily energy and his mental ingenuity, and would even sacrifice his life if occasion required. And in this strain he continued, with words sometimes full of flattery, sometimes full of covetousness, but all vile and degrading. The letter was not signed by the Count, but it was in his handwriting; Rogiero had found it in the corridor, where Della Cerra had lost it in his precipitate flight.

"If," said Rogiero, "my accusation is not held to be fully proved, being, as a good and loyal vassal, bound to maintain your honour and life, and to be withheld by no peril from making known to you any plot against you, under pain of being adjudged myself an accessary thereunto, I offer to prove by my own person against his that what I have alleged is true. I therefore entreat your Majesty to pronounce the ground sufficient for single combat; and I trust in the justice of heaven to prove my words, to the honour, maintenance, and exaltation of your Majesty."

"And I," replied the accused Count della Cerra, "with your Majesty's permission, declare this unknown man a liar; and I affirm that this letter in no wise belongs to me, and my handwriting is imitated in it." Scarcely had Anselmo uttered the words, when he perceived the error he committed, and thinking to remedy it, added hurriedly, "And I also offer myself."

Manfred, who from the beginning of his speech had fixed his eyes upon him, sparkling with anger, interrupted him at the fatal point: "Who told you, my Lord Count, that the handwriting is like yours?"

"I"—hesitated Anselmo—"I saw it."

"Ah, you saw it?" said Manfred, casting down his eyes.

"Yes," replied Anselmo, with increasing terror.

The King suddenly fixed his eyes upon him again, so that he was obliged to look down upon the ground; and Manfred,

observing for awhile his confusion, said at length, in a voice half menacing, half mocking, "It is well."

Anselmo, constrained to conclude his formula of denial, with the feeling of a serpent whose back was broken, he continued: "And I offer myself, in all knightly and civil ordeal, to defend contradiction, trusting alone in the justice of heaven."

Manfred, after having carefully read the letter, passed it to the constable, saying, "What think *you* of it, Count?" Rinaldo, taking it in his hand, seemed to look attentively at it. The by-standers, unable to contain their curiosity, grouped around him; this took him by one arm, that by the other; one man stooped his head to his face, another looked over his shoulder; the tallest stood before him on tip-toe, bending down his head to his breast, like a stork feeding; the shortest, looking up, and seeing the crowd before him like a wall, took a chair and mounted on it; and thus there was a disorder, a confusion, and a noise, which it is at all times the nature of Neapolitans to mingle in the ordinary concerns of life.

The conspirators, who every moment thought themselves lost, in whispers or by signs, conjured Di Caserta to deliver them from the danger; and he, who seemed to breathe flames, while the rest were like dead ashes, re-assured them with a glance that told them his spirit was awake and watchful. At this moment, the King approached him, and said in a low voice, "What is your opinion, Constable?"

"Your Majesty may grant the combat."

This was just, but the Count did not counsel it from a sense of justice, but because he thought that if any hope of safety remained, it lay in the removal of a person so much suspected as Della Cerra; a thing that appeared certain if he were compelled to fight, being weak in body, and of a pusillanimous disposition; whilst his adversay, to judge by appearances, was a valiant warrior. In fine, Di Caserta did to Della Cerra by chance, what Della Cerra had not succeeded in doing to Di Caserta by artifice.

"We have thought, Constable," said Manfred to Di Caserta, "of reducing this affair to civil trial; for no important results arise from these appeals to heaven by arms. He who is invoked to preside over them, frequently withholds his guidance; and wrong prevails over innocence, to the manifest injury of justice."

"But, religion," interrupted a noble.

"Religion is a holy thing; but there is a dame called Superstition, who wears the same garb; and, though as ugly as the former is beautiful, yet, as they both go veiled, the vulgar are not able to distinguish between them, Baron."

"Heaven," persisted the noble, "has often visibly protected the innocent in these wagers of battle."

"But, why should we require of Him a miracle, when we

know not whether it has been decreed by his divine will? Why seek for supernatural aid, in what may be done by human means? Has he not given us intellect for this purpose?"

The noble drew back, muttering, "He is a heretic."

Rinaldo, who, for his own ends, wished this duel to take place, had suffered the noble to speak, because he used a mode of persuasion which would not have become himself to adopt; and, because his insisting too pertinaciously on it would have raised suspicion; but when he perceived that the words of the noble were insufficient to prevail with Manfred, he began to use his own arguments.

"Sire," said he, "you know better than any one else, that there are two causes, for which, according to the constitution of the realm, the duello is permitted in your territories: the one is the accusation of high treason, the other that of a secret murder, whether by poison, or by any other means; and your Majesty cannot, without derogating—"

"And what will you say, constable, if I do derogate from them? Better late than never. Are errors to be eternal? Is there to be no limit, no end to the follies of our ancestors? Would you regret to have the barbarous relics of unhappy times abolished?"

Giordano Lancia, Manfred's cousin, who was sincerely attached to him both from interest and from affection, undertook to back the advice of Di Caserta, adding: "Sire, it is right to remind you that these appeals to arms form a great part of the baronial privileges. It does not appear to me that the present is the moment for reform; and I am certain that the nobles would complain of this more than any other, because, as it consists in external demonstration, the loss of it would offend the external senses of the people."

Manfred, who did not expect to find so much opposition to his opinion, moved by the reasoning of persons of such rank, shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Error comes with the rapidity of a wish, and departs with the slowness of hope." Then, turning towards the Grand Prothonotary, he said: "Prepare the patents; we grant the lists."

The Grand Prothonotary quickly fulfilled his office, and presented the patent to Manfred for his signature, which he wrote, and after affixing his seal, returned it immediately. Then Messer Giovanni d'Alife read aloud: "We, Manfred, by the grace of God King of Sicily, &c., by virtue of these presents, do grant to Messer Anselmo, Count Della Cerra, the challenged, and to the anonymous knight, the challenger, both here present, free and safe lists till one falls, in this, our domain of Benevento, where both of them may determine, by arms, their quarrel concerning high treason, for the time, and

during the term of this present day, anything to the contrary notwithstanding, &c., &c. In faith of which, we have caused this patent to be set forth, signed by our hand, and sealed with our seal, A.D. 1265, this 24th day of January. MANFRED."

Anselmo did not expect this. Seeing that the King was taking counsel with his principal nobles, among whom was Rinaldo, he felt sure that the appeal to arms would not be persisted in. This granting of the lists came upon him quite by surprise, he heard it like a man in a dream; and before the reading of the patent was ended, he thought within himself: "Rinaldo must certainly have advised against bringing the affair to this extremity; at least, he ought to do so. Perhaps he was not able to prevent it; but perhaps he promoted it. Yet why? I see no reason for it, this duel ought not to take place, and must not take place. Let us consider if it be not now the time to place myself under the protection of the throne, and the confederates under that of the gibbet. No, it is now too late; events have anticipated me. In spite of all my ingenuity to avoid the fatal connexion, the lives of the others are essentially bound up with mine, and I cannot make the axe fall upon the necks of my companions without losing my own head. My head! some skill is needed here, in truth. Courage, Anselmo! do not be wanting to yourself in this extremity. Sharpen your intellect, show a firm countenance to Fortune, she is gracious to the bold; and remember, that nothing remains for your deliverance but audacity."

"Sire," said Anselmo, turning to Manfred with a modest air, "there is no one, though innocent as the dove, who may not be calumniated by the malignity of others. My loyalty towards you is proved by a thousand testimonies, and fears not the accusations of this man, who, to say the least, comes disguised like a thief."

"I can discover myself, and then what will become of you, Anselmo?"

"I speak to my king, and I request that I may not be interrupted." Manfred made a sign to the knight to be silent; Anselmo continued: "Heaven knows how willingly I would enter the lists with any man in the world, and even with this man, to maintain my cause by arms; but, belonging as I do to an illustrious family, honoured among the most noble of the realm, the laws of chivalry forbid my engaging in single combat with one who has not proved that he is a knight; but who, on the contrary, from his concealment in his armour, may be one that is stained with infamy."

"I infamous!—more infamous yourself."

"Or outlawed for murder, for treason, or for some other cause contemplated in the statutes."

The unknown cavalier seemed on the point of interrupting;

but Manfred restrained him with a stern glance, and he remained silent, but grasping the hilt of his sword with a hand that trembled with rage.

"Thus I may reasonably refuse the combat; and not seek—heaven aiding me, as I might trust, my cause being that of innocence and heaven—to obtain a victory over this man which would be more disgraceful than a defeat by an honourable opponent."

"Count della Cerra," replied Manfred, "understand that a man who labours like this cavalier to sustain the glory of our house, cannot be infamous, nor stained with the disgrace you have mentioned: but nevertheless, as it concerns us equally with you, that the laws of chivalry should be preserved inviolate, we do not require you to combat with any other than a knight." He commanded Rogiero to approach the altar; when the latter had done so, he added, "Kneel down," and taking the sword from his side, and drawing it, he struck him three times on the helmet, and resumed: "You are a knight; your manners testify that you have long known the duties of knighthood; we doubt not that you will do honour to the rank;" thus saying, Manfred girded him with the sword with his own hand, "and we shall not permit you to enter the field without an illustrious ensign. Constable Rinaldo, we pray you, of your courtesy, to favour us with your arms; we promise you that your golden bends and lion of silver will not suffer by it; and if it could be permitted for a private knight to bear the ensign of a king, we would have presented him with our own eagle."

The Count di Caserta took down the shield from over his seat, and handed it with a good grace to Manfred, who placed it on the arm of the new knight; and the latter, overcome by such great demonstration of graciousness, could only articulate: "Oh, my king! thanks, deep thanks!"

"Now, Count della Cerra," said Manfred, "you see this man standing before you, and you can make no objection against him, since, even though he were contaminated with the foul stains of treason and murder, which you have attributed to him, the order of knighthood conferred by us has obliterated them all; even as holy baptism, among the sacraments, obliterates sin."

The mouse had fallen among cruel cats, as Dante says. The more the Count della Cerra laboured to extricate himself from his dilemma, the more he entangled himself, and at every step he closed a door of escape. However, his heart would not let him abandon his attempts. Considering that this obstinate concealment of the knight must cloak some mystery, and that if it were discovered it might produce some accident to set aside the combat, he had recourse to a new artifice. "If I understand

aught of chivalry, it appears to me, Sire, that I have the choice of weapons?"

"True: choose them."

"Then, since the choice is mine, I choose thus: two Genoese knives, sharp edged, and two palms long; a target, a woollen mantle, a morion on the head, and a garland of flowers."

Many were astonished at the proposal of Della Cerra, deeming it dictated by bravery; others, and among them Manfred, with better judgment held it as cowardice, believing it to be a cavil for retarding the combat.

"We, as lord of the lists," said the King, a little disturbed, "cannot admit of such arms, so unsuited to the habits of chivalry."

"But I will not meet this disgraceful imputation of treason in any other manner."

"We know not, Sir Count, which is the most disgraceful, whether to give rise by one's own conduct to suspicion of treason, or to show a manifest disposition to avoid the ordeal which may remove it. The first is uncertain; the other is quite certain."

"Let not the choice of the weapons prevent your Majesty from granting the combat," interrupted the anonymous knight; "for I can fight *incognito* even in the manner proposed by my adversary."

"And how could you do it?" asked the King.

"By covering my face with a black veil, like that which concealed the Count Anselmo, when he brought me into a dungeon at Naples, to acquaint me with my father."

Rinaldo, who was listening attentively to the dispute, now discovered who the knight was; and, collecting his thoughts, reflected on the overruling power of destiny, which had constrained him to give his coat of arms willingly to a man who he had solemnly sworn, years before, should never bear it.

Anselmo also recognized him, and found no other means of hiding his violent agitation, than by exclaiming: "Well, then; be who you may, I accept the combat with the weapons usually adopted by knights."

"Constable," said Manfred, "the weighty cares of the kingdom do not permit us to be present at this combat; we delegate to you the offices of judge and lord of the lists; and we expressly desire that you shall be unhesitatingly obeyed, even as if you were ourself. Observe, we have granted the combat till one falls. Take sufficient escort to repress any one who shall move to favour either of the combatants; and if he persists, slay him, and he will be justly slain. Be careful of your own and our honour; preserve order, remembering that these appeals to arms have often terminated in shameful assassinations. We name you, Giordano d'Angalone, sponsor of the unknown knight, and you, Benin-

casa, sponsor to Messer Anselmo; fulfil your offices like gallant knights. Count Lancia, follow me; constable, we shall await in our palace the intelligence of the result." Thus saying, he courteously saluted the assembled nobles, and retired with Count Lancia, through a door of the hall.

"Rinaldo," said the Count della Cerra, seizing an opportunity to approach him as they were walking towards the lists without the walls of Benevento; "Rinaldo, you have seen with what constancy I have saved your life; now, it is but reasonable that you should do something to save mine."

"I have been thinking of it, Anselmo; be of good courage."

"Tell me your expedient, Count, for it is in my power to destroy you all."

"And yourself with us also?"

"I do not deny that; but what says the proverb, 'A common grief is half a joy;' and besides, who can foretell the end? one thing is born from another."

"You speak wisely, Anselmo; it is necessary now that you should not lose courage for any cause. Stand firm, parry the first blows, which you may easily do, being clad in plate armour; then I will raise a confusion in the field, and cause your adversary to be slain; which, if I do not mistake, can be easily effected."

"He is your wife's son; that is certain."

"Be it so;—then do you fly."

"And who will guarantee me that you will do it?"

"How can I guarantee you, Anselmo? have I not brought about times in which men without faith are obliged to rely upon their mutual faith?"

They reached the field. Rinaldo, calling the captain of the guard, privately commanded him to dispose his soldiers in a square, and to take care that no one should pass the bounds, till one or other of the combatants should be slain or overthrown; and if any one attempted it, to slay him without respect of person; and warned him to observe his orders, under pain of death. Then retiring with that old conspirator, whose name has been lost in the lapse of time, he desired him, as soon as the unknown knight had, as it seemed certain he would, either slain or wounded Anselmo, to burst through the ranks of the soldiers with the most daring of his companions, and do their best to slay the knight, and they would meet with no resistance. The old noble listened, and shook his head: "It is well—I do not object; it is our rule—doubt not that it shall be done."

Meanwhile, the sponsors dismounting, as customary, examined with great exactness each his own champion, to see if he was properly armed, if any piece of armour was ill-secured, or any part weak; then the sponsor of Anselmo went to the unknown

knight, to ascertain, by his own inspection, if the silk cords which bound his helmet to his gorget were strengthened with brass, iron, or any other metal; the Count Angalone did the same to Anselmo, and all was found honourable and right. After this the combatants exchanged swords; for custom required that each should fight with the other's sword; and these weapons were examined by the sponsors, to ascertain that there was nothing fraudulent or unlawful in their material or workmanship. Their length was not measured; for though Anselmo's sword was shorter than Rogiero's, the difference was compensated for by the difference in their stature, Rogiero being taller than Anselmo.

These were the only examinations made in those days. Afterwards, manners changed, and minds grew perverted; and it became customary for the challenged to provide arms offensive and defensive for himself and the challenger; and then it was necessary to spend great part of the day in the inspection, for amongst the armour were often mingled pieces fastened with pewter nails; helmets either polished within in such a manner as to dazzle the eyes, or so constructed that the wearer could only look upwards; gauntlets, which on being tightly grasped drove sharp points into the hands they covered; poisoned cuirasses, which excoriated the body, and transfused their venom into the blood; and even arm and leg pieces made of pasteboard, and ingeniously covered with leaves of silver; whence the virtuous writers who composed books on this subject, often exclaimed, *O tempora, O mores!*

The sponsors then placed in the hands of the combatants the ends of a cord about three yards long; and mounting their horses, rode round the field to see if there was any ditch, or any heap, which might impede the backing of the horses; then returning to the combatants, they made a sign to the constable that all was ready.

At the command of the constable, the herald cut the cord with the sword of justice, and the cavaliers began the combat. We will not describe all the vicissitudes of the duel; suffice it to say that Rogiero excelled in strength, and Anselmo in dexterity; but the latter, confident of help, exhausted himself in standing on the defensive, and showed plainly that he could not long hold out. When some time elapsed, and he saw no one move to his assistance, according to the agreement, he apprehended that Rinaldo had fallen into his usual abstraction, and had forgotten him; he therefore turned his head towards him, that Rinaldo might remember him, or that some of the conspirators should make a sign to him: but the attempt was useless; not one of the many assembled there seemed disposed to raise a hand for him. Rogiero perceived that this was the moment to spring

forward, aim one good blow, and finish the combat; but knowing that he was stronger than his adversary, he wished to make him endure the dreadful pains of terror and dismay before he endured the not more dreadful pains of death. Thus the duello continued a little longer. Rogiero was unhurt; Anselmo was partly disarmed; his cuirass was broken in two or three places, and his helmet was bruised, but he was not yet wounded. The violent assaults to which he was exposed filled him with terror, which, added to his surprise at not being aided, and his fear lest the aid should come when too late, so much disordered his mind that his sight grew dim; and, becoming discouraged by the murmurs that announced his approaching defeat, he began to lose ground. At every step he turned his head despairingly towards Di Caserta, who still remained motionless, and every time he did so he offered his enemy an opportunity to annihilate him at one blow: and now Rogiero, wearied with his pastime, watched his moment, dealt a fierce back-handed stroke, cut the silk cords that bound Anselmo's helmet to his gorget, dashed those arms to the earth, and wounded their owner in the throat. Anselmo fell prostrate, half dead: whether it was terror or pain that deprived him of his senses we know not, but both were excessive. His face was yellow as the jaundice, his forehead livid, his lips quivering; the wound spouted a tide of clear red blood, the certain sign of a severed artery—it was a mortal wound.

The spectators raised a cry, and, bursting through the ranks of the soldiers, rushed precipitately towards the fallen man. Rogiero, looking round, saw that the conspirators were the most eager to close round him; and fearing some treachery, he approached his sponsor, and said: "Save me now, valiant knight, or I am a dead man."

"What is it that makes you so suspicious of Sicilian good faith?" asked Giordano d'Angalone, colouring.

"The good faith is already violated; else why have they forced the ranks? I tell you they will murder me, and you will be answerable for my life in the sight of God and man."

"Heaven avert such disgrace! Spring up behind me. My good Sauro has saved me in greater perils than this."

Rogiero, without a moment's delay, made an astonishing spring, all armed as he was, and bestrode the horse; and Giordano d'Angalone, exciting the animal with voice and spur, impelled him headlong towards the part where the crowd was least dense. At the approach of that furious gallop no man stood inert: some sprang to one side, some to another; some falling down made others stumble; and the rest, dispersing, left the passage free; and the gallant steed, dashing onwards, soon carried his riders beyond the reach of danger.

When they approached the gate of Benevento which was in

those days known by the name of *Del Calore*, Rogiero, whom the rapidity of the courser's pace had hitherto prevented from speaking, sprang from his seat, and offering his hand to Count Giordano, addressed him thus:

"Count, I thank you; I know that honourable acts need no recompense, they are their own reward; yet, know that I am indebted to you for my life, and that it will gratify me to manifest to you—"

"What are you saying, Sir Knight? will you not let me conduct you to the King?"

"Time presses, Count, and much remains for me to do; I cannot."

"With all respect, Sir Knight, is this your loyalty to King Manfred? You know the traitors, and will you not discover them?"

"I cannot:—that which it was possible for me to reveal to him I have revealed; my silence proceeds from a series of such occurrences, that I myself, who have felt all the dreadful burden of them, can hardly believe them. This I request of you, that you will tell the King, that I have slain the most villanous of all the traitors; but many more remain. Let him be upon his guard, and distrust those in whom he has confided the most, for he is menaced with utter destruction."

"The safety of my sovereign, then, requires that I should not let you go."

"No, Cavalier; you would do me an injury, and you would not benefit the King. Let me go free; my every step, my every thought is for the preservation of Manfred's house."

"We shall lose a valiant comrade, the King a loyal vassal."

"Neither he nor you will lose me: I am going to bring Manfred four hundred men at arms, and a celebrated leader."

"And to what place will you conduct them?"

"Say, to San Germano. There we shall meet again, Count; perhaps you will know me then; and when the danger is over, it will gratify me to relate to you the fatigues past, the labours endured. Adieu, Count; health and safety to Manfred."

With these words, he sped hastily away; and Count Giordano proceeded, full of regret, to convey his intelligence to the King.

Meanwhile, Rinaldo had ordered the wounded Anselmo to be bandaged and laid in a litter, and conveyed to his own palace. On the way he commanded the Captain of the Guard that, as soon as the litter had been brought in, no person should be allowed to enter; and his order was obeyed. The aged conspirator, perceiving that his entrance was prohibited, and not having hitherto been able to speak to Rinaldo, pushed forward till he reached him, and, seizing him by the skirt of the mantle, forced him to turn round.

"What do you want?" asked the Count, angrily.

"Count, remember that, according to our rules, he must not live."

"This is *my* concern; you have your own to attend to."

The old man was about to answer him, but Rinaldo turned his back on him, and hastened after the litter, which had already entered the palace.

Rinaldo, remaining alone by the side of the wounded man, counted the moments of his life; and seeing that it was failing him minute to minute, refrained from hastening its extinction. All at once, however, the sufferer, inhaling a long breath, inflated his lungs with a greater quantity of air, and drawing a deep sigh, which Rinaldo thought his last, recovered his senses.

"Anselmo, my friend, how do you feel yourself?"

Anselmo opened his eyes, recognized Di Caserta, and muttered to himself, "Now I am lost indeed."

"I am Rinaldo, Anselmo; why do you say you are lost?"

"Satan is at my pillow; he awaits my soul at its passing. He is right, it is his. I perceive plainly that you are Di Caserta."

"Oh, my friend, heaven knows how your sufferings afflict me!"

"I know it, friend—I know it."

"I am losing the most faithful—"

"What are you saying? Why must I die? Am I so near death?"

"You are."

"Ah, then, in pity, send for a confessor, and let him come quickly."

"A confessor! what do you want of one?"

"He who lives ill, dies ill; yet a trust in God—"

"It is in vain."

"No! I tell you, no! The precepts of religion that I learned in my childhood now awaken in my mind, and tell me not to despair. Oh, how beautiful is faith in the hour of death!"

"Your mind is wandering, Anselmo; I perceive you are returning to childhood. Why do *you* talk of religion? Where is the undaunted soul—the mockery of heaven—the blasphemy of your Creator?"

"I have said it. Satan is at my pillow. You come to destroy me. Go, I command you; I pray you—in the name of heaven, go! But no! draw near; for, perhaps, I may prevail with even you. Rinaldo, let yourself be moved: death is a great mystery. Oh, that I could tell you the thousandth part of what I feel, of what I see. Look up; do you not perceive the glories of heaven?"

"I perceive nothing but the ceiling."

"Yet there is light more vivid than the sun, and there is a

mournful music. I see *Him* with thunderbolts in his awful hand! A confessor, Rinaldo, a confessor!"

"What the plague do you want with a confessor at such an hour as this? and what do you suppose death is? It is like a bitter draught: shut your eyes, and swallow it without shuddering; and when it is down your throat, it is all over."

"Oh, I want to confess my sins!"

"But, recollect, you cannot confess them without ruining all your confederates, and myself also."

"What, then, you would destroy my soul to save your body!"

"And you want *me* to destroy my body for the sake of *your* soul!"

"This is horror! this is barbarity! I will cry out till some one hears me."

"You shall not cry out," thought Di Caserta in his own mind; and that was a sentence of death: then thrusting his hand into his vest, he approached the wounded man.

"Be quiet, my friend," said he; "since it is your desire, I will content you."

"Many thanks! and may heaven reward you for it: go quickly."

"I am going; but I must request that you will not reveal the names—"

"I promise you."

"Be of good cheer."

"I am—but go!"

"I am going; but what do you feel here?" said Di Caserta, pressing his hand on the wound.

"Pain!"

"And here?" moving up his fingers, and touching the left shoulder.

"Pain!"

"And here?"

"Death!"

Rinaldo,* with a rapid blow, had planted a dagger to the hilt in the heart of the miserable Anselmo; and immediately drawing back, that he should not be sprinkled with the blood, he stood with apathetic curiosity, to observe the quivering of the weapon in the lacerated heart. When that motion had ceased, and life with it, he drew out the poniard carefully, and began to clean it; rubbing it upon the garments of the dead, as he murmured to himself: "Poor Anselmo, what an end you have had! But old proverbs say, that as long as we live we never know what is before us. Your long services, and our ancient friendship, did not merit this; certainly not. And I bore you neither malice

* The moral which the Author evidently intends to convey in this dreadful scene is, the faithlessness of the friendships of the wicked.

nor hatred; but I found you in my way, and removed you from it. Poor fool! did you not know that my breath consumes, my look burns, my touch destroys? Why did you come between my feet? I have slain you; but one of us must have died. You lost the game, that was your fault; if I had lost it, that would have been my fault.* You have spoken so convincingly, that your doctrines have taken root in my heart. According to your own maxims, I ought to have abandoned you ere this, for you had ceased to be useful to me; but I waited till you became dangerous; then—but you cannot complain, it was your own principle—perhaps I learned from you more than you wished; but you have had the glory of making me a good scholar. I am sure, when your soul has got over its terror, it will not condemn me. Now your troubles are over, you are indebted to me for repose. You are gone where the prisoner hears not the voice of the gaoler; where the servant obeys not his master; where the great and the lowly dwell in the communion of the dust,—he who condemns, and he who is condemned."

Suddenly, part of the latticed panes of the chamber fell to the ground with a violent crash; some object, flying swiftly past, fanned Di Caserta's hair with the current of air it drew, and then fixed in the ceiling.

"The vengeance of heaven!" cried Rinaldo, with a frantic scream; and, agitated with a convulsive tremor, he crossed his hands over his bosom, and cast down his eyes upon the floor. Thus he stood for some time, till his alarm began to diminish, and he looked up slowly; he saw sticking in the ceiling a long arrow, with a letter hanging from the fledged end; he mounted on a chair, stretched out his hand, and read as follows:—

"Count di Caserta, remember how divine judgment punishes; you have the example before your eyes. Repent, and let it grieve you that you have hitherto acted wickedly; otherwise, one word of mine can make you die the death of a traitor."

"Do they threaten?" said Rinaldo, grasping his dagger, and looking sternly round. "But there is no one here," he added, glancing at the corpse, "and nothing remains for me to do." Then rolling up the dead body in the sheets, he stole away with the step of a sinner. At the top of the staircase he met the king, who, escorted by a number of courtiers, was coming to visit the wounded man; and stopping suddenly before Manfred, he said, "Sire, you have come in vain."

"Why so, Count Rinaldo; how is the patient?"

"He is dead."

"Dead! Was the wound so fatal, that it did not leave him one hour of life?"

* The Author's moral is good; he shows the perverter smitten by the effects of his own pernicious maxims—his own wickedness recoiling on himself.

"Oh, Sire, the wound was frightful! more than half the throat was lacerated. His last words were that I should entreat your pardon for him."

"Then he was a traitor to me?"

"So it appears."

"It is well for him that he has spared me the pain of sending him to the gibbet."

"Under your favour, Sire," said the courtier, who had advised the combat on the score of religion, "it should be, 'sending him to the block;' for, according to the statutes of the realm, beheading is the privilege of the nobility."

Manfred smiled; and Di Caserta thought, "I have spared you the pain of putting Anselmo to death; but I have deprived you of the pleasure of executing myself and my companions. I rejoice in your gratification."

The King, finding that he had come in vain, returned to his palace; having first desired Di Caserta to cause the body of the Count della Cerra to be privately buried.

In the darkness of the night, two vassals, carrying a bier, and a torch of pine-wood, that cast a red light over their path, approached the gate of Benevento, and summoned the guard, who sleepily arose, let down the draw-bridge grumbling, and permittted them to pass. When they reached the valley, they took up spades, and began to dig. The perspiration ran from their brows, but the ground was rocky, and they produced but little effect on it. One of them, uttering a savage oath, said to the other, "This villain of a Count della Cerra is not worth so much labour; let us hack him to pieces, and spare the wolves some trouble." The other replied that, since the subject was broached, he would show him a better way of disposing of the body, if he would take it by the arms. And the speaker laying hold of the legs, they carried it to a neighbouring well, tied a heavy stone about the neck, and flung it in;—a miserable, but not unfitting termination for such a wretch. Charity may regret so dishonourable a burial, but not justice. The contaminated waters revealed the base act; and the people of the vicinity, not so much from pity, as from want of the reservoir to water their cattle, drew out the relics of the putrid members, and, with somewhat of more decent sepulture, interred them beside the well.

CHAPTER XXII.

We will now return to Charles of Anjou. After he had been crowned at Rome on the feast of the Epiphany, renouncing all further delays, he set forward on his route; partly to take

advantage of the first ardour of his soldiers; and partly because he had no money to pay them; and Pope Clement was not able to lend him any, for many reasons, the principal of which was, that he had none. Charles advanced with his entire army towards the fords of Cepperano, by the road of Frusinone. As he marched through the Campagna Romana, the people, far from opposing him, viewed him with favour as the beloved son and champion of the holy church. The Archbishop of Cosenza, Bartolomeo Pignatello, accompanied him in quality of Apostolic Legate; bestowing his benediction on every one who joined the enterprise against Manfred, and ready to excommunicate all who should dare to take his part. Such was the authority of his voice, that the people of the country ran willingly, from all directions, to offer themselves for slaughter, for the benefit of religion, as they said, against a heretic.

The Count San Giovanni received the fatal Angevin with great joy, and was liberal to him in spontaneous subsidies. And as Fortune seldom bestows her favours by halves, the days at the beginning of February, which are generally rainy, continued clear and serene; and the sun, unusually and incredibly warm, seemed to take pleasure in guiding with unclouded light the steps of the predestined to success. Thus the troops of Charles, like persons eagerly hastening to a festival, saw the banks of the Garigliano on the fourth day of the month. This, the principal river of the kingdom of Naples, rises near Lake Selano, passing by Sora and Cepperano, traverses Pontecorvo, and falls at last into the Tyrrhene Sea, forming a natural boundary between the Campagna Romana and the Terra di Lavoro. Its waters are said to run for the space of eighty-five miles, and to be navigable to twenty-five miles distance from the sea; nevertheless, the river is seldom so deep at Cepperano and Castelluccio as not to be fordable. Manfred, who well knew the importance of the passage, shortly after the convocation at Benevento, sent the Constable, Count Rinaldo di Caserta, thither, accompanied by Giordano Lancia, with a numerous band of Apulians to guard the banks; with orders that they should avoid coming to action, but, if attacked, they should drive the enemy into the river. The Swabian knew that delay was more valuable to him than victory itself; and the enterprise of Charles must soon turn to retreat if he was not able to come speedily to an engagement, as he wanted money, the chief, perhaps the only, sinew of war. Manfred omitted no precaution required from an expert warrior. He was led to trust in the easy defence of the passage, from the number of the troops stationed there, well-affected to his name, and of high repute for valour and discipline; and also, from the fidelity of the Counts Di Caserta and Lancia, whom he had appointed to the command. On the

evening of the fifth of February, Manfred, returning to Benevento, which city he had left to meet a division of soldiers whom he expected from Apulia, complained on the road of the negligence of the governor in sending them, and the slowness of the leaders in bringing them, and appeared more out of spirits than he needed be; when, raising his eyes to the horizon, he perceived a black cloud, which spread over the sun, now near its setting, and concealed it from sight. What connexion there was at the moment between that object and the thoughts of Manfred, we know not; but he stood contemplating it with a mysterious calmness, with a profound meditation, much greater than is commonly displayed by men on such occasions. The outward edges of the cloud were of the colour of blood, and emitted a light which, spreading widely over the hemisphere, tinged with vermillion all the objects within sight. From time to time, a gust of wind shook the branches of the trees, and swept along the ground, whirling before it clouds of dust and straws; the birds flew gradually lower and lower, as if foreknowing that the sky would soon become troubled, and announced with mournful voices that a storm was impending. Giordano d'Angalone, who rode beside Manfred, fancying that he entered into the King's thoughts, said, "The sun sets early this evening."

Manfred, looking at him with a bent brow, said, "He sets, but still he shines." Then, glancing his eyes round the valley, he exclaimed, "Oh! why does that man hurry onwards so rapidly? I am sure that courier brings bad news."

The courtiers who accompanied Manfred followed the direction of their sovereign's eyes, and strained their sight as much as they could, till, tired of seeing nothing, they all spoke together: "With all respect, Sire, you are mistaken."

"Mistaken! look there! Look to the left, near the rock *del Diavolo*, in the direction of the Chapel of our Lady of Tears; do you not see a man who is hurrying to gain the summit of the hill?"

The courtiers gazed again more intently than before, and then replied: "We see nothing in the world."

Notwithstanding, they remained upon the watch, by Manfred's command; and ere long, they began to descry a dark speck that seemed to detach itself from the distant horizon, and gradually to increase in size, as approaching: much did they wonder at the circumstance, and unanimously attributed it to a miracle. "And verily," saith the chronicle from which we have taken the narrative, "that did not happen without the will of heaven, which, purifying the corporeal and intellectual faculties, anticipated to the troubled soul the pang of the coming misfortune." This we will not take upon us to affirm; but many nations in the world have believed, and perhaps still do believe, that the foredoomed

have a gift of foresight; and that he who is about to close his eyes for ever, is able to perceive, by some visible signs, that he has received the power of foreseeing events, as if in compensation for his rapidly approaching death. The courier was now distinctly to be seen; a bandage covered his mouth, so that, in his rapid career, the air might not rush too forcibly into his lungs; his spurs were plunged deeply into his horse's sides, and the poor animal was panting dreadfully, and dropping blood from his flanks; his body was covered with sweat, and the bit with a bloody foam, yet he fled onwards with a frantic course. But at the distance of about forty steps from Manfred he made a long slide and fell, dropped his head, and lay motionless. The courier, pulling at the bridle, spurred more violently than ever, and strove to raise him—it was labour lost. "I might have expected he would live thirty or forty paces more," murmured the courier, dismounting, and, without waiting to cast a look on the animal, walked towards the King, and kneeled down panting beside his stirrup, but, overcome by fatigue, he fell prone on the ground. Manfred alighted, raised him kindly, made him sit down, and loosed with his own hand his girdle, that he might breathe more freely. When the courier was refreshed by a short repose, he began, in a doleful tone, "O King Manfred! I bring you evil tidings."

"It is a long time since I expected any good news." Thus saying, Manfred placed his elbow on the saddle of the steed, and rested his head on the palm of his hand.

"Sire, I am about to tell you of a great misfortune."

"And we are prepared to hear it. Say on!"

"The Provençals have passed the Garigliano."

"How? It is false!"

"Would to the Virgin and St. Germano that it were!"

"Why, have they fought? Did I not order them to avoid an engagement? He who takes up arms unadvisedly, does it to his own injury. Those men owe me the blood that has been shed."

"Oh, my Sovereign! What, speak you of blood? An ineffaceable disgrace has stained the honour of the nobles of this kingdom."

"How?"

"Charles has passed without striking a blow."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Manfred, with a mighty cry, and gnashing his teeth. Then raising his hand, he struck such a violent blow on the crupper of his horse, that the animal started and attempted to fly; but the King grasped his mane with his right hand, and with a convulsive strength compelled him to stand, while he interrogated the courier: "Where is Di Caserta? Where is Lancia? Is this the fidelity of the colleagues? Have

they survived such disgrace? If they have, I leave them their punishment—life."

"Alas! Sire, Di Caserta has betrayed you."

"Who? Caserta? Did you name Caserta? Why has he betrayed me? What have I ever done to him? Have I not bestowed honours on him? Have I not called him to a share in the government? Did I not make him, next to myself, the first in the kingdom? Did I not prefer him before my own relations? Rinaldo!—my friend! Why?—ah! there is a flash of memory! —the Lady Spina! But time has mouldered her very bones into dust, and has it not cancelled the offence? He who offends forgets; but he who is injured clothes his memory with a sack-cloth, and loads his soul with the burden of vengeance. Is not revenge the gangrene of the heart? I have committed an error. Unhappy is the king who offends; more unhappy, if he offends and does not slay. *Rinaldo* has paid his debt, because *we* failed in ours. He who wears a crown can never safely commit an error; we suffer a bitter penalty, but a just one. Ought we?—we, Manfred! No, we ought not; *but God deprives of reason him whom he would destroy.*"*

These words were not uttered distinctly by the King, for emotion half choked them; his brows contracted till they almost hid his eyes; a livid colour overspread his forehead; his muscles became swollen, his whole physiognomy changed so much that the by-standers shuddered with terror; he covered his face with both his hands; then, after meditating for some time, removed them, and showed his countenance once more tranquil. Tranquil! —it excited a sensation in the beholder, similar to his, who, seated on the sea shore, delights to see the placid water lightly ruffled by the sport of the evening breeze; when, suddenly glancing over it with admiring eye, he perceives corpses and scattered planks, the signs of a recent tempest. The courier, who had now lost all his courage to speak, on receiving an express command, resumed as follows:

"On the evening of the 4th of February, our videttes coming in with all speed warned us to be on the alert, for they saw the vanguard of the enemy. There was no need of the warning, for the Count Lancia displayed incessant vigilance, and encouraged the soldiers with words and example, to comport themselves bravely. And now appeared one band of Charles of Anjou's; then another, and another; night prevented us from seeing the arrival of these that followed; but from what appeared before and after the daylight was gone, they did not intend to give battle, but to rest till the following day. The first rounds had passed; I was on sentry at the tent of my commander, Count

* Expressions often used by the chronicler Villani, in speaking of these adventures.

Giordano, when an armed man approached. I prepared my cross-bow, and asked, 'Who goes there?' 'A friend! Swabia for ever!' was the answer; 'Go and awaken the Count Giordano, I must speak with him.' 'There is no need to awaken me,' replied my commander, looking out of his tent door; 'he is an unworthy vassal who sleeps when his King is in danger; speak, Constable, I hear you.'

"Count Giordano came forth, and there, in the open air, for not a breath of wind was stirring, Di Caserta spoke: 'My dear Giordano, if, as I doubt not, you love your king as I love him, I think you will not oppose a scheme of mine, by which we may certainly destroy the Provençal army.' Lancia replied that he would aid him in it very willingly; that he had nothing so much at heart as the King's safety; let Di Caserta explain his plan, and he would with pleasure carry it into effect to the best of his power. 'Well, then, my dear Giordano,' replied Di Caserta, 'you know that this is not the only place where the Garigliano is fordable; the higher up it is traced, the more easily it may be passed, especially at Castelluccio. We, according to the art of war, and the King's commands, have spread our forces along the right bank of the river, to oppose the ememy should they make any demonstration; but do you think this is good tactics, if we can do better? you certainly cannot think so. The Count of Anjou has not agreed to dispose his troops as we dispose ours; I am convinced that he will collect them to one point, and forcing our men, who are insufficient to resist him, will force the Garigliano, and fall upon us on our flank and rear, to our manifest advantage. If, then, you would wish to obviate this evil, we will retreat a little.' 'How?' interrupted Count Giordano; 'disobey the commands of Manfred?' 'The King,' replied Di Caserta, 'has issued those commands because they appeared the best, and we are bound by our loyalty to perform, not what *appears*, but what really *is*, the best. If Manfred blames us, we will reply to his reproofs, Count, that we have conquered; and be assured that is a good argument, and will admit of no reply. I, therefore, propose to retreat a little, and to divide our forces among the thickets along the road: I, above the bridge with my Apulians; you, below it with the Germans. Charles, to-morrow, seeing the bridge undefended, will not order his troops elsewhere, nor extend his front without necessity, but will push forward by this passage; thinking, arrogant as he is, that we had not courage to meet him. We will permit his column to advance, I will then appear from the thickets, and attack him on the left, dashing in among his troops; when you see the ranks broken, and the French giving way, do you attack on the right, as I shall have done on the left, and break down the bridge. The French troops between us and the river, will rush into it headlong; those

cut off between us and the country, having San Germano in their front, will lay down their arms. Do not object to me that you would have but a small body entrusted to your valour: your few Germans are better than my numerous Apulians; and as you will have to attack near the bridge, you cannot have a depth of more than seven or eight files opposed to you; while I shall have to fight with by far the greater numbers. What think you, Giordano; is not this a good stratagem?' Count Lancia reflected for some time, and then briefly answered, 'I cannot approve of it, Constable; it is a great risk at the least, and may not succeed: generals conquer by fighting, not by avoiding battles. Now this is the point; if Charles weakens part of his front by making a vigorous effort upon a part of ours, and we with similar art press on the weakened point, we shall cut off his rear, and effect more easily that which you propose by a more complicated and more hazardous plan; and we shall not depart from the orders we have received.' Lancia was silent; Di Caserta replied; then Lancia answered him, and finding they could not agree, Count Giordano proposed to call a council of war, and defer to its decision. Then the Constable said very seriously, 'Lieutenant, I have proposed to make you my colleague in this gallant enterprise; but since you do not choose to be so, I command you to obey whatever I think fit to order.' 'You could have done that before, Constable, if, in manifesting to me your fatal design, you had not hoped to find in me a flatterer rather than a frank soldier. Notwithstanding, I protest to you I shall do all in my power to conquer; but in spite of victory, I shall complain of your conduct to Manfred.' 'Do what you will, but obey,' and Caserta withdrew. Giordano raised his right hand to heaven, and I heard him say: 'Grant that this enterprise may have as successful a termination as I prognosticate an evil one.' We divided forces in silence, leaving many fires burning to deceive the enemy. The Constable went with the Apulians to the east, and we others, a small body, posted ourselves with the Lieutenant near the bridge. The morning dawned; that morning which was to shed light on the disgrace of the kingdom. The French, seeing the bridge undefended, sent forward some videttes; in a short time we perceived a gigantic man, clad in most splendid armour, who certainly was the Count of Anjou."

"Is he as strong as they say?" interrupted Manfred.

"I know not if he be strong, but he is very prudent. He commanded his troops not to form a column in passing the bridge, as the Constable had said, but, on arriving at the head of the bridge, to file off in two divisions, one to the right, and the other to the left, parallel with the river. My commander, who was standing on a height with some of his men to watch the enemy's motions, exclaimed, at this sight: 'Ah! I knew it, but

the error may be corrected, if the Constable will form a junction with me at once.' He despatched first one courier, then another, and another, to the fifth messenger; but they were all like the ravens sent from the ark—not one of them returned. My commander, in the agitation of impatience, cast up his eyes, he saw—oh, spectacle of infamy!—he saw the Apulians flying, shamefully flying, upon the opposite hills. He refused to believe his senses; he was ready to strike the first who said 'they fly,' at last he was forced to receive the bitter certainty. 'It is all over,' he exclaimed, in dismay. 'It is even worse than I feared; I was prepared for error, not for treachery.' Then turning to his soldiers, he asked, 'But what shall we do now?' They unanimously shouted, 'Die!' 'Not so, please heaven; preserve your lives, brave men, for some more gallant and less desperate engagement. I say more gallant, because it is not valour to throw away life rashly; we can die another time with greater advantage to our King; let us show at San Germano that we are not dastards, though we have been betrayed.' And now, Sire, my commander has sent me to you, entreating you to hasten to restore the falling fortune of the troops, and to confirm their fidelity by your presence."

Manfred scarcely waited to hear the end. He sprang into the saddle, and hurried back to Benevento, without replying a word to the courier.

When the King had reached his palace, he sent for the Emir of his Saracen subjects, Sidi Jussuf, of the tribe Ben-izeven, who arrived at once, and saluting his sovereign with every mark of respect, after the oriental manner, stood motionless before him, awaiting his pleasure.

Manfred issued his commands; "D'Angalone, see that the Germans are in readiness to march hence for Germano in two hours; thou, Baba Jussuf, do the same with the Saracens; thou knowest that though ourselves believers in *Sidi Issa*,* we consider *them* the most faithful of all our subjects. Go, tell them that a short toil is before them, that the dragon menaces the moon, but heaven destines it to emerge more brilliant than before from his loathsome claws; nor is victory doubtful, for what saith the prophet?—'He who feeds on iniquity finds his mouth full of ashes.'"

The Emir, crossing his arms over his bosom, made a profound reverence, and was about to depart, when Angalone, turning to Manfred, said, "Sire, have you considered what kind of night is at hand? The road we have to march is a very bad one, and if the tempest overtakes us upon it, we shall be thrown into disorder, and unable to advance."

* The Mahometan appellation for our Lord.

"That is but a poor kind of loyalty that takes note of weather," interrupted the Emir. "The beast that Allah has made the companion of man regards the gesture and the hand, but not the road; and though an abyss lie in the midst, he dies gladly in his fidelity. Shall man, with greater gifts, be less than the dog? All things are predestined by Allah, and no man can avoid his fate. If the angel of death is despatched from heaven, he will strike thee at the banquet as readily as in the battle-field. All is predestined by Allah; and the best of counsel is obedience to the King."

D'Angalone, who did not agree in the doctrine of fatalism, wished to reply; but Manfred prevented him, making an impatient gesture with his hand: "It *is* destined; the Emir has replied for me."

D'Angalone and the Saracen withdrew. Manfred remained alone. Gloomy thoughts succeeded each other in his mind as rapidly as the clouds were then gathering in the sky, and not less darkly. Two hours of deep emotion passed away; and then came, first the Emir, and after him D'Angalone, to inform him that the Saracens and the Germans were ready to march. Manfred heaved a deep sigh, looked round the room, took the Emir by the arm, and said, "Come! let us go where we are called by him who has more power within us than we have ourselves. Ah, my horse—I had forgotten him."

"I have seen to him, Sire," replied D'Angalone; "he awaits you, ready caparisoned, at the gate of the palace."

"We thank you, Count; you have done well."

They descended the stairs. When they reached the gate a melancholy spectacle met the eyes of Manfred. There, on the lower steps, stood, in the emotion of their tender love, his wife and children;—and he had forgotten them! And *have* the cares of the throne such power, that they can make the soul forget such a part of itself? Those dear faces did not look altered, amid the gloomy torch-light and the clouds of smoke. They felt their tears swelling; but lest they afflict Manfred, they repressed them and smiled, with a beautiful sensibility almost ideal. An air of melancholy calmness pervaded them, and diffused itself through the hearts of the spectators. It was like the benediction of a father, who, on his death-bed, leaves his children only an inheritance of righteousness. On those faces was fear and melancholy—yet hope: an expression like that of the votary, who, fearing the day of wrath, sends up a prayer of supplication; and, amid the fervour of his offering, faith in the mercy of Heaven illuminates his brow with the ray of hope. Why does Manfred let down his visor? Does he fear that his countenance will betray his remorse for forgetting them, or his pity at seeing them? Remorse and pity are equally laudable; the

first is the property of the mortal creature, the other that of the angels. Kings ought to be more than men; they ought to repress the tear from the eye, and be *deaf* to the voice of nature; but *can* they? Manfred approached trembling; he ought not to tremble—he is a king; but is he not clad in flesh? Is it not blood and spirit that animates his members?

"Helena! Iole! Manfredino! My wife! My children! Why are you out in the open air? Do you not see how wild the sky is?—that a storm is at hand?"

"Why were you going away without saying farewell to us? Why are you going without taking us?" replied the Queen.

"Take you with me!—endanger you in the midst of war and ferocious soldiers! — amid the tumult of battle, death, and *flight!*" This last word was impelled, as it were, from his mouth; he tried to recall it, but it died upon his lips.

"Must we, then, remain far from you, to wither away in the most agonizing state, uncertain of misfortune itself?—to die with grief? Who can console you without *me?* If you were wounded (which Heaven forbid!), what would the world say of Queen Helena?—that a stranger's hand tended the wounds of the son of Frederic because his wife remained afar? Have I deserved from you that you should desire to see me so disgraced?"

"But do you not see that we are on the point of setting out? and you could not travel on horseback; how should we convey you? A few moments may precipitate me to a depth whence there is no rising again."

"Oh, do not think of that! I have provided. Do you not see these litters?"

"You would retard our march—"

"No. Do you go first, and take no heed to those that follow. Do not even look back; we will follow you at a distance. The sight of you will satisfy us."

"You will weaken my arm in battle—"

"Before you go into the battle I will show you your own little Manfredino," (the King stooped down, laid his hands on his child's head, and exclaimed, "Oh, my hope!") "and I will tell you to save him, for he is your own blood; that your enemies will not spare him if you yield—"

"I yield! When did Manfred yield? When did your husband ever return to you a vanquished man? We shall conquer."

"And we, sheltered in your tent, will pray Heaven to give you the victory, regardless of the anathema marked upon your forehead: that your Maker will be pleased to loose in heaven, what his vicegerent has bound on earth, because he has not bound it with justice; that He will hear the cry of the supplicants; that He will protect the innocent."

"Helena, pray for yourself. My children, pray for yourselves. You are worthy to be heard, and you will be heard.—For me—the sword must be my helper."

He was moving away: they threw themselves at his feet; they embraced his knees; they burst forth into a voice of weeping: "Do not leave me—do not leave us, Father, without thee."

"Come, then, since you will have it so; come and share in my calamities—in my death; you prefer my company to your security and life, and I receive you. Take heed; you will taste of bitterness inexpressible; for the friend of the unfortunate is still more wretched than himself. Regret will come too late.—You do not believe me? I pity you, for you do not know how hard adversity can strike; but your wish shall be fulfilled."

Manfred looked up to heaven with a glance of anguish, and then called aloud, in a tone of emotion, "Benincasa! Benincasa! choose four hundred Lansquenets, and let them escort the Royal Family. Mark, Benincasa, these are my blood. You are yourself a father; and you know, by experience, what mean the words, *my blood*. I recommend them to your care."

"Sire," replied Benincasa, laying his hand upon his heart, "I will be more careful of them than if they were my own children."

"Not *more*—but *as* careful as if they were your own; that will satisfy me."

The night was so profoundly, so thickly dark, that it saddened the earth; not a single straggling ray of sun or moon pierced the clouds that loaded the sky; in such a hideous blackness the very flash of the lightning would have been welcome. From the fury of the wind that broke amid the mountain crags issued sounds of woe and terror, like the wailings of the tortured. Some one person, amid those mountain paths, warned by the roar of a torrent that he stood on the edge of the precipice, drew back, crying to his neighbour, "Death is here!" And the other groping on his own side, and finding the path broken, replied: "And safety is not here." They grasped each other by the hand, bent down their heads, and, stretching forward their bodies, passed the danger in safety. Many crawled for a good space on hands and knees; many clung to the rocks, and held on till the storm had abated somewhat of its rage. Some had their arms or legs broken by the trees rooted up by the wind, and falling on them from above; and some even, stricken on the head, fell lifeless, to the terror of their companions; and some there were, neither of robust frame, nor of sure foot, who were whirled away by the hurricane, and had not even the consolation of making their comrades aware of their miserable death by a last cry, for the perverse element absorbed it, as if jealous

of sharing with others the power of inspiring fear—as if resolved that no horrors should be greater than its own.

Amid so much confusion, the noble Manfred went boldly forward, mounted on a gallant war-horse, which he had taken in spite of the Emir Jussuf, who had pointed out to him that the animal was apt to spring on the left hind-leg, and was consequently considered as of particularly evil augury. He trusted to the vigour and instinct of the horse, who, as if he wished to justify the confidence reposed in him by his rider, carried him safely, with wonderful celerity, over a craggy path full of impediments and dangers. The king's officers, either being mounted on more sluggish steeds, or not having such fearless hearts in their bosoms, were unable to keep up with him: he was a long way in advance, and as he rode he murmured to himself: "The crown may fall from my head—I may lose my intellect, that endowment for which men have so often lauded me —but I preserve my constancy and my courage."

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.

ALONE BY THE DEEP SEA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

ALONE, by the deep sea,
When night shadows fold me,
I dream of the halls that are beaming with light;
Where bright lips are breathing
The songs of my wreathing,
I dream of them all as I wander by night,
Alone by the deep sea.

Alone by the deep sea,
What sadness comes o'er me!
I pine like the exile, when far, far away
From the land that he treasures,
From home's hallow'd pleasures;—
I pine for them all, as I pensively stray,
Alone by the deep sea.

Alone by the deep sea,
Wild echo salutes me,
And sportively gives back my lone vesper lay;
The eyes that wept o'er me,
The hearts that deplore me,
I dream of them all, as I joylessly stray,
Alone by the deep sea.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.*

CHAPTER IV.

"A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick, yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"Poor paltry slaves!—yet born 'midst noblest scenes.
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?"
IBID.

THE British residents in Madeira form an exclusive society of their own; at least, with very few exceptions. In business transactions they are constantly brought in contact with the Portuguese; but they do not associate with them generally. To account, in some measure, for this apparent unsociability of the English, I shall endeavour, briefly, to collect my reminiscences of the Portuguese; at all events, they will not be altogether thrown away if we consider that Madeira is a colony of the latter people, and that we ourselves, when there, are entirely subservient to their laws and regulations.

Funçhal is the capital, and only city in Madeira; the places of name round the coast being mere villages and colonies of huts. Its inhabitants are numbered at 25,000, an important item out of 100,000, the whole amount of the island population. They consist almost exclusively of Portuguese, between whom and the *bourgeoisie* of the hills, there is a marked and characteristic distinction. For the people of Funçhal (including all the upper and middling classes in Madeira, which are continually fluctuating between the island and Lisbon), living at the seat of government, and brought into constant communication with the mother country, have naturally remained unchanged since the day when their ancestors first set foot on the shore. In fact, the Funçhalense are as genuine Portuguese as the denizens of Lisbon.

But the Madeirense, the people of Madeira, a hardy, unsophisticated peasantry, though originally transplanted from the soil of Portugal, by residence in a country whose climate, whose very surface is so dissimilar to their father-land, have become,

* Continued from vol. xlvii., page 464.

through the course of several generations, physically and intellectually altered. They have acquired a peculiarity of custom, and a nationality. As I shall have occasion to speak of them by and by, my remarks will be confined at present to the Portuguese of Funçhal, or, more correctly speaking, the Funçhalense.

The fine old mansions going fast to decay, the miserable appearance of the country estates belonging to the Portuguese, are subjects of never-failing regret to the well-ordered eye of an Englishman. Their owners, wanting the energy of their forefathers, who first covered the southern shore of Madeira with dwellings and vineyards; forgetting the enterprising enthusiasm of their great countrymen Zargo and Vaz,* are content to take things much as they find them; and, careless of ruin and discomfort in a climate where luxurious convenience is not indispensable, avoid any exertion more than is requisite to supply the bare necessities of life. Their poverty has become a proverb. I have known instances of men jogging on with paltry incomes, which had no chance of being increased, so long as there was sufficient to give £50 a-year to each idle, vagabond son, and to keep the rest of the family just short of starvation. Yet these were men possessing fine estates in the north of the island, capable of yielding excellent revenues. There are broad lands in the neighbourhood of Santa Anna,† which, with proper attention, could be made to produce anything; but, through the utter neglect of the proprietors, remain almost uncultivated; nature alone (fortunately bountiful,) preventing their being altogether unproductive.

Doubtless there are drawbacks to improvement: no leases of land are granted; and the interest a tenant would take, holding solely at the will of a capricious landlord, is not likely to be very great. The *metayer* system prevails universally in the culture of the soil; that is, a division of the profits between landlord and tenant; an unjust law, which destroys all sympathy, giving an inducement to oppression on the part of the one, and a premium to knavery on the part of the other. For while the tenant groans under the harshness with which a moiety of his labour is oftentimes exacted, the landlord, sure of obtaining something, neglects to take measures for his own protection. So, the estate is the real sufferer, and to a pitiable extent.

These are evils; but the truth is, the Portuguese have no taste for the simple pursuits of country life. Many of them have beautiful *quintas*,‡ far away among the mountains, where even the glorious situation, one would think, might atone for

* The discoverers of Madeira in the year 1419.
† A village on the north coast. ‡ A *quinta* is a country seat.

the loss of low dissipation; and tempt them, like their English neighbours, to exchange the enervating atmosphere of the town, for bracing air, and scenery one would blush to view unmoved. Strange to say, they reside very little at these places; a month or two, perhaps, in the height of Funçhal temperature; and under the general superintendence of an old hag, or the safe custody of lock and key, the appearance of most of these retreats is not very desirable, even for a night's lodging. They prefer to lead lazy, dissipated lives in Funçhal, playing billiards or *écarté;* gossipping (not on the most edifying subjects) in the *Praza;* leaning over the balconies, smoking cigarettes, half the day; drinking and gambling half the night. These, with intrigue and ruffianism, are the avocations of young Funçhal. He is a desperate gambler—*écarté* his favourite game; a desperate cheat; vindictive, noisy, drunken, dirty, and disgusting in his habits; cowardly to the last degree; and "passing rich with forty pounds a-year;" (but oh! how differently from our worthy pastor!) He dresses in a slang, *outré,* ungentlemanly style of costume, that would shock a British dandy; and wears a Muntz-like preponderance of hair, which nature will not always encase, and no one but that great man would dare to assume. The fact is, the Portuguese are not *gentlemen,* and that's the end on't; neither at heart, nor in the lesser qualifications of manners and appearance. They are deeply prejudiced against the English; but what *gentleman,* however bitterly he felt against foreigners, would continually mutter between his teeth (they dare not go beyond *sotto voce*), an expression which is more true when applied to a dog, than complimentary when addressed to man?* That they are debauched, no one will deny, to an extent that the most worthless libertine might be ashamed of; but what *gentleman* would boast of his shameless excesses; indulge in disgraceful orgies on his wedding-night; or pander the charms of his nearest relative—the price of his mediation with a high political functionary at Lisbon—to his everlasting shame as a man and a husband?†

The facility with which most of the Portuguese speak our language is acquired in the way of business; education they have none, or at all events do not exhibit its beneficial effects in their conversation. That they are gamblers, and not above the lowest deceptive arts, I have had ocular demonstration. We need not particularize their more disagreeable propensities,

* "*Filha da puta!*" is a phrase constantly applied to, and offensive to the ears of the English. I have heard it pretty frequently when returning from divine worship at the English church.

† Any one who knows the Portuguese is aware of the subjects of conversation among them. The instances I allude to occurred during my stay in Madeira, and were much talked about at the time.

neither endeavour to illustrate their loud and vulgar mode of talking, and violent gesticulation; and a very short residence in Madeira will enable any one to come to the conclusion, that they are unscrupulous poltroons.* The corner of every street in Funçhal has been the scene of cruel outrages, perpetrated under cover of darkness, in avenging real or supposed injuries; and

* An instance occurs to me while writing this, so strongly convincing, and yet so characteristic, that I trust I shall be excused relating it at some length. Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1845, was ushered in, as that festival always is, by processions and other mummeries, services in the church, and ringing of bells. The shops were mostly closed, and fewer people than usual in the streets; but the windows and balconies were crowded, and from these the Portuguese were pursuing their childish amusement of pelting the luckless passengers with rotten eggs, showers of water, and all sorts of disagreeable missiles. This stupid custom, as old as May-day in England, and not half so innocent, is carried to a ridiculous extent in Funçhal; old and young, rich or poor—men, women, and children—alike indulging, and alike made the victims of, each other's folly. But from some inexplicable motive (it can't be love), the English are generally spared. On this occasion, however, owing to the more than ordinary bad feeling then existing against them, English people were several times pelted, and, aware of the practice, took no notice of their various mishaps. During the afternoon, an invalid Englishman, totally ignorant of the custom, passed by the barracks, where the sport had been at the highest all day. He was, of course, instantly assailed with a shower of eggs and water from the windows, amid roars of merriment around. Feeling irritated at what he conceived to be a premeditated insult, and provoked at the ludicrousness of his situation, he seized a stone lying in the street, and hurled it at the window where the officers, his assailants, were standing; it was a good shot, and entered the room. In an instant, the drum beat,—*á l'armas! á l'armas!* was sounded,—and before Mr. L. could make his escape, he was surrounded by a picket of armed troops, while several officers, at the same moment, saluted him with fresh showers of eggs and water. He knew the vindictive temper of the men he was dealing with, and imagining this to be only the prelude to more serious outrage, made an effort to get free. The soldiers closed round him with *fixed bayonets;* a powerful man came behind and pinioned him; and, while in that position, a Captain Oliveira, taking a countryman's staff from a bystander, literally broke it over poor L.'s head and shoulders. He was then suffered to depart. I saw him within half-an-hour after the occurrence: he was not seriously injured, although much bruised; but the excitement, in his peculiar state of health, nearly cost him his life. There was but one opinion of this gross, unpardonable outrage, and a feeling of general indignation pervaded the English residents. It was admitted that L. had acted injudiciously in resenting the joke; but what could justify the assault, or excuse the brutal and cowardly way in which it was made? Officers in the Queen's army being the delinquents, rendered the whole affair the more contemptible and disgraceful. There was a determination to punish the authors. The Governor, Don J., who was immediately made cognisant of the transaction, evidently afraid of offending his countrymen, endeavoured to temporize. Our Consul was applied to; and, on his interference, an apology from Capt. Oliveira, the principal offender, was sent *through* the Governor. Very properly, the matter was not allowed to rest here; strong threats were held out of appealing to higher authorities; and, eventually, the doughty captain was sought in the hills, whither he had decamped, found, and sent back to Lisbon.—

"Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn, and cock'd trigger,
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?"

Indeed, it was no light punishment for the redoubtable warrior. The disgrace, such as it was, of course had very little effect; but the practical working of the sentence was the thing. The troops stationed in Madeira are *more regularly paid*, and *living* is *cheaper* than at Lisbon: two points, which convert Funçhal into a paradise for Portuguese officers! And so it ended.

the most quiet, inoffensive Englishman will admit the propriety of carrying a bludgeon, at night, similar in calibre to that favourite weapon of the Funçhalense. Even this is slight defence against the insidious stab, which has cost more than one stranger his life in Funçhal. I am now speaking of the assaults committed by amateur bravos, aristocratic ruffians; who as often appear for themselves as they maim and batter by proxy. I do not wish it to be supposed that the liability of Englishmen to these attacks is very considerable; or that Funçhal is a particularly dangerous town to perambulate after dark; but the reason is simply because the Portuguese have a curious repugnance to seeing a British cruiser, from the coast of Africa, cast anchor in Funçhal Roads; and, also, because the perfectly inoffensive habits of Englishmen leave scarcely the shadow of an excuse for such acts of aggression. Among the Portuguese, these events are melancholy facts of every-day life.

Such are the aristocracy of Funçhal; as Lord Byron said of their countrymen at Lisbon, "the lowest of the low." They are utterly degraded and debased in mind and body; I failed to discover one single redeeming point in their character; and while I was delighted to meet with an occasional exception, in the person of an honourable and gentlemanly man, I invariably found he made no effort to conceal that he was thoroughly ashamed of his compatriots.

Turning to the middle class of Funçhalense, we must not look for much that is good and sterling among them, however naturally we should do so. The fact is, they are shopkeepers, not merchants; the *trade* of the island is in the hands of the English. I do not think there are, at this moment, more than three Portuguese who export wine. They sell the rough produce of the country to the English merchant, but they do not export. Such is the total want of energy and spirit, which permits a handful of foreigners to monopolize the entire wine-trade of the island. As to their character as men of business, all that I can say is, that I found them capital hands at a bargain; as impertinent in the street as they were cringing and importunate behind the counter, and rather too shrewd in their calculations. Their code of morality I believe to be very similar to that of their aristocratic and idler brethren. Ah! friend Gonzalves, handsome, lounging watchmaker, or rather watch-*breaker*, that you were! shall I easily forget that eternal smile on your amiable countenance, and that everlasting cigarette in your mouth, as you lolled out of the window opposite the "British"? In spite of your merry doings, which used to afford us so much amusement, idle as yourself;—you did not treat me well though, Senhôr *Relogeiro!** Infinitely polite as you were when I placed

* *Relogeiro*—watchmaker.

my watch under your charge, after its buffeting voyage; low as were your bows, and many your thanks; I felt perfectly satisfied that I was being humbugged! If you had charged me *one* dollar for your hour's mischief-working on the unfortunate time-piece, I think I could have pardoned you—your manners were so engaging, and you fenced so well! but to pay two thousand *réis**—two whole Spanish dollars—and my poor watch altogether to suspend its duties five minutes afterwards, was scarcely fair! But then (God forgive them!) a Portuguese knows the value of money better than the value of time. *Revenons à nos moutons.* So much for the commercial qualifications of this great people.

Let us go a step lower:—a more agreeable task; for the higher in grade, the more despicable are the Portuguese in disposition. And in descending the scale, if we do not find actual improvement, we discover stuff capable of being improved. The labourers of Funçhal are fine, stalwart, bronzed-featured fellows; capital swimmers, and great blackguards. They earn from a *pistarine*† to a *pistarine* and a half per day, no very extraordinary wages when their work is not over-regular; so we ought not, perhaps, to complain of the paucity of their attire, especially when the nature of the climate is taken into consideration. But that attire is not necessarily filthy, nor they themselves dirty and disgusting in their habits; neither could it be so, unless there was an innate love for dirt existing in this dirty nation. Moreover, the labourer is not obliged to spend half his wages getting drunk, and then to sleep full-length in the street, at the imminent risk of life and limb; as Funçhal is not lighted with gas. The *canâlha* Funçhalense are undoubtedly in a state of mental debasement, which removes them but few degrees above the brute creation. Alas! poor fellows! how can it be otherwise? They are sadly neglected and crushed. No sympathy, no interest, with those to whom they ought to look for such; no schools; worse, no example, or rather, a very bad one!

Their houses are more fitted to be the dens of wild beasts than to be the habitations of reasonable animals. But they are susceptible of much improvement. Quick-witted and clever, willing to learn, and good-tempered; they are vicious and abandoned only because they have never seen, or heard of, the advantages of social order and morality. Many of them are to be found in the houses of English people, in the capacity of domestic servants,

* *Dés réis* is the smallest Portuguese coin. It is equal to ten *réals* (the *réal* being an imaginary coin), or about a halfpenny of our money. 1,000 *réis* go to the Spanish dollar. The Portuguese always calculate by *réis*, so that the most trifling amounts sound magnificently to any one unacquainted with their coinage.

† A *pistarine* is equal to 200 *réis*, about ten-pence. It is the Portuguese franc.

in which situation they rapidly amend, losing much of their lazy and thieving propensities. So much for English influence, or, indeed, any good influence. The worst feature about the lower class of Portuguese, perhaps, is their miserable deficiency in physical courage. So long as one man has a well-ground *couteau*, or a heavy pole, in his hand, he will unmercifully cut and maim an offending and unarmed individual; but let that individual come be-knived and be-poled likewise to the fray, and then see the pretty exhibition of pluck that ensues. The chances are, under these circumstances, they will never come to blows, unless a good opportunity occurs of slyly insinuating the blade under the fifth rib, or bringing the pole with unerring aim upon the luckless head. If they do come to an encounter, it consists of a sort of up-and-down struggle for the poles, when, if one of the antagonists happens for an instant to lay his length, he is kicked and buffeted unmercifully by his opponent. But they seldom fight; they "*Ah, Senhôr!*" each other, and jabber to all eternity. How often have I seen two big, stalwart men making this sorry exhibition of their temper and courage, and felt inclined to say (if they could have understood me) in my vulgar mother-tongue, "Why don't you stand up, and fight like men?"

It is a curious thing, you seldom see a middle-aged man among the labouring classes. The young men and old were both fine specimens; but the firm, well-knit middle-aged man of northern latitudes is never seen. I attribute this to the wear and tear, if I may so express myself, of the constitution. Constant laborious employment of a powerful muscular frame, under a broiling sun, and a poor, unnourishing diet, make them old men very early in life. What is tunny-fish, porridge, and pumpkin, washed down with sour wine, to men who, in a warm climate, work harder than an English labourer?

The Portuguese soldiers have, I believe, been highly esteemed. Perhaps I was unfortunate in the examples I saw in Madeira; but, I declare, I beheld some of the most awkward-squad looking fellows there that ever were found in a regiment of recruits. They are cruel and vindictive* to a degree not warranted by their profession, and are officered by the most ungentlemanly-looking rips conceivable. They never appear dressed, be they in uniform or *mufti*; are everlastingly smoking paper cigars; and are such execrable riders. I have before given an instance of their discretion and courage, so we will not dwell upon that. The best things about the military, when I was in Madeira, were, indubitably, the well-bred Don I., the commandant, and the excellent

* The wanton outrages inflicted on the unfortunate followers of Dr. Kalley, at Machico, and elsewhere, could have been committed by none but the most bloodthirsty and superstitious soldiery.

brass-band, which used to play Jullien's Polka so exquisitely, at matins, in the *Igrèja Collegio.**

With so little attractiveness as the men possess, it would, indeed, be hard upon the good town of Funçhal if the women did not, in some degree, compensate for the disagreeable nature of the genus *homo*. The Portuguese women, though far from being handsome, have decidedly good points. I have heard some excessively plain English demoiselles absolutely rail at the idea of discovering either beauty or attraction in the Funçhalense ladies; and make many amusing remarks upon their *embonpoint* of figure, wickedly insinuating the slight acquaintance of soap and water with their dusky features. But as these good-natured damsels were invariably of the *deal-board* school in figure, and the *milk-and-water* in complexion, there is ample reason for presuming that they did not speak disinterestedly; and, under such considerations, I must be excused differing from my *unfair* countrywomen. If not graceful, the Portuguese women are pleasing in manner, exceedingly good-tempered, lively, and amusing in conversation. Of their figures and features, *on ne dit rien;* one goes to Andalusia for the witching *abandon* of gracefulness: not to Portugal, or even to Funçhal. Of their dark hair and eyes a book might be written. After what I have seen, let not daughters of England talk about beautiful hair; but let them all take more pains with it than does a Funçhalense beauty. They are passionately fond of music; dance badly; dress with more splendour than taste; and are indolent, and secluded in their habits. Scarcely any of them understand English, but a good many speak French with tolerable fluency. They never walk, and, excepting in their palanquins, or lolling out of the balcony on Sundays, to watch the English people returning from church, are seldom seen. This sedentary life soon renders their figures something more than *embonpoint*. They marry early,—often at twelve; soon neglect their personal appearance, and become fat and disagreeable at the age when an English girl thinks of leaving school. The women of the lower orders are made to perform the most burdensome drudgeries of life. They carry amazing weights with wonderful facility; and are certainly to be appreciated more for use than ornament! They soon lose the small feminine attractions they ever possessed, and become shrivelled and hideous-looking hags. Society in Funçhal is in far too relaxed a state altogether, to admit of the lives of the female portion of it being very immaculate; but they are fond of kneeling and praying in the cathedral, (if that is any criterion;) and to see them devout and prayerful on that

* The military church in Funçhal, where the band really used to play waltzes and polkas remarkably well.

rough, uneven floor, you would scarcely deem the fair penitents to be all that they are.

And talking of devotion brings us to a subject, a striking feature in the Portuguese character, which at once destroys all hope of ameliorating the moral condition of the people. Degradingly superstitious in their own country, the extent to which the Portuguese carry religious ceremonial in this their colony, is frightful. The conveyance of the host to the sick excites but ordinary interest, being of so common occurrence; but the festival processions are followed by thousands of all classes in society.

Easter is the grand, (without irreverence be it said,) the gay season. At the feast of *Corpus Christi* not a street through which the procession passes, but is crowded with a multitude of people; aristocrat and beggar jostle each other in the dense mass; Englishmen even gaze on the scene from curiosity, but with feelings of pity and disgust. The streets are strewn with rosemary; the air is heavy with its perfume, and the palling fumes of incense; window and balcony are thronged; the very housetops have their groups; and, as the procession moves slowly along, every head is uncovered, every knee bent, every brow and breast devoutly crossed in unbroken silence. At the head of the pageant is borne a platform, on which rests, in a reclining posture, the effigy of Christ nailed to the cross; a chaplet of thorns around the head, the figure being almost nude. Numbers of the highest dignitaries of the church, led by the bishop himself, in his full and magnificent robes of office, succeed. *Nossa Senhôra,** a little, showily-dressed, waxen doll, of course, is there: indeed, there is no end to dolls and images, relics and crosses. Small children, habited in tight spangled dresses of flesh-coloured silk, having light zephyr wings attached to their shoulders—the plumbiest little angels conceivable!—are led by grisly priests on either side of the procession; tapers and lamps flicker in the noontide sun; curls of smoke ascend high above the bright bowls of burning incense. There is glare and gaudy colouring; tinselling and show; a regiment of troops brings up the rear, and the military band closes the *spectacle* with intermittent bursts of loud martial music. All day, and all night, masses of people throng in and out of the cathedral to take part in the continual services. *Carapuça* and French gossamer are doffed, in quick succession, at the curtained door. The beggar of Machico is kneeling by the side of Young Portugal; the

* *Nossa Senhôra de Monte*, our Lady of the Mount; the patroness saint of Madeira. At the festival of this amiable and lamented lady, who has done so much for Madeira, vast masses of people leave Funchal, and all parts of the island, and wend their way to her domicile, the Mount Church, which stands 1207 feet above the sea. The procession winding up the hills is strikingly picturesque.

fervent prayer of unrepentant profligates is carried to the ears of fair and victimized devotees; hearts are unbosomed to those who have no right to know the secrets of the prison-house; vice and sin sit within the confessional; confiding folly and superstition stand without. Hypocrisy and humbug are still rife on that holy ground, beneath which so much that is of the past has been insincere and corrupt; while profligacy and turpitude are promised absolution in the mumbling prayers of the priests. Without the fane, deep tones of music are heard in the distant parts of the town; there is uproar and merriment; drunkenness and debauchery at night; and Funçhal presents one scene of popular, superstitious excitement.

Painful and revolting is the inconsistency, the childishness, the depravity of such a scene; but some of the popular exhibitions of scriptural subjects are infinitely more shocking and absurd, and too irreverent to be described. Hordes of priests, unpardonably ignorant and irredeemably vicious, foster the popular taste for these degrading mummeries, and absolutely prey upon the fanatical populace. The *bonâ fide* remunerations of office are small, the character of the clergy altogether sunk, and no respectable individual will take orders; the ranks are consequently recruited from almost the lowest grades of an uneducated and demoralized people. The discipline of the church is so low, the reputation of its dignitaries so abominable, that its history to this day presents a picture of vice and immorality too atrocious to relate. Secretly poisoning every principle of religion and morality, to answer its own depraved purposes, the priesthood have implanted in the people an esteem for forms and ceremonies, a veneration for relics, images, and banners, which, while they dazzle the vulgar imagination with pomp and pageantry, serve as an amusement to those grown children who disbelieve in their efficacy, if, indeed, any so sceptical are to be found among them.

The Portuguese, such as we have described them, give certainly no proof of the excellence of the laws which control, or rather, do *not* control them. In fact, the laxity of Portuguese law is only equalled by that of Portuguese morals. The partiality of judges, the venality of counsel, the delay, inconvenience, and injustice of the courts, are well understood in Funçhal. So perfectly aware are Englishmen of those things, that when I once applied to our consul for advice under circumstances which I considered peculiarly hard, he admitted fully the injustice of the case, and my non-liability to pay a sum of money demanded of me; but he said the law was so disgracefully administered, the prejudice against an Englishman so deep, and the love of money so inherent in the Portuguese,—that it was certain I should be *made to pay;* and as legal expenses in

Funçhal accumulate with extraordinary rapidity, he recommended me to pay the money without a moment's delay, or I should most infallibly find the claim doubled at the expiration of twenty-four hours.* But the executive is sadly powerless or indifferent when called upon to act resolutely, and with decision. About five years ago, an Englishman's servant was murdered, and robbed, on the beach at Funçhal, while going to rejoin his ship. Two men were apprehended, tried, and clearly convicted of the crime; there were no extenuating circumstances, and they were sentenced to death. While under sentence a reprieve arrived from Lisbon, but without stating any definite time, or commuting the punishment. When I was in Madeira those felons had actually been two years in prison *under sentence of death!* It was whispered that they were shortly to be liberated. Impossible as it is, to say what may have been the result of the fickleness of the authorities, still, the probability is that these malefactors are again cast loose upon society, without having suffered any adequate penalty for their crime.

These are the people with whom the British residents decline to associate. Nor do we find matter for surprise. It is not the variance of taste, of feeling, and opinion, alone; but the bitter hatred displayed towards the English renders them unwilling to seek the society of the Portuguese.

Considering what Madeira owes to our residents and visitors in the island,—so much, indeed, that without them it would go hard, if it were not altogether a case of Kilkenny cats for the Portuguese,—this dislike to us seems inconsistent enough. They hold out no inducement to strangers to visit Madeira; on the contrary, they subject them to every species of annoyance, inconvenience, and interference when there. Strange! they should not consult their own interests better, instead of quarrelling with their bread-and-butter. This rancorous feeling is on the increase; since I left the island it has gone on, and the late *émeute* in Funçhal, arising out of Dr. Kalley's affair, has sufficiently shown the *animus* of the people. I have heard persons attribute all the bad feeling to the ill-judged acts of that very clever, but indiscreet gentleman. Nothing can be more absurd. That Dr. Kalley's imprudent and illegal crusade against Roman Catholicism in a bigoted country, and under the very eyes of an intolerant priesthood, may have materially added fuel to the fire, I readily admit; but it is absurd to speak of the conduct of Dr. Kalley as the *cause* of an ill-feeling which has long existed, and is traceable to a far different source; and therefore equally

* This is not the only case of petty injustice which came under my own observation, nor the worst. The details of little vexations are uninteresting, or I could cite many curious instances of Portuguese spitefulness.

absurd to suppose it will die away on his departure from the island.

The fact is, the Portuguese are jealous of us. They were jealous of us years ago in the Peninsula. They "licked, yet loathed," our helping hands; and so it is to this day in Madeira. A few hundred Englishmen monopolize the trade of a fertile country,—a glorious island which might be their own any day. The Portuguese know this; but, at the same time, they feel that without us Madeira would be a desert, or as fitly called *Madeira* as it was when first discovered.* In the most trifling things they are not ashamed to be dependant on the English. The very few occasions on which we meet the Portuguese are at the monthly winter balls, held at the Funçhalense Club. Who, it may be asked, supports those balls, and what would become of them were the English subscriptions withdrawn? But ingratitude is as much the *forte* of a Portuguese, as jealousy is his *failing;* and it will not be long before even these *réunions* will cease to be patronized by those to whom they owe their existence. It will not be regretted; for however gentlemanly and agreeable many of the guests may be, there are some rather deficient in those characteristics; and I should imagine it was not pleasant to a staid Madeira merchant to find his wife *tête à tête* with a ruined bankrupt; or to see his daughter whirling in the mazy waltz with a practised and unprincipled debauchee.

In conclusion, it may fairly be asked, what assurance—apart from the petty annoyances, and injustice, so easily imposed upon them—have Englishmen, engaged either in the honourable calling of business, or seeking restoration of health in the delicious climate of Madeira, of receiving that protection in the ordinary concerns of life which all sojourners in a foreign land are entitled to expect?

They have an ample one in the recollection of a certain island far away to the north, where they are not forgotten, nor their interests neglected. But they have a fuller and better assurance in the respect the English name cannot fail to command,—the influence of an honest heart;—the respect which a low and despicable nature will always pay (however unwillingly) to a high-minded and virtuous man.

* So called from the circumstance of the island being completely covered with magnificent vegetation at the time of its discovery; Madeira being the Portuguese for wood.

(*To be continued.*)

PICTURES OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

No. I.—SECRET LOVE.

Ever, quiet sadness lieth
  Round her, as soft shadows lie,
When the laughing daylight dieth,
  Round some pale flower, voicelessly.
  Lip, and eye, and brow are still;—
On them such a numbness falleth,
  That the gazer's blood runs chill,
And his conscious thought recalleth
  Some old legend, mournful, wild,
  Heard by him when yet a child,
Of beauty vainly beautiful,
  Of sweetness vainly sweet,
Of sorrow shared or watched by none;
Of love's mischances,—every one
  Seeming in her to meet!

Trust her that she hath assurance,
  From that slighted, woman's heart,
For a voiceless, brave endurance
  Of her life's allotted part.
  Calm her woe is, though so deep;
'Cross her pale cheek come no flushes;
  That betraying which to weep
With such trait'rous, humbling blushes,
  As in life should e'er betray
  Her dread secret to the day,
Were a grief beyond all grieving.
  The cold glance of *his* eyes,
Their dumb indifference, she can bear;
But once let *pity* blazon there
  Her weakness, and she dies!

Hearts live on, however lonely;
  Hers may live, if life it be
With existence to span only
  The extremes of apathy:
  Yet a something noble, great,
Hath her soul achieved in trial,—
  Meekly meeteth she her fate,
With its weary self-denial.
  Bards of such a woe have sung,
  And their heroines still die young,
To the grave earth's pity bearing:
  Ah! they had little need!
Well might some wasting heart reply—
"If in such woe 'tis hard to die,
  To *live* is hard indeed!"

No. II.—HAPPY LOVE.

Let no cold eye look upon her,
  Where she sitteth all apart
With the bright thoughts that have won her
  Thus to commune with her heart:
  Far within those dreaming eyes,
With their dark, love-laden lashes,
  The joy, the pride, the triumph lies,
The fire that earth shall not make ashes.
  Such glad knowledge, with its rest,
  Its memories, revealments blest,
Its hope, its tenderness, its trusting,
  Few may rejoice in here;—
But it is hers!—the thrill, the glow
Of cheek and heart have told her so,
  Hers, and without a fear!

She has left the crowd and splendour
  'Mid whose glare she felt alone,
For her spirit yearned to render
  All its musings to his own.
  Though far off he yet is near;
To his deep-toned voice she listens
  With the heart that brought him here,
Crimson cheek, and eye that glistens.
  If the world show bright to her,
  He is the interpreter
Of its hymns of bliss and glory;—
  And now, in words more sweet
Than e'er by poet-thoughts were wreathed,
Come back the vows so often breathed
  In rapture at her feet.

What although the shadows darken
  Underneath and overhead,—
She has not an ear to hearken
  To the moral they have read:
  All around, below, above,
With death-mocking splendour shineth
  The radiant promise of the love
Whose onward course she well divineth.
  Like a halo o'er a tomb
  Shows her smile amid that gloom;—
So for *him* shall it break ever,
  Of his glad home the sun;—
Ah! she has with that future been,
And found that with life's closing scene
  Love's task is but begun!

No. III.—THE FORSAKEN.

Heavily, as boughs o'erladen
  With their wealth when storm-winds sweep,
Droopeth the deserted maiden,
  And her eyes refuse to weep:
  Hot and weary have they been
Through long days and nights unending,
  While, each restless glance between,
Wake wild fancies, earthward tending.
  With a leaden weight, despair
  Presseth on each heart-pulse there,
But not thus to crush for ever,—
  Her grief hath other moods,
And she, anon, in frenzy strong
Will start, as battling with the wrong
  O'er which she darkly broods.

Woman's greatest stake and only
  Risked, and all in mockery won;
The new-mated heart left lonely,
  Marvelling at the evil done;
  Scarcely trusting its own sense
Of the vast, assuageless sorrow,
  While with agony intense
Looking to the waste to-morrow!—
  This is utter, fearful woe,
  But the least that she must know,
For old habits still cling to her;—
  She is listening, even yet,
For the footfall that shall never,
Through the future's long forever,
  Break upon her regret!

And her mighty woe is broken
  Into countless woes,—each one
To her heart a bitter token
  Of the bright joy that is gone,
  Of the anguish it hath left.
Think upon her dreary sadness,
  Thus in life at once bereft
Of life's trusted source of gladness;
  And believe not time can keep
  Such a worn-out thing from sleep.
We may yield her, old in trial,
  Unto the grave's long rest;—
So endeth her love-dream. O earth,
To thousand such thou givest birth,
  For one whose hope is blest!

SPANISH ADVENTURES.*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Doomed Smuggler.

THE evening was pretty far advanced, when Henri Gaicœur arrived at this part of his story, which had suffered no other interruption than what was occasioned by a good substantial dinner, which he and his brother philosopher partook of with their fellow-travellers; and which was seasoned with many a hearty laugh, and savoury witticism, at the marvellous adventure of the night preceding. As the smugglers' day was just now beginning to dawn, John the Baptist called out with a lusty voice of authority, "*Al campo, mis amigos, al campo!*" and preparations were accordingly made for continuing the journey. The *patrona* was paid her somewhat exorbitant demand, *por el ruido;* literally, "for the noise;" for under this curious head, they class the ordinary charge for entertainment, &c., in Spanish posadas; and the parting cup of chocolate, the customary donation of the *posadero* to his visitors, was disposed of. The inmates of the *venta* crossed themselves very devoutly, in humble thankfulness at getting rid of their heretical guests, while some uttered a laconic *adios!* and others offered up a short malediction against *Judios* and *hereges.*†

The mules being loaded, as the last faint glimmering of light died away on the western *sierras*, the cavalcade bade adieu to the *venta* of Somport, to face the bleak air and difficult track of the mountains; John the Baptist having first kindly counselled the *patrona* never again to countenance any heretical breaking of fast days, that she might avoid in future another visit from the black ram. The importance of this advice was fully appreciated by the still suffering landlady; who, not only made a vow against all similar desecration *in secula seculorum*, but actually sent a requisition to the prior of a neighbouring monastery to come and purify her establishment, and exorcise any cunning devil who might be lurking *perdu* within the precincts of her haunted mansion. This was accordingly done *in propriâ formâ.* The Prior in his sacerdotal robes, accompanied by a band of

* Continued from page 67.

† "Jews and heretics."

lusty monks and simple-witted novices, clad in white surplices, and armed with *ciriales*,* came marching in procession over the mountains to the scene of action; where, having grappled with, and expelled the fiend, by the most approved and efficacious rite of ejection, every room in the house was plentifully sprinkled with holy water, and a gilt wooden cross placed on the centre of the roof, to the utter defiance of all future devils, both foreign and domestic.

Meanwhile, the contrabandists and their fellow-travellers were prosecuting their journey to Canfranc, which was about six miles distant; the recent snow, as we before observed, had entirely obliterated the track; but Juan Bautista and his companions were so well accustomed to it, that the want of finger-posts never gave them a moment's uneasiness. Their progress, however, was slow; for the mules were heavily laden, and sank deep at every step: the numerous ravines and steep hills, also, which intervened, very much increased the difficulties of the way; but the life of a smuggler has so much of excitement and adventure in it, that he insensibly acquires a reckless and even a joyous temperament, which enables him to view with indifference those physical obstructions which to others appear serious obstacles in the journey of life.

It was eleven o'clock when the contrabandists approached Canfranc, within a short distance of which place they halted, and sent one of their number forward to see if the coast was clear. This is a Spanish village consisting of one narrow street, situated exactly in the gorge of the pass; where the mountains approximate each other so closely, that they nearly overhang the houses, and leave no space whatever for travellers to proceed by, except through the aforesaid narrow street. In addition to the customary *aduaneros* for the prevention of smuggling, there was also a military detachment stationed here; and a corporal's guard was placed at that end of the village which was nearest to the French frontier, on a spot where the road was so narrow that only one could pass at a time, without imminent danger of falling down a steep and craggy precipice, at the bottom of which, a mountain torrent thundered over its rocky bed.

With all these difficulties staring them in the face, and the certainty of being sent to the galleys if taken in the fact, it must be confessed that the profession of our contrabandists was no sinecure; but they were daring and adroit fellows, who knew well how to give a sop to the Cerberus that watched the pass. This, it appears, was the object of the smuggler who had been sent forward as an *avant courier*; and his mission being happily accomplished, he returned with the pleasing intelligence

* Large silver candlesticks borne on poles.

that all was right. The cavalcade accordingly moved forward, the bells being taken off the leading mule; and they passed very peaceably by the sentry, whose back was turned towards them to save his conscience; for if cross-examined on the subject, he could safely swear that he was not asleep on his post, and did not *see* anything pass during his tour of duty. His companions were fast asleep, as a matter of course, in the guardhouse, at a few paces distance.

The inhabitants of Canfranc had long retired to rest, and nothing occurred to obstruct the progress of the travellers. They accordingly cleared this dangerous post without any incident worth recording; and shortly after passing the village the country became a little more open, and partially free from snow.

"*Muchas gracias, Maria Santisima!*" exclaimed the pious John, as he slung the bells on his leading mule, to keep the animals awake; "so far, so good. We have got over one threshold of this *maldito* pass, and would to heaven we were over the other without mischief."

"*Hombre!*" ejaculated Pedro; "why, John, you seem to be down in the mouth about something or other. Does the bacon you did penance for last night lie heavy on your stomach, *amigo?*"

"He hasn't recovered the fright he got from the black ram, yet," said Antonio.

"Perhaps," said Garcia, "he is longing for another dish of prayers with the *patrona* of Somport."

A burst of laughter from John's reckless companions awoke the echoes of the mountains; but he did not join in their merriment.

"*Por Dios!*" said John, at length, "you're welcome to your fun, *compañeros*; but there's no harm in wishing we were well out of this cursed rookery before daylight comes upon us."

"I thought we had quite cleared the pass," observed Blake, "for our descent from Somport has been continuous."

"We have got rid of the snow, *Señor Caballero*," replied John, "and can see the road before us; but the tail of the beast is not yet flayed,* for we are still amongst the Jaca mountains."

"The town lies in another gorge of the pass," said Pedro, "but we shall soon reach it, please the pigs, with the assistance of this beautiful moon, that's just peeping over the top of yonder mountain."

"That's the very thing," said John, "that I never wish to see on a march. The moon, in my opinion, does a devilish deal more harm than good in this world. I wonder what the deuce it was made for."

* A proverb which indicates that the principal difficulty is still to be overcome.

"To discover the evil deeds of such night-walkers as we are," said Pedro; "*Vamos!* we are getting cursedly low, comrades; let us moisten our pipes, and have a song to cheer up our spirits."

The *bota* was accordingly passed round; and when every one had taken a swig of the exhilarating fluid, John the Baptist sang out lustily a Guerrillero ballad, that was once highly popular in Spain, while his companions joyously responded, in a chorus depictive of the period and racy of the soil.

The full moon had now risen, and afforded so much light that every object became nearly as visible as at noon-day. This very much facilitated their march; and the smugglers pushed on more rapidly through the Bear's Glen, as the locality was called, that they might pass Jaca before morning; for this was the only place on their route where they anticipated any danger. While they proceeded thus at a good round pace, they passed a newly-erected wooden cross, such as, in Spain, is generally placed by some pious person to mark a scene of murder. Henri, stepping up to this fearful memento to gratify his curiosity, exclaimed—

"How plainly I can read the inscription by this beautiful moon!"

"What do you find upon it?" asked Blake.

"*Aqui mataron!*"* read Henri.

"Whom?" shouted John the Baptist, interrupting him, in a voice of thunder.

"Domingo Cacafogo," replied Henri.

"*Carajo! Demonio!*" exclaimed John, in a voice of suppressed anguish, as he folded his cloak about him, and pressed hastily forward.

A gloomy silence followed this little scene, which to Blake and his companion proved a significant commentary on the vision related by the smuggler the evening before. This continued uninterrupted for about an hour, when a wild yell resounded from John the Baptist, who was some distance in front; which was immediately replied to by another still further in advance. The mules soon after quitted the high road and struck into a rugged mountain path, almost hidden from observation by the trees and bushes which overshadowed its winding course; Blake and Henri following, from dire necessity, the motions of their mysterious guides.

When they had proceeded some distance in this new direction, over a steep, winding, and rugged road, and crossed several mountain streams in the ascent, the hum of voices was heard;

* "Here they killed." The usual commencement of inscriptions of this nature, common enough in Spain; after which follow the names of the murdered persons.

and our travellers suddenly found themselves in the front of what seemed to be a solitary *venta*, situated in a rocky dell, overshadowed by cork-trees. The door of this hospitable mansion was wide open; and within appeared a blazing fire on a capacious hearth, which occupied, as usual, the middle of the floor; and by its side a long deal table, in active preparation for the refreshment of some expected travellers. The mules were now watered at a long trough in front of the *venta*, plentifully supplied by a stream that gushed out of a neighbouring precipice; they were afterwards furnished with a liberal allowance of chopped straw, without, however, being relieved from their burdens; and left to the enjoyment of their midnight meal, while the smugglers and their fellow-travellers entered the *venta* to satisfy their own sharpened appetites.

"*Una copita de aguardiente, por l'amor de Dios!*"* cried John the Baptist, throwing himself on a bench by the fire-side, and leaning his elbow on the table in a melancholy mood; an action which seemed not a little to surprise the landlord, who cast some inquiring glances at his companions; but the silent gravity of the latter added not a little to his mystification.

"Honest Diego," said John, at length, to the *patron*, as the latter poured him out a cup of brandy, "you must have thought we were all lost in the snow, or carbonadoed by the Custom-house officers."

Diego was the *beau idéal* of a mountain *ventero*. His head was covered with a Montero cap; his waistcoat of brown cloth, without a collar, was confined at the waist by a sash of red silk, which served also as a belt for his *cuchillo;* and his shirt sleeves were as white as the snow of his mountains: his tight-fitting breeches were also of brown cloth, secured in front by one large iron button; and his legs were wound round with long strips of flannel, to serve as gaiters; while sandals of raw cow-hide were drawn up about his feet with leathern thongs. Under this simple exterior Diego concealed a great deal of that native shrewdness and cunning for which the Spanish peasant is proverbial. He saw clearly that something was amiss with his new visitors; but, trusting to time and circumstances for the development of the secret, he busied himself with his attendants in preparing the supper table.

Accordingly a roasted kid, stuffed with sausages, flanked by an immense bowl of stewed hare, soon smoked upon the board; to which our travellers immediately paid their addresses, with a degree of energy which showed that their exercise had earned them an excellent appetite. The glass wine-jug, peculiar to Spain—round, flat, and with a long spout—was also placed upon

* "A cup of brandy, for the love of God!"

the table; and each taking this in turn, held it high in the air, in such a manner that the purple stream poured like a jet from a water-pipe, forming the segment of a circle in its descent down their thirsty throats. When the rage of hunger was repressed, and constitutional gravity began to yield to the genial influence of the savoury viands, Diego thought proper to reply to the observation of his principal guest.

"Of a truth," said the cautious *ventero*, "we did begin to think that something was amiss, for you are twenty-four hours beyond your time; a very unusual circumstance with you, Señor Bautista."

"That's easily accounted for," said Garcia; "our comrade, Juan, has been doing penance at Somport."

"*Hombre!*" exclaimed Diego, with a stare.

"Fact! I assure you," said Antonio, "and on the back of a black ram too."

"*Carajo!*" cried the *patron*, with increasing surprise.

"And all for giving absolution without confession," chimed in Pedro, with a sly leer.

"*Demonio!*" ejaculated Diego, sententiously.

"These fellows will make you believe anything, honest Diego," said John the Baptist, "if you only give them a hearing."

"*Quantos años tiene usted?*" said Diego, with a knowing wink.

"But I'll tell you all about it," said John. "You must know that one of our mules falling lame, we were obliged to stop at Somport last night; when Tio Sancho, coming home unexpectedly,—"

"Found his wife receiving absolution from her father confessor," said Antonio.

"Oho!" cried Diego; "I comprehend: *el Tuerto* came to supper before the *puchero* was cooked."

"*Por Dios!* what a discovery!" exclaimed Garcia. "He must be blind indeed that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve."

"Perhaps so, *Señor Caballero*," replied Diego, somewhat piqued; "but if I cannot see through the bottom of a sieve, I can, at least, account for the speedy return of Tio Sancho; and the circumstance bodes you no good, either, my masters."

"*Demonio!*" cried Pedro, "what circumstance do you allude to."

"Only that we have a new hand at the bellows, down below there, at Jaca," replied Diego, drily.

"What?" exclaimed Garcia, "a change in the Customs?"

"Just so," said Diego; "and one, I'm thinking, that will cause a change in other customs besides the King's."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed John the Baptist, "what does it signify? One officer is as good as another; and set the hare's

head against the goose giblets, there never is more than a toss-up between them."

"Señor Bautista," said Diego, rather spitefully, "you will find the new man a perfect devil incarnate. He arrived only three days ago, to fill up the vacancy occasioned by the late murder of poor Domingo Cacafogo—"

"*Carajo! Demonio!*" cried John the Baptist, starting up from a reverie in which he was plunged.

"And he swears," continued Diego, not noticing the palpable emotion of the smuggler, "that he will soon rid the country of all assassins and midnight interlopers on the King's monopolies; beginning with poor Sancho *el Tuerto*, whose mules and *contrabando* are now in the royal stables."

"Then he had better bespeak a wooden cross," said Antonio; "for he may chance to take up his quarters with Cacafogo, down there in the Bear's Glen."

"*Demonio de los demonios!*" shouted John the Baptist, striking the table with his fist, so energetically that the bowls and platters danced off upon the floor.

"'Twas a sad business that," said Diego, apparently interested solely in preserving his crockery; "and a great *shalabalau* it made in the country, especially amongst the clergy; for poor Domingo was a pious soul, and regularly shared his prizes with the holy fathers. Indeed, when they set up his cross in the Bear's Glen, the *cura* of Montecillo attended, and cursed the assassin with bell, book, and candle, in such a manner that they say it will take fifty thousand masses to get his soul out of purgatory, if it should ever be fortunate enough to get in there."

"*Mea culpa!*" exclaimed John, striking his breast in agony, "*mea maxima culpa!*"

"In the name of all the saints!" cried Diego, crossing himself devoutly, "what is the matter, Señor Bautista?"

"*Juanito de mi alma!*" exclaimed Pedro, "what, in the name of *el demonio*, has come over you to-night?"

"It doesn't signify," said John, rising with an assumed calmness: "only wait till the pasty comes out of the oven, and then digest it if you can. *Vamos, amigos!* Time flies; and we should be on the road, if we hope to pass that infernal Jaca before daylight."

The truth of this remark was readily assented to by the other smugglers, who hastily finished their supper, and prepared to prosecute their journey. Diego was amply satisfied for his good cheer and his information, which he materially enhanced by sundry judicious hints as to the best route to take in case of a pursuit; for, numerous and expert as the *aduaneros* on this Alpine frontier were, it was quite impossible to guard all the paths over the mountains, many of which were altogether

unknown to the officers. The mules, being linked together, descended the rugged track with their proverbial sagacity, and speedily gained the high road; which, in another hour, led them within a short distance of the walls of Jaca: though the moonlight, which had hitherto befriended them, now became a serious evil, for it was only in the dark they could hope to pass without some risk of discovery.

Jaca is a small town surrounded by a high wall, strengthened in the Moorish fashion, at irregular intervals, by round towers, or bastions. It is situated in a narrow plain, environed by lofty mountains; whose barren, rocky sides display innumerable crevices and caverns, from which several little streams derive their source, and tumble over the opposing rocks into a small river that washes the walls of the town. Jaca is situated angularly with respect to the gorge through which the smugglers were now approaching it; and the road led immediately under one of the bastions, where it separated; one branch leading round the town to the right, and the other, which was the one the smugglers intended to take, winding amongst the mountains to the left.

It was near three o'clock when our travellers approached this dangerous bastion, on which they well knew that a sentinel was regularly stationed; on whose negligence or watchfulness the fate of their expedition now mainly depended. The moon was, for a few moments, partially obscured, and they hoped to pass unobserved under favour of the friendly cloud: but, that nothing might be neglected to ensure their safety, John the Baptist, who was ever the first to volunteer a forlorn hope, ran forward before the rest. Proceeding a short distance on the road to the right, until he came to some oaken planks, which he knew were piled against the wall, that rose direct from the plain without ditch, covered-way, or glacis, he began to tumble them about, to attract the notice of the sentinel, should he be awake, to that particular spot, while the mules and his other companions might pass round the bastion by the left.

This cunning stratagem of John's succeeded remarkably well. The sentinel was, contrary to custom, wide awake; whether, being astronomically inclined, he was contemplating the moon, and expecting, like Endymion, a visit from the chaste deity; or whether he was, indeed, an exception to his military compatriots, who are not, generally speaking, much given to midnight vigils, it is of little importance to inquire. Whatever might have been the cause of his watchfulness, the sentinel was attracted by the noise made by John the Baptist; and turning his steps in that direction, he gave ample opportunity to the smugglers to pass unobserved, of which they readily availed themselves; and in a few minutes, such was the rapidity of their progress, they were completely hidden by the intricacies of the mountains.

"*Vaya usted con Dios!*" mentally ejaculated John, communing with himself, as he turned away from the pile of oak planks, to rejoin his comrades. "I have had an easy job to deceive that sawney of a soldier. A Gallician or an Asturian he must be, *sin dubio;* an Arragonian would have given me more trouble."

But John reckoned without his host; for the soldier was not such a sawney as to think that oak planks were capable of moving about in that unaccountable manner, without the aid of human hands; and he naturally concluded that whoever had put them in motion, had done so with the view of stealing them, or for some other sinister purpose. As they were government property, he, therefore, kept a sharp look-out; and in a few seconds he saw the bold smuggler creeping along very gingerly in the shadow of the wall.

"Oho, *mi amigo!*" said the soldier, apostrophizing himself in his turn; "*à picaro, picaro y medio!*" as the proverb saith. You have been making his Majesty's oak planks dance a fandango, and it is but just that I should give you a little music for your trouble."

He accordingly levelled his piece; and, taking a deliberate aim, fired, with malice prepense, to shorten the days of John, as he was quietly sneaking off, unconscious of the salute he was about to receive. The aim was a very good one; and, no doubt, would have had due effect had the smuggler's hour been come: but this not being the case, the ball only passed through his cloak, in which it made five distinct holes, in conformity with the number of times it was folded round John's body, which happily escaped untouched.

All who are acquainted with the voluminous nature of a Spanish cloak, will acknowledge that it was never meant to facilitate light movements; and as John the Baptist fully anticipated a hot pursuit from this energetic commencement, he very wisely, like Joseph of old, left his cumbrous garment behind: but there, as the noble poet observes, we "doubt all likeness ends between the pair." Being thus eased of an enormous load of brown cloth, our lightfooted smuggler scampered off, as if the devil himself, or the black ram of Somport, were at his heels: in a few minutes he overtook his comrades, and relating what had occurred, urged them to a speedy flight.

"Oh world! thy slippery turns!" &c. Little did John the Baptist think, when he was doing penance at Somport, that Sancho *el Tuerto* should wreak a deadly, though unconscious, revenge on the father confessor of his *cara sposa;* but such was the will of fate, as we shall see in the sequel. Our readers have not forgotten that Sancho's mules and *contrabando* had been

* "With a rogue, be a rogue and a half."

seized by the Custom-house officers at Jaca; who, kept on the alert by this valuable capture, and being, moreover, full of new-born zeal and energy, were quickly roused by the report of the sentinel's musket. Convinced that smugglers were passing, two of the *aduaneros* sallied forth to the bastion; and having ascertained from the sentinel the route which John the Baptist had taken, they mounted and set off, with an escort of four dragoons, in pursuit of the fugitive. Thus Sancho was the primary cause of the catastrophe which followed; and from this instance of retributive justice, learn, gentle reader, to honour that part of the Decalogue which forbids thee to covet thy neighbour's wife.

During the delay that necessarily intervened, the *contrabandists* had continued their route with all possible speed; urging to the utmost that rapid walk for which the Spanish mule is remarkable, and which not even the horse can emulate. As they were well acquainted with all the *atajos*, or short cuts, of which they took advantage without confining themselves to the main road, they began to entertain hopes of distancing all pursuit; when, unluckily, the mule, which had met with the accident at Somport, showed evident symptoms of knocking up. Unluckily, also, it was a *macho*, or he-mule; a species generally ill-natured, obstinate, deceitful, and disposed to kick; all which evil qualities now began to develope themselves to the almost total stoppage of the cavalcade. In vain the smugglers endeavoured to cajole the refractory beast into a quicker pace by such pet expressions as, "*Arhe, mulo benisimo! Arhe, macho del cielo!*" They had not the effect of urging him beyond a miserable limp, nearly as bad as standing still altogether. Even when they descended to worse language, and vociferated, "*Arhe, borrico del demonio! Arhe, hijo de puta! Famoso tunante! Carajo!*" it was not a whit better; for the *macho* seemed to take it in dudgeon that he should be called an ass of the devil, and the son of an unchaste mother, &c., and doggedly refused to budge a step faster even for Saint Antonio, who was loudly called upon, in the emergency, as the especial patron of mules, asses, and *arrieros*.

The patience of John the Baptist was, at length, worn to a thread paper by this mutinous conduct; and he began to kick and cudgel the refractory *macho* with extraordinary energy; and even assailed his carcase with a shower of stones, that very soon brought the contest to a close; for the unlucky beast, unable to withstand so ferocious an attack, fairly tumbled over, lading and all, in a brook that brawled across the road, where he lay, to all appearance, either dead or dying. The smugglers immediately began, as usual, to call the saints in heaven to assist them: but their *beatitudes* turned a deaf ear to their supplications, doubtless disgusted with their free and easy form of

invocation; the respectable name of Saint Antonio being jingled with *demonio*, San Lorenzo coupled with *carajo!* and St. Jago with *cojones!* As no saint could relish such disreputable associations, the prayer of the smugglers was rejected without ceremony, and they were left entirely dependent on their own exertions. They were, accordingly, about to raise the mule and replace his load in the best manner they could, when the clattering of several horses, descending the mountain road, at some distance in the rear, broke ominously through the silence of the morning, and startled their affrighted ears.

There was not a moment to be lost, for they could no longer doubt that the Custom-house officers, with at least a troop of dragoons, were at their heels. The *macho* and his load were, therefore, abandoned to their fate; the mules were turned out of the road, and led a short distance up the rugged bed of the stream, that they might leave no trace to guide the pursuers: they then struck into a narrow goat-track, which, passing through the cleft of an immense rock, led up among the mountains, and was nearly concealed by lofty trees and luxuriant brushwood. Up this track they had not penetrated more than a hundred yards when their pursuers arrived at the stream, and stopped to consult on the best mode of proceeding.

The position of the smugglers consisted of a mass of huge rocks, intermingled with olive and cork-trees, and overgrown with wild laurel and other luxuriant shrubs. It commanded the road, and while they themselves were effectually concealed, they could both hear and see what was passing below; for the descending moon still left a faint radiance on the sky, which seemed contending for the mastery with the first grey tints of dawn. The *aduaneros* were for exploring the goat-track, in the supposition that the smugglers had taken that direction; it being, as they knew, a short cut over the mountain; but the troopers thought it was too steep and narrow to admit their horses. This objection, however, being overruled, it was determined to explore the mountain track, and the smugglers, thus driven to extremity, levelled their *trabucos* on the narrow pass which they completely commanded, determined to give them a warm reception.

Little doubt now remained on the minds of our hero and his companion, as to the fate of the *aduaneros* and their escort, who must inevitably have been slaughtered before they could even fire a shot in their own defence; but, fortunately, at this crisis one of the dragoons perceived the fallen mule, which had hobbled a few paces in advance of the stream into which it had first tumbled. Convinced by this, and by the silence which reigned around, that the smugglers must have continued on the main road, the whole party, abandoning their first intention, set off on

the false scent at a canter, which every instant removed them further from the object of their pursuit.

"*Vayan ustedes con el demonio!*" cried John the Baptist, drawing his breath somewhat freely. "We are well quit of you for this bout at least."

"*Carajo!*" said Pedro; "I only wish they had come on; we'd have spoiled the rogues' breakfast this fine morning."

"I'd have given that son of a buck, the new officer, his chocolate, I know," said Garcia.

"The other rogue should have had a smoke of my pipe," said Antonio, "to help his digestion."

"*Vamos, compañeros!*" said John the Baptist, "this is idle talk. Heaven send you may be as good as your word when the time comes."

"St. Antonio preserve us!" exclaimed Pedro; "I think you must have seen a ghost, John, as we came through the Bear's Glen; you're so terribly chopfallen."

"Let him alone, poor fellow," said Garcia, "he has had his crosses, no doubt."

"Wooden ones and others," added Antonio.

"Keep your wit to season your wine, *mis amigos*," said John, doggedly. "This is the time for work; for the dawn is beginning to peep over yon snowy pinnacle, and we must now jog on in right good earnest."

Without further delay the smugglers abandoned their fallen mule, with many an execration, and struck deeper into the mountain path; in the hope of reaching before broad day-light a solitary *venta*, situated in a secluded glen, where they knew they could be so well concealed as to bid defiance to all the *aduaneros* in Spain. The track they were now pursuing was wild and savage in the extreme; alternately ascending and descending over huge fragments of rocks, overgrown with briars and brushwood, which very much impeded the rapidity of their march. Their progress was further obstructed by mountain torrents and lofty trees, uprooted by the tempest and whirled from towering heights, which hung tottering over the heads of the travellers, as if about to bury them beneath their stupendous ruins.

The scene and the situation were certainly calculated to try the firmness of the boldest hearts; and the nerves of our two philosophers were more than once assailed when they reflected on the desperate circumstances in which they were placed. They were completely in the power of four remorseless ruffians, armed to the teeth; who would not hesitate to sacrifice them, at any moment, to interest or caprice; and should a conflict take place, which was more than probable, with the excise officers, they might fall into the hands of justice, and be hanged as smug-

glers, or tortured into confessions of uncommitted crimes by the judicial process peculiar to Spain. Nor were these apprehensions by any means groundless; for the devastating war of independence, and the numerous internal convulsions which had subsequently distracted the country, had unsettled men's minds, and terribly unhinged the good order of society; rendering every stranger a marked object of suspicion, either as a bandit, a smuggler, or a political and religious intriguer. The unpleasant situation of our philosophers was still further increased by a misunderstanding which they had had with their guides, in consequence of having refused to take an active part in their defence, in the event of their being attacked. It was, however, now too late to regret the impropriety of having confided in such conductors; and they could only form a very prudent resolution to quit them for ever on the first favourable opportunity.

The bright tints of morning now began to appear in the sky, and the lonely solitude of the mountains was enlivened by the songs of numerous birds. Our travellers had not above two miles to go to the Venta de la Cruz, where they were to rest for the day; and their spirits being enlivened by the fresh air of the morning, they pushed on with redoubled vigour. The coolness which had subsisted between our philosophers and their guides wore away insensibly, under the pleasing influence of the increasing light; and the previous good-fellowship having resumed its place, they mutually felicitated each other on their narrow escape from the hands of justice; much merriment also went round at the expense of their pursuers, whose blunder excited a good deal of laughter, which increased in proportion as they drew near the place of refuge.

Greatly improved as the spirits of the smugglers were, by the cheerful light of day, those of John the Baptist were exuberant beyond anything his companions had ever before witnessed, for he was naturally of a saturnine temperament. Now, however, the contrast between his late melancholy and his present liveliness was such as to strike his fellow-travellers with astonishment, not unmixed with superstitious forebodings; and significant glances passed between them, as he went on singing, laughing, and capering, as if he was the happiest fellow in his Catholic Majesty's dominions.

But the world is full of strange chances, unforeseen and unaccountable. John the Baptist was cracking a jest at the expense of the Custom-house officers, as he descended, with his comrades, a steep and rocky defile, that opened into a wild valley, surrounded by mountains of splintered rocks, totally denuded of vegetation, and too dreary and desolate for human beings to inhabit. The narrow road lay between two high and rocky banks, overgrown with brushwood; and just as the smugglers

arrived at the mouth of the defile, (from which the Venta de la Cruz was visible,) singing and laughing together in high glee, they beheld their pursuers within fifty paces of them, watering their horses at a little stream, apparently after a hard chase.

A general cry of "*Carajo! Carajo!*" burst from the lips of the pursuers and the pursued: the smugglers rushed back within the mouth of the defile; and the troopers, unslinging their carbines, approached them in a very determined manner, exclaiming, "*A tierra! à tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*"*

Blake and Henri immediately clambered up the banks on either side, resolved to remain peaceable spectators of the combat; which, to all appearance, promised an unfavourable result to their guides. The latter, however, entertained a different opinion: for when summoned to surrender, they swore, with horrible oaths, they would fight to the last gasp; daring their opponents to come on *tantos por tantos*,† while John the Baptist boldly exclaimed, "*Guerra al cuchillo con todos los aduaneros en España!*"‡

The smugglers certainly had a better position than their adversaries, which, doubtless, emboldened them in their desperate resolution; for the road was narrow, steep, and rocky; and being choked up by the mules and their lading, bade defiance to all pursuit. They were, however, outnumbered by the enemy; but this advantage they resolved to counterbalance by commencing the attack, on the principle that the first blow is half the battle. They accordingly levelled their *trabucos*, and fired a volley, which brought down one dragoon and both the Custom-house officers: the latter, however, were more frightened than hurt; for they instantly jumped upon their legs and ran off, after they had discharged their carbines manfully in the air.

The dragoons now fired a volley in turn; and as their aim was taken steadily and deliberately, and the persons of their adversaries were somewhat exposed in the act of reloading, it produced a better effect. One of the smugglers fell wounded; and poor John the Baptist received a ball in his head, which made him spin round with incredible velocity: then falling flat on his face, he bit the dust: clenched his hands with a convulsive motion, and in half a minute was lifeless and motionless as the stones upon which he lay.

A rapid discharge of pistols now took place between the combatants, the result of which was that another of the smugglers was put *hors de combat*, and the last, finding himself so completely overmatched, surrendered at discretion.

The dragoons now advanced, with due caution, to take possession of their conquest; in which pleasing duty they were

* "Down, with your mouth to the earth, robbers!" † "Man for man."
‡ "War to the knife with all the Custom-house officers in Spain!"

assiduously supported by the *aduaneros*, who led off in triumph the mules with their valuable lading, while the dragoons disarmed and tied the hands of their surviving antagonists. Blake and Henri, having descended from their elevation, were also seized as part of the band; although they informed their captors who and what they were, showed their passports, and requested permission to prosecute their journey to Saragossa. This, however, the dragoons would not consent to; they were told that, although their story was credible enough, they must go with the rest until their innocence should be sufficiently cleared by the proper authorities; and, finding that all resistance would be vain, our unlucky travellers quietly submitted to their fate.

The three wounded men and the dead body of John the Baptist being placed upon the mules, the whole party now measured back their steps to Jaca; which they entered in triumph, and were received by the shouts and acclamations of the mob, whose spleen was highly gratified at the prospect of an execution. In this cavalcade the two Custom-house officers were very conspicuous personages: they rode in front, with their carbines over their shoulders; their ferocious looks and gestures being certain indications of the mighty deeds they had done. Nor did our philosophers fail to attract considerable notice amongst the spectators; who, regarding their dress and appearance as altogether foreign and suspicious, very charitably set them down either as arch-heretics, or conspirators against the state.

(*To be continued.*)

MY SISTER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

How has that rose-bud overshot the rest!
So didst thou, sister, spring above my head,
Aspiring to the mansions of the blest,
To which thy chasten'd spirit gladly fled.

Beautiful sister! while thou yet wert here,
The hope, the admiration of each heart;
Thy pure thoughts heavenward still would constant veer,
As if, forgive, impatient to depart!

With the dread victor of the universe
Thou never, for a moment, didst contend;
But, though his summons did our joys disperse,
Thou yet couldst hail him as a welcome friend.

Meekly thou walk'd the earth with head deprest,
Like to a lily overcharg'd with dew;
One, of superior sanctity confest;
Not *of* the world,—but of the angel few

Who are *in* it, and yet are things apart
In thought and action,—contemplative things,
Musing harmonious numbers of the heart,
Soft as low flappings of cherubic wings.

(Marvels of beauty and of worth,—yet they
Alone unconscious virtue ingenite,
And, while all praise in wonder, on they stray,
Above the commendations they excite.)

A smile play'd ever o'er thy features fair,
Like lambent flashings of supernal light;
And softly whisp'ring, thou went everywhere,
As if communing with young seraphs bright.

In thy transparent eye thy soul appear'd,
Thy soul immaculate, for heaven so meet!
Oh! thou, from very infancy, hadst fear'd
Thy God, yet, with a tender reverence sweet.

Thou wert a peace-maker! thou so lovedst peace,
(Thy bosom seem'd its native dwelling-place,)
That, for offence, thy pleadings would not cease
Until forgiveness, anger did embrace.

Oh! thou wert loved by all,—by all wert wept,
And thou art loved, and wept by all, e'en now;
Though years have pass'd, since we in anguish kept
The last fond vigil, by thy death-wreath'd brow.

Thine is a mem'ry time but hallows more,
As seasons onward roll, in vain regret;
Producing nought so perfect to adore:
To teach the heart *thy* merit to forget.

SISTER ANNE;

OR,

MAKING MUCH OF A LITTLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"WHY do you not write characteristics?" said a friend of a young author, while sitting with him one morning in his study; "there must be something extremely interesting in taking a fine character from history or fiction, and investing it in the splendid colouring of animated description."

"It is not a style of writing that I admire," said the author; "it is generally far-fetched and overdrawn; the colouring only consists of *couleur de rose*. I remember once hearing a gentleman remark, 'How admirably Mr. —— has illustrated that speech of Shakspeare; how much meaning he has got out of it.' 'Yes,' replied a bystander, 'a great deal more than ever was in it!' However, I think I shall do something in that way, it is a very easy kind of writing."

"Easy, to find meaning where none exists! You must, surely, jest. However, I know I am a stupid fellow, and therefore cannot pretend to fathom the cleverness of authors."

"There is no cleverness in the case. The mountebank whom we saw the other day keeping up three balls at once was not clever; he merely exhibited the dexterity which was the natural result of long practice. It is so with authors. Few of us have any original ideas; our forefathers have thought, said, and written all our good things before us; but there is one art in which we undoubtedly excel,—we know how to make much of a little."

"I wish you would give me a specimen."

"Willingly. Think of any female character whose name has appeared in print, and let her be as insignificant a nonentity as you please, I will engage to fill two sheets of foolscap paper with a detail of her excellencies, which shall induce parents to hold her up as a model to their daughters, and wife-seeking young men (if there are such beings in the present day) to wish that they may meet with a partner for life exactly resembling her."

"I have it," said the friend, rubbing his hands with ecstasy; "I will give you a lady for a subject, of whom we all know something, but of whom we necessarily know very little; what do you think of Sister Anne, in Blue Beard?"

"Sister Anne! Are you serious?"

"Quite so. I thought I should puzzle you."

"You misinterpret my expression of surprise. Sister Anne affords so remarkably good a theme for delineation, that I should be trespassing on your inexperience were I to confine myself to two sheets of foolscap paper in my discussion of her character; I will readily pledge myself to fill six sheets on the subject before to-morrow morning."

"Pray do not; for although it may be easy work to you to write six sheets on nothing, it would be very hard work to me to read them. You cannot, however, be in earnest. I am certain that you could not fill two sheets of the smallest modern note paper on such a theme, unless, indeed, you have an enlarged edition of Blue Beard that I know nothing about."

"Far from it; the classical literature of the nursery possesses, in a remarkable degree, the merit of brevity. A modern romance-writer would have extended Blue Beard to three volumes, but in its present form it only occupies a few pages."

"So I have always thought; and all that I remember of Sister Anne is that, in the beginning of the story, she is mentioned as being admired and sought by Blue Beard equally with her younger sister, and that at the end of it she goes and looks from the top of a tower, just as any housemaid might do from a garret window, and that she has eyes to see a flock of sheep first, and two horsemen afterwards. Her sister, at the close of the tale, gives her a marriage dowry, and we are to suppose that she is very happy; but I am at a loss to know on what authority you would state that she was very excellent and exemplary."

"On the authority possessed by every writer in the enchanted wand which he wields in virtue of his vocation, and which always succeeds in 'making much of a little.' Sister Anne shall wait on you to-morrow morning arrayed in her gala dress; and, for the future, I hope you will never speak disrespectfully of her, or consider her an insignificant and every-day personage."

The next day the friend received a letter containing the following characteristic:—

"SISTER ANNE.

"In days like the present, when too many instances exist of women who, in the vanity of talent or the pride of moral excellence, step forth from the shade of retirement, and boldly display their attributes to the sight of a gazing crowd, it is truly refreshing and delightful to turn to a character like the one now before us, strong in principle, firm in resolution, prompt in action, and yet, withal, gentle, unassuming, and feminine, free from every selfish feeling, and directing her fine judgment and unshrinking courage solely to the benefit of another.

"We are told that Sister Anne was possessed of very great

beauty. I do not mention this as any excellency in itself, but yet it enhances other excellencies in its possessor. Beauties often neglect the cultivation of the mind; they are frequently assuming and exacting; accustomed, from their childhood, to the voice of flattery, it works a pernicious effect on their disposition, and they do not display that retiring diffidence and sober good sense which is to be seen in many of their sex less highly favoured by nature. That Sister Anne, therefore, possessing such outward attractions of person, should likewise possess such valuable qualities of mind, certainly entitles her to a higher place in our estimation than if a plain and repulsive appearance had led her from the haunts of gaiety and fashion to seek for happiness in retirement and study. Blue Beard is described as being equally enamoured of the beauty of the two sisters, and placing his cause in the hands of the mother. The daughters are revolted by the singularity of his personal defect, and are also uneasy at the mystery which seems to hang about the fate of several preceding wives to whom he is known to have united himself. The mother is clearly a shrewd, speculative, and worldly woman; she accepts Blue Beard's invitation to one of his country seats, and partakes, accompanied by her daughters, of the series of amusements graphically particularized as 'hunting, fishing, music, dancing, and feasts.' It cannot be doubted that a calculating matron of this description would wish her eldest daughter to be married before her youngest, and doubtless Sister Anne had to contend with much maternal argument and solicitation. Neither these representations, however, nor the allurements of splendour and pleasure which were thus lavishly displayed to her, could work the least effect on her calm and decided mind; where she did not love, and could not respect, she scorned to bestow her hand; had Blue Beard's gold and silver plate, silken sofas, and gilded carriages been doubled in number and magnificence, they could not have availed to dazzle her eyes while a shadow of suspicion rested on his moral character. Did all women display Sister Anne's high-principled scrutiny into the early conduct of a lover, the state of society would be much altered and amended. Her younger sister was, as the progress of the tale evinces, highly inferior to her in every respect but that of beauty; she was enamoured with the gorgeous splendour around her, and consented to overlook all her former objections to the possessor, and to become his bride. The period of a month is briefly passed over, and in hearing nothing of Sister Anne, we, in effect, hear a great deal; it is not to be doubted that the ostentation of Blue Beard and the vanity of his young bride would cause their nuptials to be celebrated by a succession of festivities. Sister Anne must have been surrounded by the young and gay; and beautiful and

attractive as she was, and known to be related by marriage to one so great and wealthy as Blue Beard, we cannot doubt that many an admiring eye was fixed upon her; but we are not told of her conquests: she keeps, from choice, not from necessity, in the back ground; she resides with her sister because she deems it her duty to be a companion, guide, and adviser to one placed in so perilous a situation, having every temptation around her, and little or no discretion to guide her through the dangerous maze; but, in the midst of luxury and dissipation, she preserves her serenity and her solidity of disposition. We do not find that the wife of Blue Beard imparts to her sister her resolution to gratify her fatal curiosity. The cause is easy to divine: she could not doubt the nature of the answer she should receive, she shrinks from the thought of the grave rebuke and sorrowful surprise of the calm and collected Sister Anne. And here it is worthy to remark, that Sister Anne's self-control, discretion, and prudence are additionally praiseworthy, because in her immediate circle there was nothing to cherish these virtues, but everything to blight them. Her mother (as her visit to Blue Beard after his rejection by her daughters testifies,) was essentially a worldly and interested woman; her younger sister exhibits too sad a proof of her want of all self-control and self-denial; and the friends of the family act in a manner which impresses us with a very poor opinion of their good sense and good taste. Without even waiting for the formality of an invitation, they visit, we are told, the wife of Blue Beard in his absence, 'run from room to room, and from wardrobe to wardrobe, looking into each with wonder and delight, and saying that every fresh one they come to is richer and finer than what they had seen the moment before.' Now, we might make allowance for the unsophisticated delight of people in the lower classes of life, at beholding rich hangings and splendidly-adorned rooms; but the mother of Blue Beard's wife and Sister Anne, is, we are expressly told, 'a lady of rank,' and from her evidently ambitious nature, and habits of shrewd calculating policy, it is not likely that she would associate with companions at all inferior to herself in the grades of society. A subdued and collected manner is generally thought to characterize individuals of a high station in life; therefore, that these friends of the family should so far forget themselves as to testify childish and inordinate rapture at the gauds and decorations surrounding them, proves them to be more than commonly frivolous, more than usually attached to the vanities and toys of life, and shows that Sister Anne has been subjected to the disadvantages of being educated in a complete vortex of folly and worldliness. I will not dwell on the unhappy curiosity of Blue Beard's wife, and its unexpected detection. I will

merely notice a very remarkable fact, which speaks volumes as to Sister Anne's deserved reputation for prudence and principle in the house of her brother-in-law. Blue Beard severely denounces and threatens his wife; but he never alludes to Sister Anne, as having been her probable *confidante* and coadjutor in her presumptuous undertaking: nay, it is very clear that he has not the slightest misgiving on the subject; otherwise he would not permit his sister-in-law to be at large in his castle. Why is this?—is it that Blue Beard is naturally of an unsuspicious temper? Far from it: he is remarkably distrustful; else why leave his young wife avowedly for some weeks, and return the same night?—why prepare the magic key as a test of her truth; which, if used, is to contract a perpetual stain? Blue Beard had been an oppressor of the female race. Where we injure we always dislike. Doubtless, he had a very bad opinion of women in general; but the mild virtues and excellent principles of Sister Anne had become so well known to him during her residence in his house, that he deems it unnecessary to ask the question, whether she had aided her sister in a wrong action; he feels intuitively convinced that her sister would not even have dared to consult her on the subject.

"The unhappy victim of curiosity is told by her tyrannical husband that she has only seven minutes and a half to live. She calls her sister to her. Most weak women—and the wife of Blue Beard was unquestionably a very weak one—would have passed these few remaining minutes in weeping on the bosom of a sister; but she acts differently, she implores Sister Anne to watch from the tower for the means of her deliverance. Is it not evident from this, that she has been accustomed from infancy to rely upon Sister Anne as a protectress in times of danger and difficulty? that she cannot, even in this moment of imminent peril, but cling to the hope that she will still be rescued from impending destruction, by the aid of her fearless and energetic relative? Sister Anne's conduct is like herself: we are told that she *straight* complied. She did not yield to unavailing grief; she did not break forth into passionate reproaches against her brother-in-law; she did not seek him for the purpose of endeavouring to soften his mind by her interposition; she did not, as many very good people are apt to do, express their wonder that one so nearly connected with herself should have been guilty of so grievous an indiscretion; she does nothing, in short, which can abbreviate by a minute the term prescribed for the duration of her sister's life. How excellent a quality is promptness! How admirable in cases of difficulty are those people who *straight* pursue the course which it is most wise for them to take! Arrived at the top of the tower, Sister Anne alternately exercises her eyes in strenuously watching for the approach of the brothers

who would protect and deliver her unhappy sister, and her voice in conveying to the poor trembler, who hovers on the verge of destruction, the result of her anxious scrutiny. And here let me observe, how desirable it is that all women should endeavour to fortify their nerves and spirits by diligent self-training, and careful regulation of the mind. Had Sister Anne been in the habit of giving way to her feelings, her eyes would have been dimmed with tears, her tones would have faltered and become indistinct through apprehension; nay, probably she would have fallen into a deep swoon, and only have recovered to weep over the lifeless body of her murdered sister. She was not, however, a sickly sentimentalist; she was not content to weep over those dangers which it might be in her power to avert; she was not inclined to faint at the contemplation of those wrongs which she might perhaps have the means of redressing: strong in frame, active in mind, she persisted in her vigilant scrutiny, useless and discouraging as it appeared to be. And now came a still heavier trial for the admirable Sister Anne. The time allowed by the ruthless Blue Beard for the remainder of his wife's life had expired: in fierce, inexorable tones he called for his victim; he bitterly chid her delay, he threatened to drag her to her fate! Even a courageous woman in the situation of Sister Anne might then have said, 'I have striven to the utmost to save my sister; my efforts have been ineffectual, no aid approaches, the period allotted to her to prepare for death has elapsed; why, then, should I continue my vain endeavours? why should I infuriate her tyrannical husband against myself? He will discover that I am giving information to my sister, which tends to keep alive the smothered flame of hope in her breast; his vengeance will speedily be transferred to myself, I shall probably be his next victim.' Thus might many a woman of courage have reasoned; but Sister Anne was a woman of principle as well as of courage. While she saw the most remote possibility of saving the life of a fellow-creature, she was willing to risk her own. She continued to watch for deliverance; at length, deliverance came; and in the very moment of impending death, the trembling wife of Blue Beard was snatched from the grasp of her pitiless destroyer by the immediate instrumentality of her brothers, but through the previous untiring, unflinching vigilance and courage of her sister. The palace of Blue Beard now becomes the abode of peace, and we hear that the excellent Sister Anne is presented with a marriage dowry by her grateful relative. Let me here address a word to those romantic young ladies, who, mistaking the 'reverse of wrong for right,' pride themselves on their ability to resist the snares of ambition, but eagerly rush into all the troubles and difficulties of what they denominate 'a love-match.'

"Such damsels, I am aware, will hail in Sister Anne a conge-

nial mind when they read of her firm refusal of the wealthy and munificent Blue Beard; but at the conclusion of the story, a passage occurs which will induce them to alter their opinion.

"'She, the widow of Blue Beard, gave a part of her vast fortune as a marriage dowry to her sister Anne, who soon after became the wife of a young gentleman who had long loved her.' This allusion cannot be mistaken: it is evident that Sister Anne had been for a considerable period fondly attached, nay, perhaps engaged to a faithful admirer, but that prudential motives had prevented her from giving her hand in marriage to him. Superior as she was to all interested feelings, she was yet aware that it is dangerous to seek happiness in the gloomy haunts of poverty; she was aware that, although to the youthful enthusiast

> 'A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
> And water from the spring,'

may seem to afford all that is necessary and delightful in life, yet that advancing years will render the nerves more fastidious, the spirits more irritable, the mind more exacting; that mutual reproaches may then take the place of mutual flatteries, and that the pair who were once unable to part, may lament that they ever met. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly remove these objections. Sister Anne is enabled to bring a competent portion to her lover. It has been needful heretofore to keep him in suspense; it would be needless and cruel now to lengthen his probation. She 'soon after' became his wife; and if he ever thought her too cold, too cautious, surely now he must recant the accusation. The property that would have enabled her to command new proposals, and to enter into new scenes, is not even for a time devoted by her to any such purpose; she bestows it on him, and with it, bestows on him a gift beyond the mines of Potosi, that of her matchless self. How happy must have been the remainder of Sister Anne's life in the love of her chosen husband, and the affection of her rescued sister! Would my young female readers emulate her happiness, then let them emulate her character. Let them strive to copy her prudence, her judgment, her self-possession, and, above all, her freedom from selfishness; let them endeavour to benefit both by precept and example those most nearly connected with them; let them be ever ready to admonish them in the hour of temptation, and to assist them in the time of peril; and thus may they hope to attain, like Sister Anne, the gratitude of their relatives, the applauses of the world, and (best and surest reward of all), the approbation of the 'still small voice' of conscience."

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

No. XII.

THE VALLEY OF HEALTH—REMAINS OF THE GREAT THEATRE OF POLYCLETUS.

SOUTHWARD of Corinth, girt by many a steep,
Where olives wave, and mountain larches weep,
Walls of old shrines, and columns frequent seen,
All bare and grey, o'ertopping groves of green,
Lo! Epidauria spreads her velvet vale,
Sacred to Health, renowned in classic tale:
Here Æsculapius sprang—that sage who drew
A balm from every flower which drinks the dew.
Ay, doubt not; symbols, scattered stones remain;
Rose in this glen the Healer's wondrous fane.*
Weak Age, sick Beauty, Youth with broken powers,
From distant climes, came pilgrims to these bowers,
Fain to escape the grim destroyer, Death;
To pray, to hope the boon of added breath;
For then, as now, man shrank to tread the shore
Where all is peace, and sorrow comes no more;
Where souls shall spring to new immortal birth,
Power, wisdom given, ne'er known on lower earth.
Oh! yes, for here, weak heirs of grief and pain,
We move in darkness, drag a wearying chain;
How frail our bodies! changeful every joy!
An hour may heal us, or an hour destroy.
In health we fear disease may blight our bloom;
We garnish homes, still looking tow'rd the tomb.
He who shall view, with calm unruffled mien,
Life's smiling bowers, and Death's funereal scene,
Resigned to fate, and Heaven's unerring rule,
Is, sure, the noblest sage in Wisdom's school.

How beauteous still this mountain-guarded dell,
Where Æsculapius' shade might love to dwell!
Health's spirit seems to wave in yonder trees,
Gush with the brook, and mount the soft-winged breeze,
Shine in each beam that plays on leaf and flower,
And move in odours round the blossom'd bower.

* The temple dedicated to Æsculapius, the physician, in the valley of Epidauria, about five miles from the ancient city of Epidaurus, was one of the most renowned of antiquity. Few traces of this temple of health now meet the eye of the traveller, but the vale retains, if not all its original, very considerable beauty.

Oh! would for thee, thou loved and gentle one!
Whose days, months, years, in pain drag darkly on,—
Soul of my soul, with each fond hope entwin'd,
Whose body droops—all, save th' unfading mind,—
Would Health for thee might shed his balmy dews,
And through that feeble frame new life diffuse!
Heaven hear in mercy Love's unceasing prayer,
And soothe those pangs which Nature scarce may bear!
Grant to thy fleeting span a few more days,
So thy dear eye may still in fondness gaze
On all thou lov'st, and all who love thee here,
And I may cease this sigh, and check this tear.

Near Epidauria's health-vale, hewn by skill
Of men, long dust, from green Coroni's hill,
There stand theatric ruins; row on row,
The seats descend, till veiled by shrubs below:
Yet crushed the door, and vanished is the stage
By actors trod in Græcia's polished age;
The gorgeous mass lies desolate and bare,
Scourged by the winds of thousand winters there.
We lean along the stones that histories tell,
Dream of the past, and woo warm Fancy's spell.
Here Comedy with laughter shook the soul,
There Tragedy swept by in sable stole;
Mirth's shout rang round; anon pale chilly fear
Seized on all hearts, and fell soft Pity's tear;
Life, bustle, filled the scene—now slowly wave
Time's wizard wand, and all are in their grave!
Earth, heaven, asleep, ye hear no voice, no stir,
The spot itself seems Pleasure's sepulchre!
The sun shines down, the thistle bends its head;
Where princes sat, wild vines their tendrils spread;
Low in the pit the moping owlet sleeps,
Where stood the stage the scaly serpent creeps.
Dark ruin! type of joy that will not stay,
Whose hues must fade, whose hopes must all decay.*

* The ruined Theatre of Polycletus, in Epidauria, affords, with the theatre at Sicyon, the most perfect specimen of buildings of its class in Greece. The remains are situated on the side of a hill, near the village of Coroni. As is the case in most Greek theatres, the ranges of seats are hewn out of the mountain; the proscenium, or stage, extending on a platform in front. These seats, in the Epidaurian theatre, are very perfect, forming fifty-six rows from the bottom of the pit to the summit of the *coilon*: the pit is one hundred and five feet in diameter; the stage, however, has disappeared. Bushes, mountain trees, and ivy, at present envelope nearly the whole mass of this interesting ruin, while it is the resort of serpents and other reptiles.

A TOUR AMONG THE THEATRES.*

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER IV.

Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells.

It was with feelings of no common interest that we set out on that particular part of our tour, which led us to the classical regions of Old Drury. The boyish pleasure that we had experienced here some years back, when the dramatic tree, though not in its best bloom, still shed forth very charming leaves and blossoms, was vividly stamped on our present recollections, and we could almost imagine that one of the old rapture-tingles (if we may be understood in the term) had returned from the grave of boyhood, to stir up the stagnant blood of more sober years, when we set foot under the porch in Brydges-street, and beheld, again, the chaste and elegant statue of the bard "of all age and of all time." *Excipe* 1846, and 1847 *in prospectu*, thought we, as, on a further visit, one cold December night, we read the quotation above alluded to, when we knew, from experience, that there was nothing beyond an ordinary musical entertainment, and inferior ballet, to draw us inward; and when we entered the once fashion-honoured precincts of the dress circle, in a big coat, in a most calm, cool, and matter-of-course manner, to see and hear a new *divertissement* under the denomination of "La Verven," and the latter portion of "Loretta." We were amused in proportion to our expectations; no, hardly —we *did* look for a little fun from Messrs. Wieland and Payne, but, alas, that little was limited enough in all conscience!

We are not scribbling for purposes of censure, therefore the less said the better, where praise is not in accordance with our feelings: *certes*, we are of the public, and the public has a full right to study its own interests, where its finances, as well as gratifications, are concerned. But we do not feel competent, by means of tongue or pen, to work a reform singly; we want a general revolution of elements in the dramatic world, before the fog will disperse, and the prospect of sterling improvements can become clear and distinct to us. But we fear the stage is, after all, too ideal a thing for the tastes of that easy, yet calculating, man whom we take as an embodiment of ourselves. Put him

* Continued from p. 36.

down to a dinner, *c'est une autre chose;* he would act with true judgment as well as energy in this case.

Yes, John; if, as the tip of one of the hairs of your head, we may be allowed the familiarity in addressing the whole individual, we wish to put a question to you: it is this. Suppose, for an instant, you had been in the habit of living, at your club or hotel, on good and wholesome fare, derived solely from your own country, yet generally acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, (in your own private opinion, immeasurably superior) to that which could be provided for you by other nations; you had thrived on this nourishment, but, from want of exercise or other cause, had grown dyspeptic and fanciful. You required, or believed you required, a change of diet; you send for a foreign cook, or despatch your English one to study under Soyer; you are provided with the delicacies of a foreign kitchen—all very good; your appetite is failing, and the new fare may serve to stimulate it. But, John, look at this picture attentively. You are sitting at your accustomed table, lazily agitating knife and fork in a plate of ragoût; the *carte* is teeming with the names of other dishes, but you are content with your selection. You feel you cannot eat—chance leads you to a table where sits a foreigner who *can*. What is the enigma here, for he is but a sallow, spare-looking being compared to you? Why, his dinner is better cooked; he has obtained what you could have had with more penetration and less money. While you have been dining on bad imitations, he has had the best originals; he eats with a relish, and no wonder; for not only does he *gastronomise* under the influence of appetite, but of nationality also. And the head-cooks, and the under-cooks, and the footmen, and the maids, and the scullion, have been all laughing below-stairs at your expense: *voilà!* We do not vouch for what you would do in Europe; but now, what think you we should do under martial law, if so served in India? Why, inflict a good, wholesome chastisement on the whole tribe of servants concerned, from the butler downwards; or if corporal punishment seem too cruel, even though it be followed by pardon and continued support, turn them all adrift on the wide world to starve, without stripes, *utrum horum mavis accipe*, as the Latin Grammar says. Did, then, the British public, in regard to their own interests, instead of sitting quietly down in a theatre, biting the nails of *ennui* and disappointment, rise in a body and give vent to the loud hiss of disgust and condemnation, why—we really crave pardon; by some strange influence we have been conveyed from the dining-room, without having had time to take a respectful leave of those who were with us there! To return: we recommend the invalid, under these circumstances, after inflicting any punishment on the offenders they may appear to him to deserve,

to cry back to his own fare again. The nationality may serve to effect what the plain cooking may fail to do: however, the subject is nearly worn threadbare.

Mr. Balfe's music, in the "Maid of Artois," has long since received the *fiat* of approval from the public, and deservedly; and there is no question but that this gentleman possesses the essential gifts for continuing, what he has become already, a highly popular composer. His peculiar musical genius is of very rare order in this country; and there is a brilliancy and power in his orchestral effects, to obtain which we observe no sacrifice of harmony whatever. "Madame" Bishop appears to have hit the taste of the public more as Isoline than Loretta: she certainly executes most trying passages with great rapidity and skill; but we really protest against the voice, and of a *prima donna* too, being worked, night after night, to the extent that hers has been. The long, dreary desert scene in the "Maid of Artois," in which the marquis and followers set an example of quiet ambulation, calculated to open the eyes of Overland passengers to and from India, to new advantages in the method of easy travelling across the Isthmus: and the "pale and clouded star," Aria in Loretta, are terrible tasks to undertake, with "to be *encored*" *finales* in the foreground. Jules de Montaugon (Mr. Harrison) has hard work, we grant; but why that Dutch appearance in the desert above referred to? We saw Mr. Rafter in this gentleman's part in Mr. Lavenu's opera, and thought he performed his duties with infinite credit. Mr. Burani has a fine, clear voice, and was heard, with good effect, as Philippo. We were rejoiced to see an old familiar face in Miss Poole's Florinda; it seems, now, almost unlawful to hint at the days when she represented, in a style for which we owe her a deep debt of gratitude, that charming "Hop o' my Thumb," in the pantomime. Miss Poole's singing is very sweet and pleasing, and she performs her part with an ease at once lady-like and artistical. Miss Romer, who has been almost lost sight of during the early part of the season, has been called forward, and to great advantage, both as regards acting and singing, for the chief character in the "Bondman;" a work which promises to become popular, so far as the highly talented composer is concerned, though, from a late visit, we confess misgivings as to general success. It is to be hoped that the night-after-night system will not be too cruelly pursued, however successful the opera may prove. This wear and tear of a noble organ must be most destructive in the instances of our leading female vocalists: those who remember to have seen the last-named gifted lady, when immediately following the steps of the lamented Malibran, in La Sonnambula, will be sensible of the high position she should ever have held among the operatic *artistes* of the English

stage. As for the ballets, the "Offspring of Flowers" is a piece of pretty stupidity. Flora Fabbri is a most captivating dancer. Fusco is wonderful, and winning the—but, enough of what never ought to be more than an occasional benefit entertainment at our National Theatre!

Some twenty years ago, or upwards, we have a dim sense of seeing Joseph Grimaldi and real water at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Since then, we had never, to our knowledge, visited the spot: but rumours of the interest of its locality, the beauty of its prospects and scenery, and the spirit, as well as good behaviour and decorum of its people, tempted us to wander thitherward, and we found ourselves accordingly there, one night, watching Shakspeare's First Part of "Henry IV." with more than ordinary attention. This is a dear old—what? why, Stevens calls it a play; Malone, a comedy; and Theobald, we think, correctly, an historical drama. Well, it was capitally put upon the stage, considering the powers of the establishment. We had seen the late Mr. Douton in Falstaff, but could still be highly delighted with Mr. Phelps' representation; his was a plain, sensible, and straightforward way of acting it, without any subterfuge or trick to get out of sundry difficulties in the way, or to call down undue applause; and there was really good rich humour exhibited in this embodiment of "lean Jack." Mr. Creswick's Hotspur was fiery and impetuous, as it should be, and altogether well done; his version of the famous "starling" speech was, whether original or not, extremely judicious. Mr. G. Bennett's King was as good as need be, and that should be no mean praise for a part replete with beautiful lines and sentiments; his turning of the words, "whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March," &c., was particularly correct and natural. Mr. Scharf's Francis was good; also Mr. Younge's Carrier; and we like much Mr. H. Mallon's manner and appearance. Putting the lady last, according to the order of the bills, and for no other reason, we consider Mrs. Brougham's Lady Percy everything that could be desired. A very respectably performed farce followed the drama, and we were induced, some evenings after, to set ourselves again in the same place to witness "Measure for Measure."

Without entering into a minute analysis of this exquisite production, we have to acknowledge the great pleasure derived from Miss Laura Addison's performance of Isabella; nor is it hardly to be esteemed a fault, in this early stage of a renewed era (if it should ever arrive to maturity), for her, as well as most members of the establishment we are speaking of, that there is a somewhat measured, school-savoring way of delivering certain passages and throwing out effects observable. She gave splendidly—

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant;"

and we could almost imagine Lucio's reply,

"That's well said,"

to have come in responsive admiration from the house. The Duke was pleasing and careful; Esculus, a good personation by, evidently, a painstaking and praiseworthy performer; Angelo, worthy of the actor's old post in the National Theatres; Pompey and the Constable, clever and artistical, without buffoonery. Lucio deserves praise for the care given to the part, but should procure the addition of a new coat of refinement to the picture of the fantastic. We think that removing Angelo in the comic portion, and merging the serious parts of Scenes 1 and 2, Act I., is an improvement; but not having John Kemble's version, we are unable to say whether this is a new arrangement, or one effected in his time.

Judging from the respectability and behaviour of the audiences we have met at the Wells, and our experience as to their tastes, we should say that the really enlightened and discerning ones of the "British theatrical public" attended here; and if our praise or assistance could aught avail in forwarding the interests and views of this establishment, they should not be long wanting. As it is, Tippoo Khan being, as Lamartine expresses, "*Atome dans l'immensité*" in this thickly populated country, must be content to continue his tour and look on. Yet can we say to the manager or managers, "Go on, and prosper."

CHAPTER V.

More as regards my Uncle.

"I suppose you would have me speak of your National Theatre, as you call it; and in which I can remember once scenes which merited such an arena for their display. Well, notwithstanding that I acknowledge early misgivings as to the *quantum* of amusement I was to derive from my trip, the continual questioning of, 'Have you seen the new opera? Have you heard the new singer?' goaded me to accompany you on one occasion. As for your play bills, they seem to me too like my Persian friends reduced to paper and print, for confidence; so I have learned to hold them as following the Derveesh's instruction in the Gulistan, namely, to expose virtue in the extended palm, while carrying vice under the arm-pit. *Pas*, very well; what did I see, or hear? Candidly, I can

hardly tell you; but I carry a note-book, nephew, though you may seldom see it, and when you go roaming, I record; yet, mark me, nothing for print. In the sea of literature there are many pearls of advantage, I grant; but if you wish for safety, remain on shore — the shore of quiet obscurity. But I am hungry—the army of hunger is triumphant in the regions of my body*—*baiad khoord*—we must eat."

* * * * *

Whether this prelude was uttered in the open air, or under cover, I cannot precisely remember; but it had birth in a low husky voice over my left shoulder, when I was returning from one of the branches of my tour in the direction of the late national theatres. I need say no more in explanation, as to why I call it a prelude, than by introducing further incidents of the same night. For instance:

"In reviewing the performances at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane," said Tippoo Khan the elder, as we were discussing an un-Eastern-looking lobster salad, at a favourite resort not far from the above-mentioned receptacle for the statue of William Shakspeare, quenching the fire of our thirst with still more un-Oriental draughts of porter, from very English-looking mugs: "in reviewing these performances, I am forced to remember that this is the principal temple of the drama now open in your metropolis, consequently (and I have had experience in youth which bears me out in my present inference), the classical, the elegant, and the beautiful in English dramatic literature—modern as well as past—of new aspirants to Fame, as well as of those who have become cold within her threshold†—must be looked for within these walls."

"But my dear *Amoo*, uncle," said I, "let me beseech of you to consider that—"

"*Khamosh*, be silent," returned my uncle, "and let me say my speech."

I saw how useless it would be attempting to interrupt the elder Tippoo, now that he had fallen into one of his talkative humours, and remained a silent listener to his grave disquisition, which proceeded somewhat as follows, almost as though he had been contemplating a paper for one of the monthlies:

"Here," said he, pulling a play-bill and a note-book out of his pocket—I thought I could distinguish something like a book of the Opera peering from his great coat also—"what have we seen this night? *Chay shuneedem?* What have we heard?—The 'Maid of Artois' and 'Offspring of Flowers,' is it not?—ah, these maids perplex the city. *Shahr-ashub-and*, white, as to

* Literal, and certainly peculiar: "*Lashkar-ee-jouh dur kishwar-ee-budun mustawalee shud.*" Vide *Annari Soheilee*.

† In the Persian, "*bar jae sard shud*," died; literally, "became cold on the spot."

flowers, *Gub bekhar kujast!* Where is the rose without a thorn? I presume these to be the best specimens; the one of the nautch-inventive, and the other of the lyrical drama, in the country; that is, arguing on my former theory of best containing best—the gem of temples containing the gem of the priesthood. With respect to the latter, I have little to say: it may be that I have imbibed a Mahomedan horror at dancing; it may be that I have no wish to see French or Italian legs monopolizing English boards, I know not; the *ballet* shall be your department —I abandon it to you. But as to the former, I have a few remarks to make; indeed, I have to disburthen myself of a load of perplexity which has been accumulating in my mind ever since the curtain drew up to—

'Drink, boys, drink;'

words which, by the way, I seem to have heard in the commencement of some other of your operas before this. Nor am I enough of a musician to argue with you on the beauty of the melodies, and so forth; and as for the singing and acting, why, to tell you plainly, I have been almost prevented judging hereon altogether, from a straining to hear exactly what was said, and note it down. I dislike to buy your pamphlets; for a man who reads his book at the play loses, at least, half the interest of the representation: thus pays for the book extra, and throws away half the value of his entrance money. Besides, why should some thousand copies of your 'Lorettas' be disposed of to the public, when my poor friend, Mahomed Mirza, cannot dispose of more than one copy of his admirably classical and chaste version of the poem of Zuleikka? It is not just, *khilaf-ee-insaf ast*, it is contrary to equity. It is to the lyrical composition, then, that I have turned my whole attention; and here I stand amazed. With abundance of allegory, simile, metaphor, figure, hyperbole, —whatever English terms may come to the aid of expression herein—I am bewildered to connect meanings. I can find a whole figure nowhere: it is like a necklace of diamonds, beads, and pebbles; a form of man, with elephant's trunks for arms, a brace of pelican's beaks for legs, and the head that of a long-haired kitten from Iran! *Ajaib*—wonderful!"

My Persian uncle, indeed, caused me to look at him agape, when he added—

"It strikes me that, even through the partition of years, I hear the words of one Horace, a Latin poet of yours, as most appropriate here:—

'Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinet in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?'"

"Well," thought I, inwardly admitting, at the same time, that there was no reason why things should be so because Fate may have cast our lots for many years in the East Indies, "excepting in the first half-score of lines of the Æneid, or examples in the Syntax, I could scarce repeat so much Latin from memory, to save my life."

"Now, on the subject of imagery," resumed the self-constituted critic, "I am well convinced that the Persians would beat all Europe put together in the quantity and continuity of their metaphors. I, who have been so much of my time with these Asiatics, flatter myself that I understand their style very tolerably; and it is, therefore, with peculiar interest that I endeavour to ascertain and fathom these figurative fancies of poets of other nations. But what is my bewilderment, I repeat, in this case! Again I say, *ajaib*—wonderful; *cheest*—what is it?" My uncle ceased; I felt convinced that, whatever he had said, on starting, against the principle, he had been not only purchasing, but also studying the book of the opera we had seen; probably, before visiting the theatre. However, I said nothing on the subject: we paid our bill, and proceeded homeward. As we neared our quarters, he broke out:—"You want me to see your opera of Loretta—words by the same poet: first clear me up these mysteries; school me to your new fashions; I want meaning, I am not quite a Hindoo, though I have been so long in the East! *Hala hech namedanum*, now I know nothing; *hech namebinum*, I see nothing; *che kunum*? what shall I do?"

* * * * *

My uncle had been my companion in one excursion, to each of the theatres named at the head of the last chapter. A day or two had elapsed since our visit to the Wells; not a word had fallen from his lips regarding the sights witnessed there, with the exception of such exclamations as "Subhan Allah! Bismillah! and Allah Acbar!" which escaped him, involuntarily as it were, during the performance of Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure." From a mode of shutting the eyes, however, which he adopted in making use of these indications of the astonishment or admiration working within him, as also from the low tone of voice in which the expressions were uttered, it was evident, to a close observer, that he was not so much in the scenes passing before his eyes, as secretly kissing the cradle of the poet-child of genius, now as fresh, as blooming, in the lap of immortality, as at the period of his first birth to the world of poesy, upwards of two centuries ago. I was preparing for a new trip: "Let me see," I argued, while casting a hurried glance over sundry attractive bills: "the Princess's looks inviting with that 'brilliant success' announcement; the Adelphi also, with the new charm of the re-appearance of Mrs. Yates, one of our most lady-like actresses of domestic

drama; and, scarce less so than either, the Olympic, with those quaint costumes of the Queen Anne period, and promise of genuine comedy. These three shall, at all events, form the subject of my forthcoming chapter of wanderings; which to begin with, I am somewhat puzzled to decide." Then, addressing myself to my uncle, who was employed upon his after-dinner kalyan:

"*Amoo Sahib*—Sir uncle," said I, for I saw that this reminiscence of eastern customs pleased him, and was much in the habit of using it in conversation with him. "Amoo Sahib—*zarah kan dharkar suno*, lend me your ears."

"Mashallah!" answered my respected relative, starting at the sound of Hindostan, to which he was about as familiar, as the horse to the sound of the ostler's tread; "is that you, *shokh chashm*, impudent-eyed? you are somewhat *gustakh*, presumptuous, to-day, to interrupt me thus unadvisedly; perhaps you would wish to stand in the shade, and keep me in the heat of the sun?"*

"I merely wished to ask a question," returned I, in a very docile tone.

"A question—what question?—*mukarrar kun, baz beran;* say it again."

"I wished to know whether you would accompany me this evening to the Princess's theatre?"

My uncle took the pipe from his mouth: it was a cherry stick, with an amber mouth-piece, and Turkish or Egyptian bowl, which he had purchased at Grand Cairo, and looked fixedly at me:

"Do not," said he, unconsciously uttering an almost literal translation from one of his favourite Persian authors: "do not strike cold iron, or set your foot forward in quest of the unattainable; because, seeking for that which is not within the boundary of possibility, is like forcing a ship along the dry land, and urging a horse upon the sea."

"Oh, very well," returned I, who had regained quite sufficient of my English manners and customs to think that my uncle might have expressed himself better in fewer words; "very well, I shall go alone, then;" and as I was about proceeding in search of my travelling necessaries, he interrupted me:

"*Banisheen, juloos farmaied;* sit down—you have yet half an hour."

"With pleasure," was my reply, as I drew a chair near the fire-place, by the side of which Tippoo Khan the Elder had established himself, (I must premise we are living in dusky lodgings near our club-house;) "the fact is—to speak truly, Sir,

* This expression is taken from an old Persian fable.

I thought your temper was none of the best on this occasion, and judged it admirable too—"

"*Wahi tabahi*, stuff—nonsense; come, come, no more of that; we are Englishmen, after all, remember, and no bigoted Asiatics. Nay, I'll prove my blood to you, by talking of Shakspeare; aye, William Shakspeare, whose works I knew as a boy, and as a young man setting out in life, too, as well as I now know the fables of Pilpay. Aye, at this very moment, through the mist of time, I can recognize those beauties of language and thought as beacons which have kept my eyes fixed towards the poesy of my own land, even amid my profound admiration for Hafiz, Sadi, and the gorgeous Firdonsi. Nephew, you lured me to Sadler's Wells theatre, a small, uninviting place enough to all appearance, I grant; but my memory received a shock there, which has caused a gush of early loves and impulses throughout my bosom; until this has passed off, and, as your poet says, 'leaves not a rack behind,' I must abjure play-going; everything now would sicken me, unless I saw the works of this great genius well and sufficiently represented; at all events, you must allow me a week's thought."

I confess that this discourse puzzled me about as much as had I seen my uncle take off his Persian Saropa (as he called his eastern dressing-gown), and put on an English great coat, when smoking his kalyan.

"*Al hamd ul Illah*, all praise to Providence!" continued he, in a strain of rhapsody, "that such geniuses should be suffered to arise on earth, and link us indissolubly to our natures, that the remembrance of a poet should be the means of making me look with an old eye of delight upon a land which I had thought washed out from my record of affections! Of late years, until this chord was touched, if I dreamed of England, oh *bradar zadar ay mun*, son of my brother, the hand of dejection was ever on the breast of my hope. I dared not anticipate enjoyment in things which make my fellow country-folks happy. I judged all this, beforehand, folly and frivolity; and now, although I henceforth desired the glitter of the theatre as generally displayed to the eye of the spectator, yet, could I ascertain that there were a temple devoted to the pure and ennobling purposes of the drama, I would go, night after night, without intermission, until I became, perhaps, a thorough Englishman again—that is, not in your matter of fact, every-day life, which I abhor; but in visions, in the ideal, in the world of English poesy, which *hakeekatan*, in verity, is a beautiful world indeed!"

I was reserved for more astonishment, by the deliberate and detailed review of our late visit to Sadler's Wells, which now followed:

"You lured me to Sadler's Wells. I cannot say, from my visit to Drury-lane, that I anticipated a night of much enjoyment,

but took my seat by your side in peace. There was a quiet and respectability which pleased me, I admit; and perhaps my food was in course of fair digestion; altogether, matters were favourable for me at the rise of the curtain. I am no judge of your performers individually, so leave the task of selection, for praise or censure, to your discrimination, which appears tolerable in these cases. But something in the *jumlah*, total, charmed me, even in the first Act. How well the Duke speaks! what a noble, good character does he unfold in almost every line he utters! We respect him, from the very outset, as the charitable administrator of justice. And Angelo—what a description of him is Lucio's!—

> 'A man, whose blood
> Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
> The wanton stings and motions of the sense.'

And all in strict accordance with the speaker; for these fantastics have the knack, or talent, of reading character, however deficient they may be in other acquirements. How full of interest is the second Act! How beautiful the pleading of Isabella! What pearls does she shed in her every speech of entreaty and reasoning! Listen, but for a moment, and you shall hear the sound of one of the links of my chain of sweet memory:—

> 'Oh, but man—proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence—like an angry ape—
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
> Would all themselves laugh mortal.'

Is not this true poetry? And look again at the development of the nature of Angelo, as shown to us here. The third Act is memorable from the glorious burst commencing, 'Reason thus with life,' and Claudio's 'Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;' the whole scene between the brother and sister, in which the last passage occurs, being exquisite in the extreme. There is good, broad, honest fun, too, in this Act, in Lucio's discourse with the disguised Duke, as to the qualities of the latter; and Escalus proves himself here, also, one of those agreeable personages whom the poet pourtrays with evident relish as well as power. The fourth Act introduces us to the murderer, Barnardine—a brief, vigorous sketch; for the rest, the amiable Duke bears the weight of interest on his shoulders, and he shines brightly indeed, as a star of compassion, mercy, and equity. Pity that we lose, in your acted play, the charming opening song of

> 'Take, oh, take those lips away,
> That so sweetly were foresworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!'

"And now let us look to the conclusion. The main moral is admirable, and worked out in admirable language:—

'Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.'

The discovery of the identity of the monk is thoroughly dramatic; and the administration of justice and pardon to all parties, brings the play to a most satisfactory conclusion. I can only say that I deeply regretted when it was *tamam shud*, all over; and I have been thinking of it very constantly since."

"To the prejudice of the Maid of Artois?" asked I, laughingly.

"Why," was the serious reply, "we must not criticize the folds of a knot which we are unable to unravel. When I have acquired a knowledge of the true meaning of the style, I will tell you more on the matter. At present, I cannot say that the eyes of my understanding have been dazzled or enlightened by the brilliant jewels which the literary father of the damsel you mention has brought up from the mine of his wisdom."

"Well then, *amoo sahib*," said I, seizing what I considered a desirable opportunity in this break of a long disquisition; "I am glad that my theory with regard to theatres is true, at least, in this instance."

"Theory! what theory? *Bego*, speak, *bazudi har chay tamamtar*, as quickly as possible."

"Why, that the drama may become a fountain at which the people may drink the healthy waters of moral improvement and benefit, as well as the effervescing draught of amusement."

"*Shaiad*, perhaps—*umaid baiad kard*, we must hope; but, remember"—and Tippoo Khan the Elder seemed to drop down from the clouds, as it were, almost below the level of the earth again, when he added, with a look of the most apathetic, not resignation, the word is too good, perhaps indifference—"all is *kismat*, fate; what can we do?" He paused for an instant, then uttered, in the original Persian, the strangely metaphoric idea occurring in the *Annari Soheilee*, which we may translate thus:—

"Every garment which the tailor of the divine will sets upon the form of any one of the servants in the court of worship, whether the collar be adorned with the ball of riches, or whether the skirt be ornamented with the fringe of labour, without doubt, it is true favour and very munificence."

With my late brief experience in theatrical tours, I could almost fancy that my uncle would pass for a type of the British public itself, as regards sympathy on behalf of our ailing drama.

(*To be continued.*)

A MOTHER'S DIRGE,

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

In yonder grave the mortal part
Of my sweet William lies,
His spotless soul is soaring bright
Amid the boundless skies:
Around his great Creator's throne
His cherub wings are spread,
And the lambent flame of endless bliss
Is playing o'er his head.

Oh! fare thee well, my gentle one!
I ne'er shall see thee more,
Till, freed from life's corroding cares,
I quit its troubled shore;
And seek at last, in humble hope,
Those mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

Thou wert as sweet an innocent
As ever saw the light;
Thy laughing eyes were full of joy,
From morning until night.
Thine artless pratle ever came
As sweetly to mine ears,
As o'er the host of heaven floats
The music of the Spheres.

I have nurs'd thee—I have nurs'd thee
From the cradle to the tomb,
And I never saw thy lovely face,
In anger or in gloom!
Still the spirit bright within thee
Thro' every feature play'd,
And gilded e'en the ravages
Thy malady had made.

Sweet sufferer! thine agony
Held fearfully and long,
But the spirit of thy little heart
Unto the last was strong.
The patient sweetness of thine eye,
From which no tears did flow,
Seem'd anxious only still to soothe
Thy parents' bitter woe.

In health thou wert a playful lamb,
All full of artless joy;
Thy life was one continued laugh,
My blooming little boy!
And when grim Death his icy touch
Laid on thy suffering frame,
The cherub soul within thee
Went as sweetly as it came.

Then fare thee well, my darling child!
I ne'er shall see thee more,
Till, freed from life's corroding cares,
I quit its troubled shore;
And seek at last, in humble hope,
Those mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

DEATH AT SEA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SLOWLY we gathered on the deck—what bitter tears we shed,
As we sorrowed for the shipmate who was numbered with the dead;
We could not, like the landsman, o'er his cherished gravestone weep,
No vestige marked his resting-place beneath the briny deep.

When "mourners go about the streets," when funeral banners wave,
When dewy flowers are scattered on the green and quiet grave,
The mind may cling to outward signs—there may not, cannot, be
The sense of total vacancy attending Death at Sea.

No changeful and inviting scenes there cheer the languid view,
No face supplies the well-known one departed from our crew;
We miss him at the night-watch, at the time of social mirth,
And sigh, when on the forecastle we pass his vacant berth.

Yet, from these hours of dreariness may lasting good arise;
We are drawn to one another by more kind and friendly ties.
Often we speak on holy themes, light jesting is suppress'd,
Death still among us seems to stand, a dark and awful guest.

And when the cry of "Land" is heard, when grief and gloom are o'er,
And friends and kindred gladly throng to greet us on the shore,
Let not the sailor's heart forget, 'mid scenes of festal glee,
The time of deep and solemn thought—the time of Death at Sea.

SIR MONK MOYLE.

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER I.

On lovely lips his name is found,
And simple hearts yet hold him dear,
The patriarch of the village round,
The master of the mansion near:
And oft the villager has said,—
"Ah! I remember, when a child,
He placed his hand upon my head,
And blessed me then, and kindly smiled."

To commence in the words of poor Robin: "Gentle reader! give me elbow-room, and let me not be disturbed, who mean to disturb nobody." I come before you, neither at the persuasion of friends, nor the suggestion of vanity; although, unlike the fox in the fable, I can think the grapes very sweet that are out of my reach. My aim is to kill time, who has almost killed me; a fair revenge, if there can be anything fair in revenge. Now, if while killing my own time, I can make a successful hit at my reader's time also, I shall, according to the vulgar adage, "kill two birds with one stone," which is pretty well for an old cockney sportsman.

My own practice is always to know something of a new visitor, before I give him the hand of good fellowship; so I imagine my readers may wish to learn what sort of a person he is that now claims their notice. I am not going to give a round-about story of the birth, parentage, and education of this human machine, called Lumley Shafto. Suffice it to say, of the first I am not ashamed; and of the last, I hope my readers will not be ashamed for me.

I am an old man, and I live in an old mansion, and have very old-fashioned notions upon most subjects. At the top of my house, which is a sort of demi-gothic, I have a study, which I call my *despecula*. My lady readers may not know, unless they are blue-stockings, which I hate like the blue devils, that *despecula* means a watch-tower, or a place from which, anciently, *fish* were watched. "For a man," says a classic writer, "could observe from that elevation what passed under the waters, infinitely better than any one near the surface." Thus I, in my *despecula*, divided from and above, as it were, the world,—and something like Godwin's St. Leon, a broken fragment of my long

since wrecked family ark, have little to do with those passions, of which I see so many the slaves. My delineations, therefore, of men and things, may be trusted as faithful, if not elegant or classical portraitures. Although the groupings are generally my own, yet the characters introduced upon the canvas are, for the most part, transcripts from real life.

And now, gentle reader, having introduced myself to you, allow me next to introduce the old Welsh baronet.

A cold March wind blew cheerlessly around the walls, and rattled the old casements of Madoc Hall, the ancestral seat of the ancient family of Moyle, in the Principality of Wales. But though all without wore the comfortless aspect of weeping skies and sleeping vegetation, within reigned happiness and hilarity; and the strings of the Welsh harp, albeit somewhat fallen into disuse among the gentry of the country, now sounded merrily at intervals, under the hospitable roof of Sir Monk Moyle.

Winter has pleasures of its own peculiar kind, equally attractive, though less imaginative, than those of summer. The household-hearth, drawing the hallowed band of nature's ties closely together, is as sweet and exhilarating a sight as ever garden can furnish, in all the first bloom and odour of its blossoms.

In a large elbow-chair, placed close to the blazing hearth, and under the shadow of the tall projecting mantel, his head covered with his claret-coloured handkerchief with white spots upon it, sate the old baronet, enjoying the elysium of an after-dinner nap; while his two grand-daughters, seated at a small work-table near one of the windows, were discoursing in a sweet under-tone, as they employed their light fingers upon some pretty fanciful embroidery.

Ellen and Fanny Moyle, the orphan daughters of Sir Monk's only son, were counted amongst the first beauties of that remote district where they resided. What beauty they possessed was certainly *their own*. Their *toilette* displayed none of those magical cosmetics, those infallible lotions, that crowd the dressing-table of a London belle. Their lovely shapes owned not the bondage of fashionable stays; and their long redundant tresses displayed not a single ringlet that had belonged to the head of another. Ellen was one of those quiet beauties that strike not the fancy at first sight, but deeply interest the heart upon a closer observation. Her features, of the Madonna cast, were expressive of the tender, rather than the lofty, in character. She had dark-blue, but somewhat deep-set eyes, soft brown hair, parted with beautiful simplicity on her innocent-looking forehead. Her delicate figure was just plump enough to be feminine, without affording scope for those finer and more striking proportions, which a greater degree of fulness imparts.

Fanny, not so tall as her sister, was in figure beautifully symmetrical, though somewhat *embonpoint* for her age. Her face was the breathing picture of a laughing Hebe. Her long jet-black eyes, glittering like gems under their finely arched brows; her plump cheek, so brilliantly rouged by nature, as to make all complexions look dead beside it; her small and lovely-shaped mouth, sentinelled on each side by two deep dimples, and wreathing unconsciously every moment into a thousand coaxing rogueries; together with the richest dark ringlets that ever kissed the white bosom of beauty, rendered the *tout ensemble* of this mountain maid infinitely captivating.

The sound of the great hall-bell suddenly roused the two sisters, and called a slight blush to the cheek of Fanny. "'Tis O'Sullivan," said she, as, wrapt up in his military cloak, the young captain entered the apartment.

"Ha! my pretty pair of notables! how are ye both? quite well, and rosy as Hebes. And how's Sir Monk? ho, ho! snug as may be; got into the 'fool's paradise'—the gouty foot laid up in lavender. Egad! that's a comfortable way of hiding the head with that flag of truce. Now, by St. Patrick! Fanny, if you were to lift that handkerchief, we should find the veiled prophet with his eyes wide open; aye, and his ears too. Yes, yes, he has heard all your love secrets, depend on it."

"Oh, no! that I am sure he has not," said Fanny; "for, in the first place, we have not been talking about love; and grandpapa likes his nap too well to lose it for our chat."

"Well, Ellen, my little demure nun," continued the sprightly captain, "I've written to old Fitz, to get the crazy castle put in trim for your reception, and told him to provide plenty of fire-arms, in case of a sudden attack from the Molly Macguires."

"Oh, dear! I'm sure I'll not go to Ireland," exclaimed Ellen, "if there's any danger to be apprehended. I thought you said that everything was perfectly quiet and tranquil there."

"Yes, yes, so it is: I was only joking."

"To be sure, Ellen," said Fanny; "cousin Harry must have his fun at your expense."

"And yours too, I suspect, Fanny."

"Oh, no! I'm not a bit scared by any of his bugbear tales. I long to visit Ireland, the land of song; and the old castle, and the chamber where the ghost of Kerry O'Sullivan lives."

"Ha! ha! that's capital!" said the captain: "a ghost *live!* why, you simple one, a ghost is but the shadow of the man. However, I see, Fanny, you are the girl for the Emerald Isle; the *bonnet rouge* itself won't scare you, like our faint-hearted Ellen. By my faith, the rose vanished from her cheek at the first mention of the Molly Macguires. Now, what would you say, pretty coz, if some night, when we are all asleep in the

old castle, we should hear the tocsin sound, and see the wild Irishry marching with their pikes in battle array, to the tune of 'Derry down triangle, O.' But come, cheer up, Ellen, aroon! we shan't be having a rebellion yet."

"What's that you say about a rebellion?" exclaimed Sir Monk, lifting the handkerchief from his head. "Ha, Hal! give us your hand, boy! but did I not hear you say something about a rebellion; or was I dreaming?"

"Oh! I was only asking Ellen how she would like to see the *bonnet rouge* hoisted in Ireland."

"Nay, God forbid, Hal, that we should ever see it hoisted again, as I saw it in the memorable ninety-eight. Not but some of Ireland's patriots might be ready enough to play the French game, '*Le Peuple Souverain*,' if our laws were not a little too strong for them."

"And yet," said O'Sullivan, "what would poor Ireland do without them?"

"Do without them! why, what, in the name of common sense, does she do *with* them? But come, Hal! I hate politics; let us drown Dan and discord in a bumper of old port."

"With all my heart," said the captain, lifting the glass to his lips; "here's to '*Erin Mavourneen!*' and may England do her justice, and add to her French motto an Irish one, '*Lamh foisdineach an nachtar*'—'What we gain by conquest, we secure by clemency.'"

"A good motto, Hal! a right good motto! and one to which no one can possibly object. And now for our trip to the Green Isle. Let me see—this is Monday: what say you, girls? can you get caps and bonnets trimmed by Friday?"

"Oh, yes!" cried both; "we shall be quite ready."

"Yes, yes, you little rogues!" said O'Sullivan; "ready enough for mischief. By my faith! Sir Monk, they'll win half the hearts, and bewitch all the eyes, of my countrymen."

"If the dust Dan has kicked up in *Ould* Ireland don't blind them to *English* beauty, and Welsh too," answered the baronet.

"No, no! there's no fear of that! Such a thing was never known, as a son of the Emerald Isle being blind to beauty. The land of Thomas Moore is, like its bard, devoted to bright eyes and lovely shapes. So don't be afraid, Ellen, of King Dan cutting off your pretty head, or shutting you up in the mountains."

"No, Harry! I am not much afraid of that."

"No, no! at the first sound of the tocsin, I'll pop *you* into one pocket, and *Fanny* into the other, and away I'll march to double-quick time: for, depend upon it, when once I've got you both snug in my pockets, I'll not stand to have them picked even by the 'big beggarman,' as the English call Ireland's Cato. Well" (looking at his watch), "I must be off!"

"Nay, nay, Hal!" said Sir Monk; "stay, and take a bed here."

"Can't, thank you. I promised to be with Colonel Meredith, to hunt, to-morrow. Friday, then, we start for Ireland. Good night, Sir Monk! Good night, *ma jeune* Ellen! *ma belle* Fanny!" And away ran the light-hearted young soldier, singing as he went:—

"Good night!—good night! and is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?"

"What a mad-cap he is!" said Ellen Moyle.

"Aye!" said the baronet; "but under his mad cap, he hides a sensible head. He's as fine a fellow as ever wore a red coat, and does honour to the noble name he bears. Heigh-ho! his poor father would have been very proud of him. I only wish he had possession of some of those estates his family were robbed of."

"He cannot bear to talk of them," said Ellen.

"No wonder! it's a sore subject. It would provoke any man to see a stranger enjoying the estates which Hal's ancestors won with their good sword, and should have kept, for their good faith to Ireland. One of the O'Sullivans, who was descended from a collateral branch, I knew well, in my young days; and he felt the injustice inflicted on his family, quite as much as Hal."

"Then he was a relation of my dear mother's," said Ellen.

"Yes," rejoined Sir Monk, "but very distant. I met with him accidentally, when I was in France, and I spent several weeks under the same roof with him. I was with him also when he died: and an instructive and a touching death-bed it was. Some day you shall have the particulars of his history, which I put down at the time, from what I personally knew of him. It will serve to beguile a vacant hour, when we are all together in his own land. But come, Ellen," looking at the time-piece on the mantle, "let us have a dish of tea; and then for my favourite song, '*The Rising of the Sun*,' which always makes my spirits rise, better than a bottle of port."

"Oh, but, Grandpapa," said Fanny, "Mrs. Meredith told us, when she returned from London, that we should practise the French and Italian music, as no fashionable persons ever thought of singing our national airs."

"I'll tell you what, Fanny! If ever you forget the fine old airs of your native land, I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Never mind, Grandpapa," said Fanny, sportively kissing the old man's cheek, "so long as you don't cut me off from your love!"

"Go—get along, you rogue!" cried the delighted parent, patting her blooming face.

"I should like to play you Rossini's '*Di tanti palpiti,*'" rejoined Fanny, archly; "I do think you would admire that."

"*Di tanti* fiddlestick!" cried Sir Monk. "No, no! you and Ellen may play as much sentimental stuff as you please, to amuse your company; but when you wish to amuse *me*, give me one of those old stirring battle-songs, that make me feel young again. You might as well put Llewelyn in petticoats, as expect an old soldier, like me, to listen to an Italian love-ditty."

"But I suppose," said Ellen, with the most unaffected simplicity, "that in following the example of the great, in music and other matters of taste, we cannot get far wrong."

"Oh, indeed, but we can, though! The artificial light in which the *élite* move, blinds them to the beauties of Nature. The whole tutorage of the great, from the cradle to the grave, is to banish her from their splendid saloons, and to anathematize all her warmest and most generous impulses, as the offspring of weakness, or prejudice, or (worse than all, in fashionable eyes) of vulgarity!"

"Then I am sure I should never wish to mix in the world of fashion."

"Be assured, my darling, that if you ever do, you will find it very heartless, and very hollow. As in all things, extremes are undesirable, so a middle station, with a cultivated understanding, is by far the happiest. This reminds me," added Sir Monk, laughing, "of an apt illustration on the other side of the question, and one close at home too. I happened to pass by the dairy the other day, when the under-gardener and Molly, the dairy-maid, were having a little gossip together; and I overheard poor Molly say, with a deep sigh, 'Oh, I wish I was a queen!' 'Why, what would you do, if you was?' inquired Owen. 'Do, Owen!—what would I do? Why, lie a-bed all day, eat goose, and play at cards, to be sure!'"*

"How very ridiculous!" said Ellen.

"Ridiculous enough!" continued the baronet: "but it serves to show what are Molly's notions, in her present state of ignorance and simplicity, of the highest earthly happiness; and at the same time, it indicates, that if she could only step into the possession of rank and fortune, she would be as lazy, and as dissipated, as any duchess in the land?"

And now, while the old footman, Griffith, is busied in closing shutters, and arranging the equipage of the tea-table, we'll just take a walk into the housekeeper's room; the very best place in the world for learning family secrets, and the worst for keeping them.

* This records a literal fact; with this only difference, that the servant girl, who gave utterance to these high aspirations, carried them to a point of still greater absurdity.

CHAPTER II.

"Like some old picture in its frame,
The dignified official dame,
With portly butler at her side,
And lady's maid, in all the pride
Of mincing airs, sips cherry brandy,
Or prime old port, from cupboard handy!"

"THE captain was in a hurry to-night," said Mrs. Lloyd (the housekeeper), as she handed the old butler a glass of choice liqueur, from her private repository.

"Yes," answered Morgan; "he's going a hunting to-morrow, with the colonel."

"Somebody will be sorry for that, I know," cried the young lady's-maid.

"And pray, Mistress Grace, who may *somebody* be?" asked Morgan.

"Oh! that's telling!" said the pretty Abigail, simpering.

"Well, there's no harm in telling the truth. But I can guess," (with a wink of his cunning grey eye;) "Miss Fanny."

"Miss Fanny!" echoed the old housekeeper. "La! Mr. Morgan! how you talk! *I'll* answer for it, Miss Fanny don't want the captain for a sweetheart, not she. With such a fine fortin, she won't be put to her shifts for a husband."

"Put to her shifts!" said Grace. "Oh, la! I'm sure Captain O'Sullivan is one of the finest and most genteelest young gentlemen as can be seen anywhere."

"And so he is, Mistress Grace!" said the butler: "and Miss Fanny would make him a nice wife, and then her share of the property would be kept snug in the family."

"How can that be?" asked the housekeeper, sharply. "The captain's no proper relation of the Moyles."

"I don't know what you call *proper*, Mrs. Lloyd; but of a certain, Miss Fanny's mamma was an O'Sullivan, and own aunt to the captain."

"Own aunt, or own uncle," rejoined the angry dame, "I don't call that keeping the property in the Moyle family; and I hope Miss Fanny will never marry an Irishman, that's all. If you was only to hear old Jones, Mistress Grace; the tales as he tells about them Irish. How they worships stocks and stones; and lives, pigs and all, in one room, up to their knees in filth and dirt; and has nothing to eat but sour milk and potatoes, all the year round."

"Oh, la!" exclaimed Grace; "I'm sure Sir Monk would never think of going to Ireland, if it's so bad as you say. La! he would never take *my* young ladies amongst such savages."

"Why, you see, Mistress Grace," said the butler, "you can't

depend on old Jones, a ignorant, *unedicated* man, as one may say. Now *I*, as have been in Ireland, am like to know some'at about it, seeing I was at some of the first houses there; and for my part, I never saw no such things. We lived on the best of everything. *Such* dinners, and *such* suppers, and *such* merry-makings, to be sure! as we had at my Lord Fingal's, and Sir Randal Macneil's, and old Captain Brabazon's! There was no going sober to bed any night. And the wakes, Lord bless us! *that* was the time for drinking. I remember when Master Boys' butler died; there they all set up in the old hall, howling and drinking whisky; and telling stories of ghosts, and hobgoblins, till they forgot to put up fresh corpse-candles; and old father Barnaby, as was the family confessor, cried out, the evil spirits would torment the body, for want of lights to scare them. Ah, Mistress Grace! it's rare work as can be; that waking the dead! it's for all the world like a wedding."

"I'm sure it's quite shameful, profane-like," cried the housekeeper; "to drink, and make such a racket, about the dead."

"Why, so it would, if they was Christian people, like us, Mistress Lloyd. But you see they means it all well, and for a compliment, to make as much noise as ever they can, about the body of a friend. And some of the best howlers will be as hoarse, next day, as ravens; you can't hear never a word they say. And, yet, for all that, the Irish are the kindest and best-hearted people in the world, and I am mighty fond of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Lloyd, "I should be sorry to lay my bones amongst them. I'm sure, nobody, as wishes our young ladies well, can want them to get Irish husbands. I suppose, Grace, you'll be bringing back some long-legged Irishman for a husband."

"La, Mrs. Lloyd!" answered Grace, with a pretty simper; "how *can* you talk so?"

"Oh, yes! I dare say you will; and Miss Ellen, and Miss Fanny, too. Them Irishers are fine fortin-hunters, we all know that. They'll not be long a finding out that our young ladies has got something better than their pretty faces to recommend them. Well! I do hope Sir Monk wont give a farthing of the Moyle property to any Irish fellow, that's all!"

"Only to Captain O'Sullivan," rejoined Morgan, winking at Grace. "He's a fine spirited young man, and won't disgrace the best Moyle as ever lived at Madoc Hall. So I hopes Miss Fanny won't give him 'No' for his supper, when he pops the question."

"I tell you what, Mr. Morgan!" said the flushed and angry housekeeper, rising with official dignity from her great chair, and gathering up the ample folds of her brown tabby gown, with both hands. "I'll tell you what! if the Captain does pop

the question, as you call it, to Miss Fanny, Sir Monk will pop *him* out of *this* house, as sure as I stand here."

"We shall see!" said the butler, nodding his head; "we shall see!"

"Yes!" retorted the old lady, as she bustled out of the room; "we shall see, as blind Hugh said, that never saw at all. He, he, he!"

"Oh, Mr. Morgan!" cried Grace, showing her white teeth through a wicked smile; "how can you be so cruel to poor Mrs. Lloyd?"

"Ha! ha! poor old soul! I loves to teaze her a little sometimes. She is so hobstinate, you see; and *will* always know better than everybody. But, come now, Mistress Grace, do tell me, now she's gone—do you think Miss Fanny is really in love with the Captain?"

"Oh, la! how can *I* tell?"

"Yes, you can, better than anybody else," said Morgan, drawing his chair close to that of his pretty companion. "I'm sure you can tell me, if you please. Yes; you have talking eyes, as well as handsome ones, pretty Grace!" and here the old man tried to make *his* talk. But, somehow, the effort to speak tender things with his eyes, was attended with certain twitchings and puckerings about those venerable orbs, not so favourable to love, as to mirth; and Mistress Grace laughed outright.

"Oh! you little merry thing! you have some funny thoughts in your head, I see. Well, well! 'laugh, and grow fat,' as the saying goes; and I think pretty Grace shows that."

"Oh, dear! Mr. Morgan, don't pinch me so! you've quite hurt my arm;" cried the little lady of the *toilette*, in return for the old man's tender squeeze.

"Ah, Grace! Grace! If I was but a few years younger, you would not treat me so. I've saved a good round sum though, I can tell you, since I bin in Sir Monk's service."

"I dare say you have, Mister Morgan; and I hope you will leave me something handsome in *your will*." (Here the poor butler groaned audibly.) "Now do, that's a dear good man!—Oh! there's Miss Ellen's bell!" And away tripped Grace, leaving her ancient lover to chew the cud of bitter reflection, and wish he could be ground young again, to please pretty Mistress Grace, whose jaunty, gossiping character delighted old Morgan, almost as much as her beauty. In truth, he dearly loved, as most old servants do, to be at the bottom of all the family secrets, or (as he himself termed it,) "to know how things were going;" and therefore, in addition to the check which his more tender aspirations had just received, he was grievously disappointed, that he had been able to elicit nothing from

Grace, respecting her young mistress and Captain O'Sullivan, not doubting, in his own mind, that there was some love secret between them, and that she "know'd all about it."

That servants frequently know the hearts, as well as the tempers of those they serve, better than the owners themselves, is a truism not to be disputed. And of all servants, perhaps, a lady's-maid may claim the pre-eminence in this respect, particularly as a skilful adept in all the mysteries of the tender passion. Those Floras of the *toilette*, without any obliquity of vision, seem fully entitled to all the praise implied in the following lines, upon a lady who unfortunately squinted :—

"If heathen poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
How much more praise to her is due,
Who looks a hundred ways with two!"

Now, Mistress Grace did not squint; but she made as good a use of *her* two eyes, as some would of a hundred. In the twinkling of an eye she saw everything. A smile, a tear, the faintest blush, she could detect; and draw her string of inferences, *secundum artem*, as quickly as she drew the thread through the eye of her needle. In a word, it was utterly impossible for either man, woman, or child to escape the inquisitorial glances of pretty Mistress Grace.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.—THE BOATMAN IS CALLING.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The boatman is calling away!
I go with the swift-flowing tide;
The boatman is calling away!
I return without *thee* at my side:
Farewell to thee, lovely and kind!
In the night of my spirit so dark,
My thoughts will outspeed the light wind,
That flutters the sails of my bark.
The boatman is calling away!

Farewell! and let memory bring
Sweet thoughts to thy bosom of me,
While, in every sad song that I sing,
I shall fancy an echo from *thee:*
Farewell to thee, *pulse* of my heart!
Oh! this is a moment of pain,
For how can I tell, now we part,
I shall ever behold thee again?
The boatman is calling away!

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;*

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER III.

An apostrophe, and the introduction of a character somewhat, perhaps, from the life.

We have to return to the gentleman wending his way through the streets of the metropolis, in the strange guise which we attempted to describe at the commencement of the last chapter.

Amble had been accustomed to his morning ride in India, when no parade duties thrust him into an established uniform, much in the same costume as that which now so ill became him as a civilized inhabitant of London; and although not well satisfied with his general appearance on the occasion referred to, he did not seem, to himself, the extraordinary being he represented in the estimation of others. It was about eight o'clock; too early by a couple of hours for city men to be moving, and a sort of midnight to the more devoted in the temple of fashion; so that the critics he had to encounter were not much to be feared after all; but it cannot be denied that what one of our few clever farce-writers calls "a more prepossessing exterior" would have been desirable, if for no other purpose than to attract the attention of certain fair forms gliding into newly-opened shop doors, as well as to avert the notice of sundry ill-educated boys more observant of life on the pavements and crossings, than correct in their notions of that which they delight to observe.

It is not to East Indians alone, but to the whole tribe of those under-income-tax fortunes that we address ourselves, as to the inconveniences of this modern Babylon, when we find ourselves but cupbearers here, after a Belshazzarship in a distant village. Home! beautiful in the dream of the air-riding exile; gloomy, indeed, to the waking, walking man. What gold-mohur† visions of beauty and pleasures flit before the enwrapt gaze of the first. What fourpenny-piece, actual, real substances come jostling towards the agitated staring of the last! An ottoman, a hookha, attendants, coffee, carpets, *dolce far niente*, contrasted with a

* Continued from vol. xlviii., p. 442.

† Fifteen rupees, or one pound ten shillings.

three-legged chair, a bad cigar, an old servant of all work, thrice-used tea, a greasy rug, and burdened thought—burdened, being filled with a long column of unpaid bills. But the description, the contrast, might go on for pages, still would all be as a sealed book to the uninitiated. As a hint of our meaning, we will throw out a proviso. Let the man accustomed to Eastern or other foreign luxuries for a course of years, but run for an hour in tight boots to overtake a coach on a frosty morning in London, because he cannot afford a cab, knowing that the dose may have to be repeated; then we will talk to him seriously on the merits of the question, as to one partly fitted to give an opinion.

The name of a street, exhibited in large letters to the notice of the passer-by, caused Amble to halt, and then turn suddenly to the left, when near the Oxford-street Circus. A thought struck him: here resided a retired officer whom he had known formerly in India; the acquaintance had been but slight, and had not been renewed from the first, upwards of six years back, but the recollection of the party in question had always been an agreeable one; there had been something of attraction in the brief conversations held with this man, which Amble had the vanity to believe was reciprocal on his part also; at all events, a call would serve to kill time, and drive away a mass of troublesome ideas collecting too rapidly in the brain of the young East Indian. He remembered the name, the number of the house; and his quondam acquaintance, in giving Amble his card, when expressing his intention of visiting England at the period above-mentioned, had begged of him the favour of a call, in the event of his destinies ever leading him to London.

It was a small, three-storied, six-windowed house, at the door of which our hero knocked. The general appearance was that of dingy brick, with a ground-floor relieved by a colour that once was white, but had fought itself into a reminiscence of origin only, against a most hostile metropolitan smoke and fog. There was a green door, the handle of the knocker upon, and bell at the side of which, presented an encouraging verification of a painful notion that brass can be respected, where more sterling, but less intrusive ore, lies disregarded. A portion of a chimney on one side of the roof was only rendered momentarily uniform to the view of the opposite lodger or passenger, by a sparrow on the other; *au reste*, there were no tiles visible from the street; the curtains of the upper and third-floor windows were lowered entirely; those of the first-floor had been partially raised, and Venetians, such as Shakspeare's Turk, so celebrated by Othello in his final speech, would have had good cause to smite, if only from their melancholy-moving aspect, prevented passing curiosity from the attainment of its end as regards the inmates of the *rez*

de chaussée. A notice of "apartments to let, furnished," here exhibited, would seem to imply that the whole spot was not considered the most desirable to be found for a residence during the town season.

The first appeal not having been responded to, Amble knocked again, and, at the same time, rang the bell with more of impatience than ceremony in the action. A stir was heard in the passage, and a very unclean-looking Abigail made her appearance, rubbing her eyes with her knuckles, after the approved method of dispelling the effects of a protracted slumber. She looked at the intruder through a film of mixed annoyance and astonishment, and was about to put the only question she could conceive applicable to the occasion, namely, "Wish to see the apartments?" when the flannel coat and bare neck came suddenly, like an unexpected obstacle, to turn the stream of her thoughts from the original course into various directions: new emissaries of bakers, butchers, milkmen, and newspaper boys flitted rapidly through her imagination, till, at last, all the scattered currents encountered in the reservoir of one supposition; and she asked, "Got a circular? why don't ye push it under the door?"

Amble had been almost unconsciously waiting for a question before commencing a parley; for absent men (of whom he was one) often commit these acts of careless eccentricity. On hearing the address now made to him, he was at once, however, aroused to a sense of mortified dignity, and gave a pull at the shirt-collars of conscious importance, as he retorted:

"I know nothing about circulars; at least, such ones as you can be acquainted with, my good girl. But tell me—"

"Why, what circulars do you mean then?" interrupted the sleepy serving-woman, half-inclined to get up a conversation.

"Pshaw!" good-naturedly answered Amble; "were I to tell you, I am sure you would not be a bit the wiser. What do you think"—and he dived into a military-official reminiscence as he said this—"what do you think of Circular No. 1715 and G. O.?"

"Oh, ah, that's it!" again interrupted the girl, beginning to find she had fallen into error as to the party spoken to, and imagining that her conversational antagonist was taking advantage of the occurrence to turn her into ridicule; for the only sound which she could associate with the two last letters was the familiar rattle of a link betwixt biped and quadruped; or, in plainer words, the man's address to his horse. "Then, pray, what *do* you want?"

"I wish to be informed whether my friend, Captain Wrayle, lives here."

"There's a gentleman of that name as lives on the first-floor," was the reply; "perhaps you'd better go up, and knock at his door—he never goes out afore eleven. When he gets up, I'm

sure I can't say, for we only dines him, and he breakfasts and teas hisself."

So saying, the obliging creature shut the street-door, and slouched away to have a lazy scour at something—she had not made up her mind exactly what to begin with—but whatever it was, assuredly it would not benefit much by the operation; while our hero ran up stairs.

There is a good, honest, hearty encounter, acknowledged among comrades of a craft, who, having originally met thousands of miles away from their own land, find themselves together, for the first time, as natives of the soil they tread. This is Nature's own work; and we envy not those wanderers who are ignorant of the feeling. Subject to all such impulses as was Amble, it is not surprising that he shook the door of his friend's apartment most lustily, by a lateral rap with his clenched fist: for, in addition to the influence of the sentiment above expressed, there was an unpolished, unceremonious atmosphere about the interior, as well as exterior, of the house in which he found himself, which seemed to speak in the voice of a spirit above worldly formalities:

"Whoever you may be, make as much noise as you please in me—the more the better! I am morbid, but not through riches, or satiety of luxuries. Give me a stir! Make me ring with your clamour! I want a shock—I'm not proud!"

But how strange a voice was heard in reply: so nervous, so indicative of confusion, yet loud and imperative! To the young East Indian's mind, the independence-inviting aspect changed suddenly, and the house seemed transformed to a receptacle of gloom and horror. Nor was it fear of common intrusion, nor a supposition that he was merely a visitor ordinarily unwelcome, that caused him to stagger in his course; but a vague sense of mystery held sway over his every faculty. And it was with very different feelings from those with which he had crossed the threshold at the passage, that he now responded to the sonorous "Come in," which had just rung so strangely on his ears, by turning the handle of the door before which he was standing.

The sight which greeted him, though far from an uncommon one to a town observer of the society see-saw, was for him strange and peculiar. The room was plentifully, but not well supplied with contents; we cannot safely say "furniture," for this was almost wholly comprised in a round-table, three chairs, a rickety square-piano, and a high standing book-case, groaning with volumes of all dimensions and styles of binding. There was a small clock on the mantel-piece, supported by a shell, some coppers, a box of matches, a case of cigars, and strips of letters rolled up for lighting, carefully set in a vase such as juvenile ambition may sigh to win in a sea-side library raffle.

The round table owned a dirty figured cloth, thrown into complete disorder by writing materials scattered heedlessly around it; and the piano-forte threw out an occasional knife and fork, bottle, and wine-glass, as symptoms of its competency for side-board use. Besides the articles described, there was, in one corner of the room, a spear; in another, a matchlock; on one side of the wall, a mandarin's cap; on the other, a Chinese painting; while on the rug, near the fireplace, was a large white Persian cat, sitting placidly before an empty slop-basin, and thereby endeavouring to call its master's attention to the fact (known to its own particular instinct, and ourselves, the recorders), that the customary allotment of milk for the morning had been neglected on this occasion. On one of the chairs sat a man in a dressing-gown, Turkish trowsers, and slippers; his looks were wild and wandering; and notwithstanding his attempts to appear abstracted in the contemplation of some papers on the table before him, Amble could perceive, by the aid of naturally quick ocular and aural powers, that the chair had been just drawn to the spot in which it now was; moreover, that he who occupied it, had just come out of the apartment at the back, and, in so doing, had thrown some heavy substance to the ground, the ringing sound of which told of wood and metal combined.

"I believe I am addressing myself to Captain Stephen Wrayle, late of the same service as my own?" asked Amble.

"The same," replied the party addressed, turning his head hurriedly; "and who, may I ask—"

"One to whom you were most friendly and kind on his first outset in Indian life," quickly interrupted Amble; "we met, you may remember, at—"

"True, true; I know you—sit down; I am happy to renew the acquaintance: though Heaven knows why I am visited at this early hour."

"Should I intrude, a plain assertion to that effect will not only oblige, but be promptly attended to."

"May I beg you will be seated?"

The perspiration was visible on the speaker's brow, as he now turned his full face towards his visitor, who, thinking he could detect a semblance of welcome struggling through the general agonized expression of the whole features, did as he was desired. There was a pause. Hands were shaken, and Wrayle added, with forced gaiety—

"Well; and how has the world used you since we last met? What brings you homeward? and how long a leave of absence have you obtained to remain with us in Old England?"

"Why, it were needless to tell you all my fortunes; let it suffice that I am home on private affairs, and return within the twelvemonth; that is, if—"

"If what?" smilingly asked Wrayle, observing a slight hesitation here; "a marriage, or a fortune? There are such things as heiresses—there are such things as generous old relations—though I cannot say I have found them."

"No, no; not that; but now, believe me, I do not speak from mere curiosity, when I tell you, that, spite of the selfishness of our natures, which alone would warrant no mean pleasure derivable to me from a long account of my own adventures. I prefer hearing your narrative of life first. I fear the world has ill-used you; it may be," and Amble spoke this with that frank, thoughtless generosity of mind, which, while it blindly calculates on the attainment of moral, really knows of none save the merest physical, means, to serve a friend in distress, in his battle with the world—"it may be that I have been sent, in the very time of need, to assist and uphold you!"

"Ha!" returned Wrayle, resuming the wildness of look which had so startled Amble on entering the apartment, "and can you, then, read character?"

"I am really at a loss to know your meaning; with regard to the question, however, I can safely tell you that I have seen all is not right with you, as it should be. I should have quitted you at the first, but from your own expressed wish for me to remain. As I have not gone, however, I ask, as a special favour, that I may be admitted to share in the knowledge of that misfortune or mystery which now appears to have reached its climax."

"You would not care to hear my tale, young man," said Wrayle, calmly, and endeavouring to stifle all signs of emotion; "you would tire long before its conclusion, trust me."

"Indeed, not," replied Amble; "you are mistaken in me, if you think me in the light of a simple listener for politeness' sake; I am in low spirits myself, and can well sympathize with the misfortunes of others."

"On what score has your moodiness arisen? knowing that, I may tell you whether my tale bears any wholesome medicine for your complaint."

"Why, I have few friends; and have just offended, I fear, those who would have wished themselves added to the number."

"Indeed! go on."

"I have committed a flagrant breach of etiquette."

"Besides—"

"Why, I am not aware of more; except, perhaps, that I have seen a very charming person whom it has been my ill-fortune to insult grossly."

"Unintentionally, of course?"

"Unintentionally, I swear."

"I see;" and the speaker seemed to take especial notice of

the personal appearance of his young friend, as he continued: "Some vile formula of this vile world, which you neglected to make your idol?"

"Why, something of the sort, certainly."

"Enough, my story will suit you; we will have coffee and cigars, and you shall be the audience to my stage display. Your hand again; my spirits have risen wonderfully fast, under the influence of your presence."

And, in truth, a great change had operated upon Stephen Wrayle: from the moody, unsettled being he had seemed but a few minutes before, he had suddenly become almost light-hearted and merry. He rang for coffee—made it himself—poured out two cups—lighted a cigar, and handed another one to Amble, who was not long in following his example, though full of cares regarding the tobacco question, in which he had so lately been a participator. After this, settling himself, with a comfortable jerk of the right leg over the left, into a position favourable to narration, he cleared his throat, and related as we gather from Amble's corrected manuscript, given in the succeeding chapter.

Let the reader draw the portrait of a middle-sized man of forty, more inclined to leanness than corpulency; of a high forehead, but thrown a little too backwards to suit the phrenologist, after the fashion of more than one eminent revolutionary head of the Dantin and Robespierre days, as apparent by their likenesses handed down to an inquisitive posterity; tolerably well-shaped head, bald to the centre of the organ of benevolence, and otherwise adorned with thin brown hair, here and there streaked with grey; prominent nose, not unlike the same feature possessed by the revolutionary faces above referred to; thin-lipped, sarcastic mouth, and somewhat delicate chin, though rendered unfeminine in the extreme, by a beard of the Arab-French school, communicating with a long moustache, and whiskers commencing on a line with the mouth. Give this portrait small aristocratic hands and feet, a pair of tolerably broad shoulders, a wide but not full chest, and, altogether, a more than respectable figure; and last, but not least, give it life; and you have before you the story-teller, for whom your attention is required for a short period, before we proceed with our hero's personal adventures. We have made this rapid change to the second person, as a more direct way of claiming the reader's assistance in this portion of our narrative; much on the same principle, that it is a very different thing for a tyro to dance the Polka and Cellarius with a chance partner, to tripping them on the fantastic extremity with a kind sister or instructress, to whose aid he had not only been accustomed, but under its favour has deluded himself into the notion of capability.

(*To be continued.*)

SO 'TIS BEST.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Drearily, wearily, have the hours pass'd,
Brightest and sweetest, since we saw thee last;
Many glad summer suns round us have shone,
We've felt the winter and darkness alone,
Yet have our hearts own'd, 'mid pain and unrest,
So 'tis best!

Vainly and strifefully warring with wrong,
Wish'd we no note back of thy joyous song;
Though the deep yearning might never be crush'd,
Once more to hear the sweet tones that are hush'd,—
In the stern silence our souls have confest,
So 'tis best!

Conning life's lessons of sorrow and change,
As we pass'd on 'mid the cold and the strange,
Feeling how little of love from our track
Here might be spared,—we have ask'd thee not back,—
But said, with a sense of the waste opprest,
So 'tis best!

Sadly, reluctantly yielding for aye,
Dreams that have mock'd us with promise of day,
Visions of which thou once madest a part;
Better, we feel, is the peace where thou art,—
The stone at thy feet, the turf on thy breast,—
So 'tis best!

Proving how vain was the passionate dower
Of thoughts, storm-wreck'd in the strength of their power,
Thoughts that once deem'd thy remembrance to give
In the burning words that through time should live,—
We leave thy beauty and grace to their rest,—
So 'tis best!

Watching in peril the dark wrecks that float
To the graveward shores from life's failing boat,
With the waves below, and the storm around,
And the promise-land of our hopes unfound,—
We hail thee, sweet dove, in thy shelter'd nest,—
So 'tis best!

Drearily, wearily, have the hours pass'd,
Brightest and dearest, since we saw thee last;
Sad have our hearts been, and lonely, since then,—
Thou'lt know their deep love when we meet again!
The love that could say of thy portion blest,
So 'tis best!

THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MARGRACIA LOUDON.

SECOND SERIES.—NO. IV.

ON THE NECESSITY FOR A UNIVERSAL PARLIAMENT AND INTERNATIONAL LAWS, AS INSTRUMENTS OF MORAL TRAINING, OR REAL CIVILIZATION, FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY OF MAN.

We speak of the civilized portion of the world. But until the whole spirit of legislation, education, and public opinion, on all the matters treated of in the last essay, be utterly changed; and above all, until the nations arrogating to themselves the title of civilized, shall have established a Universal Parliament, and made international laws for the peaceful arrangement of all national differences, rendering the recurrence of the first stage of barbarism (warfare) impossible, there will not exist any civilized portion of the world.

Manufactures, arts, and learning, have progressed, and may still progress. But while, despite of their socializing influences, the multitude of minds constituting nations, can be found to uphold each other in openly sanctioning such outrages against every human sympathy and moral instinct, as the permitted murders perpetrated in battle; and while the deliberative councils of nations are found commanding days of thanksgiving, in their churches, for victories which, in obtaining, their armies had done deeds to cause shame and mourning in all who share with them a common nature; and while history, and the arts, as they are still taught, instead of being humanizing studies, thus prolong barbarism, by sowing, during the seed-time of the mind, in the hearts of each generation, innumerable fallacies, the public standard of morals cannot rise to the height necessary to awaken and sustain the conscience, or innate elevating principle, in the fulfilment of its sacred mission, the *real* civilization of mankind.

Every supposed partial interest has been clamoured for in its turn; but *mankind* have never yet been *represented*. As, therefore, there cannot be any right way of doing wrong, while legislators continue to make regulations for securing supposed separate interests to distinct nations and distinct classes, it is impossible that their laws can work well.

A Congress, or Universal Parliament, consisting of representatives of all the nations of the earth, is, then, the only medium through which mankind can be *really* represented, and the only instrument of sufficient power, by the creation of a universal standard of opinion, to pacify and morally civilize the world.

From the central position occupied by such an assembly, its members would look around the great horizon of truth, freed from all the partial distances produced by local prejudices, and discern, at length, that all men are indeed brethren; and that all their real interests are, by the operation of natural laws, over which they have no control, *inseparable.*

Thus seen, questions hitherto the most complicated, would become easy of solution. For the *identity* of human interests, clearly perceived, is the great *secret* of human *happiness.*

The Universal Parliament will, in the first place, constitute a court of reference for all disputed points between nations. Its decisions to have for their guide an international code, founded on the broad principles of *identity* of *interests* and *good-will* to all, necessarily including *equal justice;* and therefore in harmony with the intellectual perceptions, moral sentiments, and human sympathies, which constitute the mind of man, and reveal to him, through the laws of his own nature, the conditions of his own well-being.

This code to be formed by the Universal Parliament, and always open to such modifications by that assembly as shall be called for by circumstances; to the end that no regulations, however useful at the time of their institution, should, when no longer required, prove barriers to the constant march of human progress.

As soon as the Universal Parliament shall have been thus constituted a national court of reference, and shall have proclaimed a code of international laws in this spirit, *war* must be for ever at an end.

For if, after such an advance in the public opinion of the world, any one nation should manifest a disposition to return to barbarism, by refusing the arbitration of the Universal Parliament, the united strength and intelligence of the rest of mankind would find no difficulty in reducing such nation to submission, without having recourse either to the massacre of the inhabitants, or the destruction of the property of the refractory power. The mere knowledge that one people could not resist the united force of a world, would suffice to prevent the attempt being made. As is the case with respect to individuals, who, in the present day, never dream of assembling armed vassals around them to resist the law of the land.

Independently, however, of this ulterior consideration, the public opinion of the representatives of mankind would possess

so irresistible a moral force, that no one nation would be found willing to place herself in the degraded position of a *criminal at the bar of an outraged world.* Let, then, such a tribunal be established, and each local legislature will yield those points which justice demands of all, and the human family will remain at peace.

Here would be a noble practical lesson in moral training, for the young minds of the whole rising generation.

A world simultaneously rejecting the use of brute strength, and bowing down to the moral forces of justice and benevolence.

What youth, with such objects habitually presented to his natural instinctive sentiment of veneration, could grow up without respect for the sacred rights of humanity? What youth, thus accustomed from infancy to respect those rights, and to see them practically respected around him, could arrive at man's estate without his own moral faculties having sympathized with this high standard, and so awakened and enlightened his conscience, as to render him, by inclination, kindly, just, and noble-minded?

Local Parliaments too, in the course of such events, must necessarily become imbued with the high-toned and liberal spirit of the Universal Parliament: and party legislation, and angry contests respecting the supposed conflicting interests of classes, with contemptible intrigues for nominal rank, and individual aggrandizement, would cease to disgrace the councils of nations. While men with the benevolence to will, and the intellect to work out, the well-being of humanity, would rise to a *real* rank, recognised by the moral perceptions of the whole family of man, and soaring far above all which has hitherto been called greatness.

Peace between nations being thus established on principles of humanity, how rapid would be the progress of moral amelioration with regard to crimes of violence by individuals! For it is an awful reflection (and one that should sink deep into the hearts of the ruling and educated classes in every country), that the publicly-permitted crimes of nations, and the publicly-authorized false standards of national morality, have added, and are calculated to add immensely to the amount of crimes of the most desperate and universally condemned character.

An examination of the natural laws which govern mind, leaves no room to doubt the truth of this assertion. Had human life been always held sacred by all who gave whether laws or precepts to their fellow-beings, by all writers of theology, history, or works of imagination; and had the monstrous crime of wholesale murder in the battle-field been confined to savage tribes, and never been madly attempted to be legalized among civilized and Christian men, and given the sounding names of heroism

and patriotism; and had dark superstition and demoniac fanaticism been confined to the worshippers of Juggernaut, and Christian and nominally civilized men never dared to burn, torture, and destroy fellow-beings, and call their atrocious frenzy by the holy name of religion; it is quite certain, according to the natural laws that propel the human will, that the whole train of kindred crimes, such as private assassinations, duels, and suicides, would have been, if not almost unknown, of very much rarer occurrence. Under all their forms, crimes revolting to nature must be rejected in moments of calm reflection, by the human sympathies of all individuals. To give to such crimes a false currency, requires the terrible excitement which reigns among assembled multitudes, when under the dominion of violent animal passions; while it is the imposing influence of example on this gigantic scale, which gives a lasting, and even an hereditary authority to the false standards of opinion thus produced.

In vain each heart in secret murmurs, "It is wrong:" we see the multitude following a beaten path, and, without asking whither it leads, we walk with them.

Christian rulers who suffer the continuance of false standards of opinion, on the subjects of war and religious persecutions, may be said to set up a false God, and command the hearts and judgments of the people to fall down before and worship such. Thus converting into a gloomy and frightful superstition, that beautiful religion of peace, which, by teaching men to love and venerate the God "who is love," and to forgive and bless those who have despitefully treated them, is calculated to become the source of every virtue, domestic and social. Fallacies are the demons that oppose this realization of Christianity: for false ideas of the attributes of God, are the errors of faith which affect practice; while *admiration of goodness is in itself an act of involuntary worship*. And such worship, (by the operation of the natural laws which propel the human will,) spontaneously produces purity of life. Even the infidel, when he approves of virtue, while he thinks he is only admiring an abstraction, is, by an instinctive effort of the natural religious principle, worshipping the *true God*, though to him an "unknown God." "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."* He is the omnipresent principle of benevolence (or God), felt throughout the universe; and in whose presence ye all stand eternally, whether ye are obeying him, or insulting him.

It is thus self-evident to any mind which reads the *revelation* of God's purposes, contained in its own faculties, that the great Creator, in all whose works design is manifest, implanted

* Acts xvii. 23.

the sentiment which venerates perfection, and linked to that sentiment the instinct which urges us to resemble that which we venerate, and addressed the revelation of his own perfections to this sentiment and its accompanying instinct, for the thus clearly defined object, of *generating virtue in us.*

Shall we then defeat these his gracious provisions, by disfiguring the image thus claiming our veneration?—by misrepresenting the attributes thus offered to our imitation? Is not this the idolatry forbidden in the commandment "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me"? For may not that commandment be rendered thus—I have so constituted your minds, that ye desire to imitate that which ye venerate; *therefore* ye shall not venerate anything but *perfection;* because it is my *will* that ye shall "be perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect:" and, being perfect, that ye shall be happy.

The international code will declare, that authority being entrusted by nations to their governments, to enforce obedience to the laws of God, not to set them aside for the "devices of men," no human ruler can make crimes, which are revolting to the moral sentiments implanted by the Creator, innocent, by commanding their commission.

That all men being, by the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, brethren; this relation is not changed by an arm of the sea, a river, a range of mountains, or an imaginary boundary line chancing to sever the various divisions of the earth which they inhabit; or by the national appellations of the inhabitants of such divisions being formed of different letters of the alphabet.

That, therefore, destruction of life, and injuries to person, are equally criminal, to whatever nominal division of the earth's surface the sufferer may belong.

That the members of the Universal Parliament are the trustees to all property appertaining to the whole family of man.

That, as trustees, they prohibit the wanton destruction of any part of this trust property; that is, of any portion of the real riches of the earth; whether harvests, flocks, towns, houses, roads, bridges, ships, cargoes, stores, goods called contraband, or, in short, of anything which might be made to contribute to the comfort, convenience, or sustenance of any human being, at any period of time, or in any part of the world.

That had all the hands which have been wickedly employed in destroying, tearing town, burning, and laying waste property, with the declared intent of "crippling the resources" of men whom other men choose to call "the enemy;" (as if the misuse of words could change the natural relation between man and man.) Had all these hands, since the beginning of the world, up to the present hour, not only refrained from such destruction, but, on the contrary, been employed in creating real wealth; in

sowing and in reaping; in planting and in training; in building and in adorning; in short, in enriching that world which was given to them and to their children for ever; it is evident to the plainest comprehension that, long ere this, the whole human race would have inherited, from their fathers, granaries of plenty, gardens of beauty, and palaces of splendour; with wholesome leisure to study the necessary conditions of their own well-being, and learn, by compliance with these the laws of God, to *diffuse* and to *enjoy happiness*.

That, therefore, a *declaration* of *war* is a *declaration of infidelity;* a declaration that there is no necessary distinction between right and wrong: nothing sacred but the compact between man and man; for what but that compact makes the man of one nation more our brother than all the men of every other nation under heaven?

As trustees to the property of the whole family of man, the members of the Universal Parliament would recommend that local governments should enter into mutual arrangements, securing to the inhabitants of all countries participation in the productions best suited to each clime, and the industries best understood by each people; not only without commercial restrictions, falsely enhancing price with reference to human strength; and thus making two days' labour be required to purchase what might else have been purchased with one day's labour; but with every interchange of facility, to the end that the expenditure of the whole family of man, in time and labour, be as much as possible reduced, and the wealth of the whole family of man in enjoyment of the comforts and conveniences of life, and in leisure for social and intellectual happiness, be as much as possible increased.

As guardians of the well-being of the whole family of man, the Universal Parliament will recommend to each local government such an enlightened system of *direct* taxation, as would do away with much useless expenditure, remove the vexatious hindrances both to production and to consumption, which are inseparable from indirect taxation, and facilitate international communication, for all purposes of social and intellectual intercourse.

Seeing that one of the great objects of human beings in forming themselves into communities or nations, appointing rulers, and paying taxes, is to secure to the weak equal justice or protection of all their rights against the encroachments of the strong; the Universal Parliament will declare that nation without the pale of civilization, in which any individual is obliged to *purchase justice*, by other payments than his stated quota of taxation; and that the payment of such should entitle every subject, not merely to the protection of soldiers and police,

from acts of open violence, but also to the protection of the civil law, from every species of fraud and oppression, and from all inconvenience, expense, and delay, in seeking such protection.

Seeing that the law respecting property, as now administered,* instead of thus defending the rights of the helpless, is become, in consequence of its delays and expenses, but an additional instrument of oppression in the hands of those already powerful from their possession of wealth; and seeing, therefore, that persons of small fortune are obliged to resign their rights, rather than seek legal redress, lest utter ruin should overwhelm them while their suits were pending; and that thus, however righteous his cause, *justice* is too expensive a luxury for the poor man: while the poor man's widow, could she purchase this costly blessing with her all, must wait for it till she sink into her grave;—seeing all this, the members of the Universal Parliament will take the broad principles of justice as their basis, and, throwing aside the whole maze of intricacies, woven in the darkness of the past, form a few intelligible laws for the regulation of all social intercourse. These simple codes, with printed forms for all transactions, to avoid disputes respecting the wording of legal documents, and strict registration to avoid their loss or alteration, they will recommend to the local legislatures of every country. And, further, they recommend gratis courts of reference, in which cases, thus simplified, may, in general, be decided at one hearing, by officers appointed by the state. And, finally, they will recommend that when, notwithstanding the precautions thus pointed out, recourse to a suit at law becomes unavoidable, that the state shall charge itself, in the first instance, with the whole of the expenses. But to the end that this facility may not encourage iniquitous litigation, or prove an unnecessary tax on the public, that the party whose cause shall be found to have been unjust, shall be ultimately obliged to repay the whole of the costs both of prosecution and defence back to the public treasury.

Seeing that the long-received precept in political economy, of letting things "find their own level," contains a false principle; for that things "find their own level" only by *crushing* all that lies in the way, happiness and life itself included; the *Universal* Parliament will declare it to be the duty of rulers to foresee and prepare the road before coming events, and thus prevent the recurrence of those frightful shocks which, (while things are finding "their own level,") cause so much suffering to thousands.

To render this political foresight possible, they will recommend a more perfect system of statistics than has yet been adopted, with a carefully-calculated direction of production, founded on broad averages, it being clear that "*demand*"

* Especially in England.

cannot "produce supply" till *after* want or inconvenience has been felt.

Seeing that mechanical science is clearly destined to be the great emancipator of the human slave of every complexion, the Universal Parliament will recommend to each local government the extension and improvement of machinery; but under arrangements calculated to render machine-power the assistant, not the rival, of manual labour; by limiting the interest of the capitalist in the labour done by machinery, to legal interest for the money invested therein; to the end that each company of labouring men, possessing wooden and iron slaves for their gigantic servants, the whole family of man shall be enabled, with a reduced expenditure of labour and of time, to provide themselves with all the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life; and yet have leisure to cultivate the moral and intelligent portions of their nature, and to derive from the exercise of these their higher faculties and social sympathies, a happiness worthy of the order of being to which they belong. And this without injustice, suffering, or inconvenience to those who, possessing the labour of their fathers, put by in the form whether of land or of money, are now the privileged classes; but, on the contrary, offering to such the sole sufficient guarantee, not only for the continued, but the heightened, enjoyment of every real blessing. For the identity of the interests of each individual, with those of the whole human brotherhood, depends on natural laws which man cannot set aside. Till all the conditions of these laws are complied with, suffering will continue to be the bitter fruit of disobedience.

Seeing the great difficulty of thus providing for the wants, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the masses, and making machine-power thus the assistant of their labour, without some more perfect internal organization of nations than yet exists; the Universal Parliament will recommend the application to the condition of the labouring classes, of some such orderly divisions, and subdivisions, with efficient superintendence, as have hitherto rendered the numbers constituting armies and navies manageable; together with some such economical arrangement, as in the clubs of the rich lessen the expense of luxuries;—and thus provide against the shocking spectacle of individuals, or individual families, pining in misery, and perishing of want, in their isolated helplessness, in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by splendour; or the extraordinary anomaly of a laborious population, on a fruitful soil, causing that soil to produce plentiful harvests, and feeling themselves under a legal necessity to ship those harvests to other countries, and remain themselves in a state approaching to famine.

The members of the Universal Parliament, looking on the

affairs of mankind from their central position, will perceive clearly, that such ills *cannot be unavoidable;* that where industrious men cultivate a productive soil, without acquiring a lawful right to eat of its fruits, there must be some *great mistake* somewhere; and that, in like manner, were there are houses, furniture, and clothing, which are not in use; and capital, machinery, and hands unemployed, which are capable of producing an unlimited addition to such supplies; yet, multitudes of the people who have created, and who are capable of still creating these things, in want of all such comforts; that neither can *such want be an unavoidable evil;* but that this state of things *must have a removable cause,* in still some *great mistake.* The Universal Parliament, therefore, will feel it to be its paramount duty, to bring to the consideration of this great question the *collective wisdom of a world.* Nor would the failure, should such occur, of many efforts to remedy these ills by a better organization of the masses; and superior economical regulations, for ameliorating their physical condition; and so rendering their moral and intellectual improvement possible, discourage the members of the Universal Parliament; for their enlarged views would enable them to perceive, that until one generation shall have been morally trained from infancy, and rationally educated through youth, it must ever be impossible that any measures of amelioration, in which human beings are to be the actors, can be attended with perfect success. But, as they will also perceive, that a more complete organization of the masses, calculated to better their physical condition, and bring every individual within the influence of a certain sphere of public opinion, would greatly facilitate the required moral training and rational education, they will recommend that each local government shall not only organize, but persist in re-constructing such organizations, as often as the imperfectly-trained materials of which their early efforts must consist, shall cause their constructions to fall to pieces; trusting to the gradual improvement of successive generations, for the ultimate completion of their great work.*

* Either there is a remedy for the fearful degree of destitution and misery which exists, or there is no remedy. If there be a remedy, the educated and ruling classes are bound to find and apply that remedy. If there be no remedy, no man in England has a right to eat his dinner with a quiet conscience. The country, under such a supposition, would be virtually in a state of partial famine, when all must yield to necessity, and submit to short allowance. But this is not our position. It is the ignorance of the masses which renders them helpless. The order, sobriety, and prudence attendant on moral training, with intelligence to guide their physical force, and modify their surrounding circumstances, would enable them to work out their own ultimate well-being, requiring only temporary aid, during the season of transition.

It is how to apply this great and permanent remedy, which rulers must discover, or legislation is useless.

We can deceive men into being mischievous. We can compel men to be miserable. But we cannot make them happy, useful, and virtuous, without the concurrence of their own *wills;* which concurrence must be obtained through awakened sympathies, and developed understandings. Therefore, to render good government possible, we must commence by awakening the sympathies, and developing the faculties, not only of every human being who is to govern, but also of every human being who is to be governed.

For even under the favourable supposition of a nation possessing rulers, themselves so virtuous as to desire, above all things, the well-being of the governed, it would still be impossible for the comparative few who constitute the educated classes, to provide effectually for the physical, moral, and rational well-being of helpless, because uneducated, millions. The Universal Parliament, therefore, will declare such responsibility too much for any limited number of men; and that, consequently, every human being must be called, by a moral, useful, and rational education, to perform his share of the universal task. And, further, that a ruling class, who will not support a minister in giving universal education, has no right to hold him responsible for the safety of the State.

The neglect to cultivate the human faculties, in all to whom they have been given, is the real secret of the wretchedness which has hitherto prevailed on earth; the true reason why no nation has ever yet been governed well; why no people have ever yet attained to real civilization, or rational happiness.

It always has been so is the reply.

During the prevalence of ignorance, doubtless, it has been so; but is ignorance necessarily eternal?

And if not, is it reasonable to believe that a being so constituted, as instinctively to desire happiness, will deliberately choose misery, after he has been enabled to distinguish between the sources of happiness and the sources of misery? Or that a being so constituted, as instinctively to desire elevation, should deliberately choose degradation, after he has been made aware in what his true greatness consists?

Has the experiment been tried?

Have a whole people, throughout every class, been morally trained in their infancy, and rationally instructed in their youth, respecting all the conditions of their own well-being?

Till this has been done, we have no right to pronounce human nature incorrigible, or universal happiness unattainable.

Till this has been done, in vain will nations struggle for constitutional governments; for emancipation from special tyrants; and to attain these objects, have recourse to revolt and bloodshed.

The want of the human family is a constitution for the *world.*

A moral revolution: — securing to all emancipation from *ignorance.*

Driving from power every *fallacy.*

And raising, for ever, to the throne of their legitimate supremacy over the propensities, the moral and intellectual faculties of man.—And not of some men; but of all men.

While mistaken worshippers of false glory desired to wield the multitude for evil, governments were consistent in not promoting education; ignorant populations being more easily led forth to rob and to murder each other, and to desolate each other's homes, than could have been men morally trained from infancy, to respect the rights and feelings of their fellow-men, and rationally instructed in youth, in the conditions of their own well-being, and the identity of their real interests with those of the whole family of man.

But when the happiness of the governed shall be the object of governors, they will discover that universal education is indispensable to the attainment of their end.

Ignorance, the monster obstacle to well-being, would not indeed be easily removed in the case of the labouring masses, if to obtain the knowledge which is at once power and happiness, required the expenditure of time and money, at which a comparatively useless education is now given to the sons of the rich.

But when, by the application of the laws of mind to education, by institutions for teaching the rules of infant training to every female, and by the facilities of a system of public instruction, the human sympathies of every human being shall be awakened during infancy, and the indispensable conditions of happiness, as dependent on the natural laws, taught by illustrations, demonstrations, short catechisms, amusing fables, and songs for the people to every child; and that the acquiring of the *instruments* of knowledge, and *signs* of things, reading, writing, and language, shall occupy but a small portion of each day; while without severe study, or prolonged confinement to school-rooms, *real* knowledge in the principles of each trade, art, and science, shall be blended with the cheerful, healthful, active, out-door and in-door employments, and sports of youth; and by a constant appeal to facts, and application of principles to practice, made a portion of children's own experience, the difficulty of awakening feeling hearts, and developing reasoning minds, cognizant of useful facts, in all to whom God has given human faculties, will vanish.

Seeing, then, that religious and moral training from infancy, and rational instruction in youth, are necessary to moral order, physical well-being, and good government; that moral order, physical well-being and good government are indispensable to happiness; and that the well-being of the whole family of man

is at stake, as long as *one* nation remains unenlightened;—the Universal Parliament, as the representative of the human family, will require that each local government shall provide religious and moral training, and rational instruction, in all the conditions of well-being, for their entire population.

Seeing that intolerance respecting religious creeds is the great obstacle to the performance of this first duty on the part of governments, the Universal Parliament will meet this objection, by declaring, that the family of man being the children of one "Father who is in heaven," may, with perfect safety, be *all* taught to love and venerate him, and to love and help one another, and further instructed in the natural laws which he has made the universal conditions of their common well-being. And that the universal principle of all true religion, being ardent love and veneration of the perfect attributes of the one great source and centre of perfection, God; and the practical benefit of thus loving and venerating such perfection, being, that by the construction of the human mind, and the nature of the laws which direct its movements, we are instinctively propelled to assimilate ourselves to that which we thus ardently love and venerate; it is indispensable that the love of God and of our brother, (as the foundation of all religion,) be made the basis of all education. After which, governments may fearlessly leave the rest to the consciences of individuals; permitting all parents and pastors to teach their children and flocks their own peculiar opinions, as long as they bring no "railing accusations" against others. For that when all shall teach *mildly*, what they think true, without condemning fiercely what they think false; falsehood, (according to the natural laws which govern mind,) unfed by the fuel of opposition, will die out; and *truth*, which in its own nature is eternal, will become also universal.

Seeing that some nations are much in advance of others in their educational systems, and that all have need of great improvement, the Universal Parliament, as consisting of representatives of all countries, will appoint an educational committee; the duty of which shall be to compare the principles everywhere inculcated, and the methods everywhere employed, and from all to frame one system of universal education, as perfect as their united wisdom can devise, and recommend such to all local governments.

That it shall be deemed indispensable to the system of public instruction to be adopted by the local governments, that all the schools shall possess gardens, farms, and ranges of workshops; as not only necessary for purposes of moral and industrial training, health, and recreation; and for the economical advantages to be derived from their profitable employment; but as also more important to the acquirement of *real knowledge* than would

be the possession of the Alexandrian library, could all its four hundred thousand volumes be made to arise from their ashes.

That each national system of public instruction shall embrace every branch of human knowledge.*

That the whole series of its schools and colleges shall be open to all classes.†

But that, as, until society shall be better organized than it is at present, many of the industrious classes, for want of leisure, must find it impossible to avail themselves of these opportunities in their full extent; the Educational Committee will bestow especial pains on the early steps of the system: to the end that those who pursue it no further, may, notwithstanding, receive a moral, useful, and rational education.

The Educational Committee will recommend that all persons who are to be about children, shall be specially trained for their important calling, in public institutions established for the purpose.‡

That in all the infant schools, physical education, or the conditions of health, as derived from the natural laws, shall be thoroughly understood and carefully put in practice, and ultimately taught also to the children themselves; together with the higher lesson that the care of health is a religious and moral duty; a sound body, as well as a sound mind, being necessary to the performance of the relative duties of life.

That hand in hand with this physical training, the broad foundation of religious and moral training, by rules derived from the natural laws of mind,§ be firmly laid.

That during this early period of physical and moral training, all checks on innocent gaiety and all needless confinement in-doors be avoided.

That, as much as possible, instruction be conveyed by superintending and directing the play-ground amusements and daily life of the pupils, in such a manner that every childish transaction shall produce an experience in favour of some moral principle, or cause the perception of some natural law.

That all punishments which degrade or provoke to anger, and all excitement of opposition, or of resentful feelings, whether among the pupils or towards the teachers, be avoided.

That the faults of children be always treated as mistakes, occasioned by inexperience.

That an explanation be always given mildly and kindly, showing wherein consisted the mistake.

* See "Essay on Public Instruction," first series. † See the same.
‡ For details, see the same.
§ See first Essay of first series of "The Light of Mental Science applied to Moral Training."

That the encouraging hope be always held out that, after such explanation, the error will not be repeated.

That children be always treated as moral and rational creatures, possessed of a nature, and gifted with faculties, which render them accountable beings.

That the elevating principles of self-respect and desire of approbation be thus early excited.

That all the cheerful, social, gentle feelings, be kept in habitual activity.

That the children be constantly employed in administering to each other's comforts and pleasures; a method which, according to the natural laws which hourly modify mind, cannot fail to produce mutual good-will and bland and placid feelings.*

That to avoid the excitement of rivalry, the source, according to the laws of mind, of innumerable bad feelings, the approbation which the children must be trained to desire, should be always approbation for *positive*, never for *comparative* merit;† for such approbation all the pupils can assist each other to deserve, without fearing injury to their own claims. Thus no child is placed in circumstances to induce regret at the success, the prosperity, or the happiness of a fellow-being.

Seeing, also, that in the schools which receive the children from the infant asylums, studies too severe for the still tender age of the pupils, and confinement to school-rooms, too long continued, are injurious to the health of children; the Educational Committee will recommend that the pupils shall not be made to study, from books, for more than a limited portion of each day, according to age; but in no case for more than one, or, at most, two hours at a time. And that during the intervals of their sedentary studies, their daily exercise shall consist of working in the gardens, farms, and workshops attached to the establishment, according to regulations suited to their age and strength, and under the superintendence of persons capable of teaching them, by entertaining experiments and demonstrative lessons, what are the natural laws, on the observance of which, success, in each operation, depends.

That the pupils shall thus receive, in the gardens, practical lessons in the culture and improvement of fruits, vegetables, flowers, &c.;—on the farms, practical instruction in agriculture, the nature of soils, methods of recovering and improving such; manures, earths, their adaptation to grains and grasses; fattening of cattle, improvement of kinds of stock, prevention and treatment of diseases in cattle; implements of husbandry, construction of farm-houses, &c.; and in the workshops, practical teaching in every trade and manufacture, rendering apprenticeships unne-

* See first Essay on Moral Training. † See the same.

cessary; demonstrating the principles of mechanics by machinery in action; and showing, in a like practical manner, the application of each science to useful purposes.

That thus the pupils may be spared the excessive mental fatigue attendant upon the study of theories and abstract ideas, so often fatal both to mind and body; yet, so far from sacrificing to this precaution the precious years of youth, acquire thus more accurately than they could have done from books, a knowledge of all the laws of nature, which constitute the elements of the sciences. Pupils thus trained will arrive at manhood with active habits, vigorous health, and a store of useful knowledge, which will render them capable of following out any science required in their special calling, or, in other words, of adapting, at any time, the inherent forces of nature to the purposes of daily life, were it but to live, and breathe, and have their being comfortably. For during every moment of our existence we are all, however unconsciously, either obeying or disobeying some natural law; and in consequence of such obedience or disobedience, either succeeding or failing in some effort. Yet the conditions of perfect success are generally quite simple; and if the knowledge of all these conditions had been thus practically acquired in youth, our success through life, in all things dependent on such conditions, would necessarily be uniform.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SONG.—I SIGH FOR THEE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I SIGH for thee, my distant love!
When day folds up her wings of light,
And flowers beneath, and stars above,
Like lover's hopes, are beaming bright;
In waking hours, in dreams by night,
I sigh for thee,
Mavourneen!

I sigh for thee, when music tells
My list'ning ear of joy that 's flown;
When breathing lips, or village bells,
Remind me of thy sweeter tone;
In festive halls, and when alone,
I sigh for thee!
Mavourneen!

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A School Geography. By JAMES CORNWELL, Author of "The Young Composer," Joint Author of "Allen and Cornwell's School Grammar," "Grammar for Beginners," &c.

MR. Cornwell is already favourably known to the public as the author of several useful and successful books for the young; but we shall be greatly mistaken if this do not prove the most successful work which he has yet produced. The plan is altogether new, and it is as happy as it is original. The excellence of the execution corresponds with the merits of the design. Among its characteristic features may be mentioned the distinction which is everywhere broadly marked between physical and political geography,—the number of names of which the etymology is given—the taste and judgment displayed in the arrangement of the author's facts—the length of the exercises—and the plan of giving the pronunciation and accentuation of difficult names at the time of their occurrence. The object of Mr. Cornwell is, by calling into exercise the reasoning faculties of those who use his book, to render geography a philosophical study, instead of a mere list of hard names and numbers. The work, though small in size, is a perfect encyclopædia of useful and interesting knowledge; and he who can treasure up in his memory its contents, will have good claims, though unacquainted with other books, to the character of an intelligent man.

The Royal Shetland Shawl, Lace Collar, Brighton Slipper, and China Purse Receipt-Book.

THIS little fancy book is got up by Messrs. Dicker and Clark, of Crane-court, with surpassing taste as regards its external appearance, while those who ought to be judges assure us that Mrs. Gore, the authoress, has executed her task in a corresponding manner. The great cheapness of the publication, combined with its beauty and utility, ought to ensure it a large sale.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERRAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"No! the Provençal has not conquered; he has passed the frontiers as the trader passes from the Roman States into our kingdom. Let this be all his glory! May destiny have none other in store for him! Let him extol, in the grossness of his mind, the shame of such a victory; the heavens have not granted to him the modesty which is the attribute of even thieves, to enjoy the fruit of infamy in silence. Certainly, if he cannot conquer by treason, he can conquer by no other means. Kingdoms are not easily acquired by stratagem; and the path of treachery is not one of safety, though it is of disgrace. On the road which leads to royal Naples now rises Manfred, armed with the sword of the Emperor Frederic, and preceded by the eagle which, for so many years of victory, has been accustomed to repose in the tent of the vanquished; and surrounded by his faithful nobles who first retrieved the kingdom, inch by inch, and then bestowed it upon him. Battles very different from those of the Provençals are now prepared for Charles: here are no vassals protected by innocence alone; here are no barons with only justice for their safeguard; in truth, if we had no other defence than these we might yield, at once, as conquered; for Charles, as the world knows, in combating innocence alone is invincible. But we have for our defence ten thousand Apulians and Germans, beside all the Saracens of Lucera, vast quantities of arrows, impregnable walls, perilous swamps, inaccessible mountains. But why speak we of swamps, mountains, and bulwarks? Have *we* need of ramparts for armour? Are we so much degenerated from our ancient valour, that our souls require any other defence than our own breasts? Shall French pride exult in the unexpected compliment? Shall Italian courage mourn over the unusual disgrace? We regret that we have contemplated these ignominious fictions. Our fathers fought in the open field, and we too will sally forth to the open plain,

* Continued from page 142.

and make noble amends for the fault of our brothers that have erred. We will make the sweet fruits of Italy bitter to our enemy; the Italian fields, trodden in evil hour, the climate hostile and the air blighting to the lily of France. Here the imperial eagles sprang into life; here they live, and here they shall, for ever, live victorious. Perhaps Charles, the would-be monarch of our realm, will take counsel from fear, and will determine on relinquishing, even without beholding them, these dominions bestowed on him by his Roman Pontiff. It is too late; the Alps are not to be crossed in vain. The son of an unhappy father is he who dared contaminate the imperial garden; a widow ere a bride is the fair one of him who insults the heritage of the descendants of Constantine. From the tops of the mountains we shall look but on the obsequies of the rash men who attempted the audacious enterprise. Let them have sorrow, since they had not wisdom; even the fool becomes wise after the fact; and already our mind, cheered by the favourable auguries, and flattered by the glory of the approaching event, delights to contemplate the future, and to behold you, venerable with your hoary hairs, in your castle halls, honoured by your grandchildren, and pressed to relate the history of the many trophies hanging there; you will look upon them smiling, as conscious of living immortal in the memory of posterity, and thus you will begin your narrative :—'Long, long years ago a race of barbarians came from beyond the Alps to infest our lovely plains —pray, my sons, pray for the repose of their souls, for even they were baptized men. They left to our plains their bodies, to us their weapons, to their children tears, and the grief of not being able to avenge them; yet, happy in this, that, in their deaths, we could not rob them of the glory of perishing under our swords.'"

Such was the speech that Manfred, on his arrival at San Germano, addressed to his troops; and if he had spoken in order to obtain the glory of eloquence, his wish would have been fulfilled, for the auditors applauded him with such clapping of hands and such shouts, that it seemed as if the walls of San Germano would shake and fall down at the noise. But many of those who applauded placed no faith in Manfred's prognostics; and he himself believed in them still less than even the others. In these circumstances he resembled the women who labour the more to repair the bloom of their cheek and the smoothness of their brow, the more that time persists in withering those charms of their fading beauty. However, Manfred's situation was not yet involved in utter ruin; San Germano was, in truth, a very strong position, and he was continually intent upon strengthening it still more. He never spared himself, for night and day he was visiting the sentries, going the rounds, rewarding the vigilant, and gently admonishing the inert. According to the art of war

in those days, the place was impregnable, except by blockade; but against this Manfred had provided; having victualled it with provisions sufficient for two years; and, besides, the enemy could not surround it so completely but that still some communication with the open country remained for him. The Count of Anjou was well aware of these circumstances, and almost despaired; he might attempt to take the place by assault, but the walls appeared to him to be too strong, and too well guarded, to run the risk with any hope of good success; and if, as was probable, he should be repulsed, he would have diminished the ardour of his French troops, accustomed to exult immoderately in prosperity, and to be disheartened beyond occasion in adversity; and he would lose the character of invincible, which was of such assistance to him. He saw that from the diminution of his reputation a series of evils would arise, the least important of which would be the entire renunciation of the enterprise. He did not consider it prudent, neither was it so, to commit so many labours, so many hopes, and long desires and designs, to the uncertain result of a battle, in which his good cavaliers, armed *cap-à-pie* with so much expense, and the experience of the army, would avail him nothing. He knew well that the many Romans who had joined him had not come to assist him, but only to share in the spoils gained by the valour of his own troops; that, at his first disaster, they would go as they had come, spreading everywhere, to excuse their flight, the news of his defeat, exaggerated with false details. On the other hand, inactivity was not less injurious to him than discomfiture; his provisions were decreasing, his military chest was emptied of money, and the Romans, as we said before, came to gain, and not to give. If chance presented him no means of preservation, he deemed himself lost. Nevertheless, his countenance seemed to speak the reverse, and, contrary to his usual habit, he smiled often; and if he saw any leader or soldier desponding, he called him by his name, and said, "Courage! we have passed the bridge, and, with the help of St. Martin, we shall also pass these walls; *care and application overcome ill fortune.*" In this manner he encouraged others, when he himself was almost in despair.

While thus Manfred, in spite of his speech about sallying into the open field, remained within the protection of the fortress, and whilst Charles, since he could not act the lion, was watching his opportunity with the cunning of a fox, an adventure happened in San Germano, which was serious in itself, and still more serious in its consequences. It was thus:—Several of Manfred's principal commanders were walking upon a terrace, and amongst them Count Giordano d'Angalone and the Emir Sidi Jussuff, talking, as soldiers will do, on the affairs of the war, and entering from one particular into another. Count Giordano, in the course

of his conversation, spoke of the present circumstances, and showed, by convincing arguments, that the enemy's army must soon break up: for to advance further into the kingdom with San Germano in their rear, would savour more of madness than intrepidity; and the Count of Anjou was a better general than to commit such an irreparable error; and delay was ruin to him, for he knew, by good authority, that Charles was in extreme want both of provisions and money for his troops; and soldiers do not heed promises; but money is necessary to send them forward, and steel to send them back; and, beyond all people in the world, the old saying is true with them, "where there is not a gain there is a loss;" and, among many other things, he proceeded to say that the King had acted wisely in abandoning Benevento, and hastening with his disposable forces to defend San Germano. To this discourse the Emir replied, that Angalone spoke like what he was; but that, notwithstanding, San Germano was very near not being relieved, through his means; and that, if his advice had been followed, the fortress would have been already taken; and with Charles of Anjou in their front, it would not be difficult to decide upon the result of the war.

D'Angalone, ill-supporting a rebuke in the presence of so many of his companions in arms, replied, that he did not know what the Emir was speaking about, for *he* had never counselled Manfred to any but gallant enterprises; that it would have been treason to have detained the King from succouring San Germano, and that, saving his favour, the Emir was under a mistake. The reader will be pleased to remember that though the expressions, *saving your favour*, and *saving your honour*, qualified, in some measure, the giving the lie; nevertheless, scrupulous men considered themselves equally offended, and proceeded, at once, to a duel. Wherefore, the Emir, feeling himself hurt, exclaimed, "Then you, Count, have committed treason, though I would swear by the soul of my father that you are no traitor. Do you not remember when, for fear of wetting your collar, or of losing your sleep, you wanted to delay the King at Benevento, because the night was rainy?"

All around burst into a derisive laugh; Angalone's face glowed like fire, and he replied to the Emir with some bitterness: the latter, on his side, was not silent, and the strife grew so warm that the Count told him, without any qualification, that he lied in his throat, and he would manifest it by solid proof, that, if madmen were held as saints in *his* country, in the count's they were cudgelled to teach them sense; that to attack a squadron of cavaliers was a different thing from robbing a caravan of merchants; and to lead armies was different from guiding flocks; and he added many other vituperative expressions which the Emir did not at all merit, being a man of great integrity and valour. But anger

weighs neither words nor blows; and when it makes a man's face red with passion, it often needs to make it pale with shame. The Emir felt the lie as painfully as a dagger-thrust in the heart; and writhing his lips with a sarcastic smile, he answered, sneering,

"My lord, the Count is a high man. He measures his faith by the clouds, and learns his duties from the moon. But, indeed, Count, I fear that *that* night the wind blew away your loyalty on the road. But before you risk a battle, you ought to agree with the enemy that he shall not aim either cut or thrust at your body, to do you any harm. As for the *head*, that is not to be taken into account at all. And take care you do not leave your mantle behind you, lest, in returning heated from the field, you should become suddenly chilled." And in this strain he continued. The laughter increased around, and the gibes were infinite. D'Angalone, who was not expert in this war of epigrams, and perceived that for one word he got a hundred, and ill sustaining insult, and seeing and hearing nothing but the rage that transported him, he raised his clenched hand, and struck a violent blow on the Emir's face, that he felt the cartilage of the nose crash under it. Jussuff, though ready to sink from the pain of the blow, was supported by the still more violent pain of his mind, and laid his hand on his scimitar. Giordano grasped his sword; and blood would have been shed if their mutual friends had not interfered and restrained them, solicitous now to prevent the consequences of a contest which they had provoked for their own amusement, by exciting the two men against each other. True, they did not expect that so much mischief would ensue; but they foolishly did not consider that when the passions are excited no one knows how they can be allayed; and since it is not in man's power to moderate them, all his skill consists in not awaking them.

The Emir was carried all bleeding to his quarters; and Villano, the historian, relates, that the Saracens, seeing him so abused, and hearing the cause of it, were so much enraged that they flew to arms and attacked the Christians, who received them with their visors down, and a fierce contest ensued, in which the Saracens were worsted. And the latter were about to proceed to extremities—to set everything on fire, and put all persons to the sword, and let what would be the consequence; but the Emir withheld them, exclaiming that no one should presume to intermeddle in his affairs; that this was a private offence, and was to be privately decided; that eternal disgrace would attach to him if others showed themselves more prompt than he to vindicate his honour. He commanded them to desist: the first man that advanced one step he would smite off his head with his own hand. Whereupon, the Saracens, impressed by the oration, and especially by its conclusion, consented, though reluctantly, to remain quiet.

Next morning, the Emir called his Secretary, delivered to him a letter carefully folded and secured with green silk and wax, and commanded him to carry it to Count Giordano D'Angalone. The Secretary having executed his commission, the Count broke the seal, and read:—

"To the lauded in the faith of Sidi Issa, and the imitator of the precepts of his faith, Giordano D'Angalone, Count, and Captain of the Fourth Company of German Cavaliers. At San Germano, this last day of the Moon of Yemmadi, in the year of the Hegira 643.

"Thou hast cast dust upon me in the sight of our friends; thou hast rendered me powerless to fight against our enemies. Is it any precept or true commandment of thy God, that thou shalt strike the friend who has not offended thee, and whom thyself hast offended the first? Is it beseeming thy valour, and thy fame as a good knight, to do thus to the loyal servants of thy lord? Now I bid thee to know that I challenge thee to come to-morrow, after the ninth hour, to the place where thou didst strike me, in order that we may combat together. Come alone if thou wilt, or with all thy followers, it imports me little; and I will prove to thee with sword and lance that thine act beseems not a gallant noble. If I slay thee, as I hope to do, my sword will again be edged against all; but now, through thine own fault, it is edged only against thee. If thou dost not come, I will never abandon thee, though thou shouldest fly beyond the mountains or beyond the seas. If thou dost not come forth, I will cause thee to be known as a coward throughout all Christendom,—as a dastard before heaven and all honoured knights. Allah, and Mahomet his prophet, grant long life and prosperity to whomsoever shall read this letter quickly; and make the way short and the errand pleasant to whomsoever shall convey it to the before-named Captain Giordano D'Angalone.

"From the servant of Allah, Jussuff, of the tribe of Beni-zeyn, Emir of the Saracens of Apulia."

The Count Giordano read the challenge with much attention, opened a casket, took out some *agostari*, put them into the hand of the Saracen herald, and said, "Take these for my sake." Then added in a lower voice, "Tell thy master that I am ready to comply with all he desires; that to-morrow I shall expect him in courtesy at my table; and, when the meal is ended, we will enter the lists, where Heaven will give the victory to whichsoever shall please it most."

This circumstance could not be kept so secret as to escape the ears of Manfred, who, being greatly displeased at it on account of the times, and wisely wishing to remedy it, did what he never contemplated doing; that is, rendering it still more fatal to himself and his affairs. Much as we have meditated upon it,

we know not how it is, but there certainly does exist a fatality, terrible from the misfortunes which it brings, still more terrible from the mystery in which it is hidden ; it changes the counsel of the wise into folly, leaves to evil its bitter, takes from good its sweets, perverts the heart and mind, turns to injury the love of faithful ones, makes every tangible object a pain to the flesh, and every followed-up design a thorn to the mind ; which weighs like an insupportable burden upon life, depressing it gradually but steadily to the earth.

The Count D'Angalone, in obedience to the royal summons, presented himself before the King, advanced with wavering steps, head depressed, and pallid countenance, certain of having incurred the displeasure of his sovereign. Not receiving any sign, either to stop or to approach nearer, he stood still at a respectful distance, further from his royal master than usual ; and once he ventured to raise his eyes to Manfred. How painful to the heart of right feeling is the anger of one it loves! He had not courage to support Manfred's aspect ; and again the Count cast his eyes upon the ground. The King was seated in all the severity of his justice, regarding the unfortunate Count with a fixed and frowning look. After a silence of a quarter of an hour, during which D'Angalone felt as if all the generations of Adam were standing around him to contemplate his confusion, and during which he gave a thousand maledictions to the hour of his birth, thinking how often it happens in life that we desire death as our *summum bonum*, Manfred's voice addressed him gravely thus :—

"We leave it to yourself, my Lord Count, to determine whether it arises from your King's suspicious temper, or from other causes, that we are now unable to distinguish our friends from our enemies. Whilst a host of barbarians, greedy for our possessions, and intent upon our total destruction, stands in our front, and teaches us watchfulness in concord and unanimity if we desire to be preserved, there is a man among us who dares to vilify with the greatest insults a leader, who is a principal part of our present defence, who is endeared to us from infinite services and his long and proved fidelity; and should he retire from us, or betray us, nothing would remain for you but to recommend your soul to the saints. And the man who has dared to do this, presumes to call the Count di Caserta infamous. I leave you, Count Giordano, to determine whether this man or Caserta deserves the most to be marked with infamy. Measure the crime with the injury resulting from it. Caserta only deprived us of his single person and a troop of vassals ; the other deprives us of every defence, and cuts off the road to victory, and consigns us, our children, and our subjects, captives to the enemy. Nor has this man stopped here ; for,

transgressing with unheard-of presumption, he despises the laws of the realm, he despises the person of a king who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the throne than suffer his regal authority to be insulted in the least point; this man sends cartels, and proposes duels, and prepares his weapons even under our very eyes. This is such an uncommon and such a weighty affair, Count Giordano, that we, as a prudent prince, doubting lest anger might cloud our mind and interfere with our judgment, have desired, previously to pronouncing our sentence, to consult you as to your opinion. Speak!"

"Sire," replied Count Giordano, with slow and interrupted words,—"Sire, I am guilty. Yet I did not send the cartel, I but accepted it; for thus any man must have done who wears the spur and sword of knighthood. Any heavy penalty it may please your Majesty to lay upon me, I shall submit to with a willing, if not a tranquil mind. I only entreat that you will not degrade me so much in your opinion as to compare me to that disgraced Caserta, for that is not deserved, I will not say by *my* actions, but by those of my ancestors, done for the service of your House; nor by the fame unstained for so many years." He was continuing, almost weeping, when Manfred interrupted him with a tone less severe, yet still stern:—

"Count, your submission is pleasing to us; will you refer your quarrel to us?"

"I may not refuse; hoping, confiding, that however your Majesty may please to dispose of me, it will not be contrary to the laws of honour."

"Then deliver your sword into our hand, and repair to the prison of our palace; you are the King's prisoner."

D'Angalone delivered his sword, made his obeisance, and retired.

Manfred, drawing a good augury from the Count's docility, sent immediately for the Emir, desirous that the day should not pass over before peace was restored between them. And considering, like a sagacious man as he was, that the Orientals beyond all other men are impressed by appearances, he called the chief officers of his household, covered the table with papers, posted messengers and couriers in the antechamber, and set forth an imposing show of affairs of state.

Hardly had the Emir set foot in the royal apartment (but not preceded by the usher, for such was the King's order,) when Manfred, dismissing the officials, approached him, and addressed him courteously.

"Welcome, thou blessed of Allah! Baba Jussuff, worthy son of the tribe of Beni-zeyn; the sight of the faithful servant is grateful to his king, as the perfume of the myrrh, as the fecundating rain in the month of blossoms. Come, sit beside me, on

my left hand; the King who bears in his right hand the counsels of the archangel, and on his left those of his friend, and sees the fear of heaven as a sign before his face, that king* *walks in straight paths, in the paths of those whom he hath loaded with benefits;* his steps are directed towards contentedness: blessing shall be in his house, on the second and third generations."

At this point the Emir raised his hand to his bruised visage, and was apparently about to begin *ex abrupto;* but Manfred gave him no time for speaking, and quickly added: "So may the prophet be gracious to thee in all that thy soul loveth. We know already, faithful friend, that thou wouldst explain to us, and for this cause we have called thee: our sleep in the past night was not as heretofore tranquil; nor radiant as in other days did the light beam on us this morning, nor pleasant as usual was the morning melody of the birds of the Lord. Lo, it pleased Him who is omnipotent to grieve his servant, and give him to drink of the *water of affliction.* He is great, his will be done! the star of the Beni-zeyn has ceased to illumine their offspring, the faithful Jussuff was marked with injury on that part where the Creator has imprinted his likeness on the creature—but the crow is black in the face of heaven, the dove is white; nor has the reptile hurt the flesh of the eagle; though he has raised his head under the talons, he has only contaminated the plumage with venom. Allah protects the strength of the lion and the fame of the just, for these are his, and the manifestation of his arm; yet though the injury be nothing, the crime is great: thus from the grain of sand to the mountain, the thought unfulfilled in the secret heart, and the weightiest misdeed, all stand alike in the presence of Allah and of his prophet, and *one day all shall be weighed in the balance,* and every transgression shall pay its penalty according to its degree: thus before vassals receive from the angels *Moukir and Nekir the punishment in the grave,* we, the kings of the earth, are deputed to make them suffer punishment in life; and we intend to punish that which was done against thee, in such a manner that there shall be content."

Manfred would have proceeded, but the Emir, freeing himself from this hurricane of Oriental metaphors, raised his voice, crying: "Son of an imperial race! worthy of an unchaste mother, worthy that his children should beg the bread of infamy from the enemy of his life, worthy of this is he who calls any man to defend him in the cause of honour."

"Is it the mouth of calumny that should vindicate thee? is it the arm of the assassin that shall defend thee? Are we not thy prince, to whom the Prophet has given entire dominion over thy life and thy possessions?"

* The words in Italics, in Manfred's conversation with the Emir, are taken from the Koran.

"But not over my honour."

"Then if we required from thee a sacrifice for the good of our people, and of ourselves, all our benefits and those of our fathers would be of no avail with thee? Is it nothing that we have brought thee from the mountains of Sicily, where thou hadst abode and life in connexion with the beasts of the forest?"

"Why dost thou remind me of what I know, and of what I mislike not to know? I will slay my wives, my children, my horse, my dog, and myself upon their bodies, if thou requirest it."

"We ask not thy blood; on the contrary, we desire thy life and thy fame. Thou shalt behold a man of noble race sue to thee for pardon before an assemblage of knights; thou shalt see his head sprinkled with the dust of thy feet, worn like a crown of glory; thou shalt see him at thy feet as at the throne of the mighty ones: what wouldst thou more? There are limits to vengeance, as thy Koran teaches in the *Sura Aarof; pardon willingly, do good to thy fellow, contend not with the ignorant*—doth not our holy gospel teach the same?"

"My heart is my prophet. The Count has seen my blood; he has *covered me with the dust*, I cannot pardon him. If thou didst will it, I could yield my spirit for seven thousand years to *Eblis*, that he might torment it in his dwelling; I would drag along Gehenna the chain of seventy cubits long, through the sulphur and the flame, for the space of time that Allah condemns the perjurers to punishment; but I cannot pardon the Count, because he has covered me with dust."

"Refer, O Emir, thy quarrel to the King; Manfred entreats thee."

"I have referred it to the edge of my scimitar," (and he drew it flashing from its sheath, and held it forth to Manfred;) "ask the scimitar to yield it to thee: if this answers thee, it is thine."

"But, Jussuff, we command it."

"Thou commandest? well! Let the hand that smote me be presented to me to-morrow in this turban, with a letter between its fingers containing a supplication for pardon; I will send the letter back to thee sealed with my seal; then I will speak myself satisfied, and will relinquish the quarrel."

"This is African ferocity, and our realm must not be contaminated with such barbarism. Come, Jussuff, since thou wilt not remit thy quarrel to us, thou must at least consent to defer it."

"Defer it? knowest thou whether that be written in the book of the All-wise? When the crossbeam begins to fail, thou must change it, or it will fall on thy head and the heads of the family; if thou dost let the blood congeal upon thy wound, death will reap the fruit of thy negligence; sleep over the

offence, and thou deservest that the offence should sleep over thee."

"Go, then, faithful servant! incite Saracens and Christians to mutual slaughter; open the gates with thine own hand, and deliver us up to the enemy. Ere now in this very place an impious Emir slew before the altars the glorious founder St. Bertario; do thou renew the atrocious deed, *I* shall not be the less innocent, nor thou the less vile. Once more, Emir, give up thy quarrel to me; thy king conjures thee."

"I cannot, son of Frederic—I cannot."

Manfred rose impetuously, and taking the Emir by the arm, led him to the balcony, whence from the declivity of Monte Cassino they perceived the ruins of the city of Heraclea, wasted with fire and sword by the fury of the Vandals. Solemn are those relics, and worthy in truth of the giants of Rome, who not only equal, but surpass, with the relics of their grandeur, all that the eager ambition of modern times can erect and call magnificent.

"There," said Manfred, "was once a powerful city; now there is nothing but confused ruins and heaps of stones. Six centuries ago a ferocious horde descended the mountains, met a disunited and jealous people, and overspread our plains. Behold! (he added with a deeper voice, pointing to the ruins,) the history of the deeds of the Vandals is written in pages such as these. Such will San Germano become, and by *thy* fault: but when time shall have obliterated the memory of my kingdom and my reign, a voice will be heard from these ruins, saying, 'Here a valiant prince was betrayed by a faithless servant.'"

"Oh that I could!—I cannot, Manfred, I cannot."

"Then since entreaties make no impression on thee, authority must prevail. My people are my children, and one day I must give account of them to Him who committed them to my rule; in virtue of our royal authority we command thee to defer this quarrel: the command of the King is sacred, be what it may."

"There are some who would deny it, son of Frederic, but of such am not I. Behold," (and thus saying, he dashed his scimitar on the pavement with such force that it broke to pieces,) "Behold, thou hast broken the sword in my hand, thou hast robbed my arm of its strength, thou hast quenched the spirit of life in my heart, thou hast sown therein the seeds of reproach; I am become as one unborn, or as one buried; men shall behold me no more, for the Emirs of the Beni-zeyn were wont to appear resplendent with the rays of fame. Perhaps a day will come when thou wilt invoke my aid, and I will reply to thee, Give me back the arm of which thou didst deprive me!—thou wilt invoke me in the name of honour, and I will say to thee, 'Oh, my lord,

how can I hear thee? thou hast made my heart dull, thou hast closed the ears of my glory." *Praise be to Allah, the sovereign of the world, the sovereign of the day of justice;* blessed be thou in thy thoughts, and in thy deeds; but why hast thou willed that the illustrious race of the Beni-zeyn should end in such debasement? I adore thee with my face in the dust, but why hast thou inspired the thought of my prince to make me feed on defilement? Oh, my years fly, and pass away in sorrow to the grave—another day, and I should have been dead—the black day would have been spared to the eyes of my race. Ah, the soul of my father often said it, that to live too long is the worst of evils." And he departed disconsolate but tearless, filled with such grief as pains the strong-hearted, the sight of which calls forth wonder rather than compassion.

Manfred stood motionless for some time after the Emir had disappeared; then smote his forehead with his hand, and exclaimed, "Thou generous soul, thou spirit worthy of me! Behold, crime has formed a league with valour, and they approach together to ruin my throne. Portents have been seen already in heaven; this is the prodigy on earth. Manfred, be firm! thy hour is at hand."

"The enemy, the enemy has taken the place!" This cry suddenly struck the ears of Manfred, and made him start with terror. Was it a fiction of his agitated soul? No; he heard too plainly, a tumult, a hurrying to and fro, a confused shouting: "The enemy! the enemy has taken the place."

The King's face had been pale when he was thinking of danger; it became crimsoned, now that the danger was imminent. He drew on his hands the gauntlets of steel, fixed the shield to his arm, called an esquire to lace on his *gorget*, then chose a lance; he was already armed in all other points. He rushed from his apartment, crying aloud, "Nobles and captains, come, at least, to die honourably!"

The same tumult and the same cries had reached the ears of the royal Helena, who was lying sick from the overpowering weight of her affliction. The gentle Iole was sitting beside her bed, leaning her forehead on the right shoulder of her mother, whom she often kissed. Manfredino, sitting at the foot, joined, from time to time, his little hands, and prayed Heaven to restore his mother's health.

"Iole, Iole," said Helena, raising her head; "do you hear what I hear? It seems to me a battle-cry. Holy Mary! it comes nearer. Go to the balcony;—look out, and see what has happened."

Iole ran to the balcony. "The enemy," she cried; "oh, Mother! the enemy!"

"The enemy?" exclaimed Helena, springing up in her bed.

"I see four. Three of them seem to be chiefs: one has a black shield, with silver drops; another bears the device of a heart transfixed with darts; the third bears a banner, white, with a red eagle—it is the ensign of the Florentine exiles. What blows they deal! Alas! what blows! they make a thousand soldiers fly before them. What streams of blood bathe the earth."

"Come here; raise me up, so that I may be able to see them."

"There is my father! What a confusion of horses and knights!—the clouds of dust conceal them all—I can see nothing more."

"Let me behold the arm of the King," said Helena, preparing to leave her bed.

"The clouds dissipate. My father has conquered! Oh, how they fly—how he pursues them at full gallop. They are already afar—they have disappeared."

In order that the courteous reader may learn how this circumstance occurred, we must inform him, that without the walls of San Germano, to the left of the Porta Romana (or Roman Gate), between the camp of Charles and the town, but nearer to the latter, lay some wells, to which the Neapolitan and French grooms repaired daily to draw water for the horses, and frequently led the horses themselves thither. Charles might have easily spoiled the wells, but abstained; reflecting that he would subject his own army to privation, rather than the enemy, who were amply provided elsewhere with water; and, besides, he conceived a hope, that from this mingling together of the French and Neapolitans, he might find some opportunity (though he did not yet perceive how) of assaulting the town. The Neapolitan grooms did not come out by the great gate, but by a small side-gate, which is no longer in use, and which the ancients properly called a "postern;" through this they passed quickly; and it was instantly closed after them with strong bars. It would appear to be rashness, rather than valour, to excite a skirmish between the grooms, and whilst the Neapolitans were flying towards the town, to mingle among them, and attempt to enter promiscuously with them. Charles would not order such an attempt, apprehending that every man would refuse it as certain death, and that even though it should be hazarded, it would not succeed. Two French knights, Boccardo and John, one of the Brothers Vandamme, and a Florentine knight, Stoldo Giacoppi de' Rossi, standard-bearer to the Italian Guelphs, with about fifty soldiers, accustomed to the most perilous enterprises, agreed to try the adventure; and on the tenth day of February, early in the morning, they secretly posted themselves in ambush in a trench which, the night before, they had covered with boughs, that sheltered

them like a pent-house, and remained on the watch till the grooms should come to draw water. The case fell out as they expected: about sunrise the Apulians came without the town, and advanced heedlessly towards the wells, and meeting the French grooms, began to insult them with blows and gibes, crying out, in mockery of the Count, "Where is our Charley? Where is Charley?" The French grooms did not stand with their arms across, and a lively skirmish of kicks and cuffs (the combatants being without weapons) ensued. The ambushed party seized their opportunity, and rushed into the midst of the strife, and soon put the Apulians to flight; the persons in the city, seeing the latter returning, opened the postern, that they might find a speedy refuge within the walls; but when becoming aware of the pursuing enemy, they wished to close it again, they had no time to do so, for on they dashed, pell-mell, pursued and pursuers, with the force of a torrent, and rushed through the postern with astonishing rapidity. They let down, however, the portcullis, which, falling with prodigious weight, separated six French cavaliers from their companions, and, probably, put some others to a miserable death by crushing them with its iron spikes. Those who had entered, heedless of this disaster, advanced, fighting their way gallantly. The Apulians fled, impelled both by the arms of the enemy and by their own cowardice, offering the idea of a flock driven by the herdsman to a fresh pasture. As they reached the royal dwelling, Manfred issued forth, accompanied by the bravest nobles of his realm; he commenced a terrible attack, which was not long doubtful, for the fugitives, regaining courage, faced about, and gave the enemy a vigorous repulse. At every moment the crowd increased round the French champions, who now, hopeless of escape, turned their backs to those whom they, at first, had caused to turn theirs, though flight could not save them, and it were better to die with the wounds all in front; but if fear and the possibility of escape did not accord together, we should more frequently witness generous deeds which now are rare.

Charles of Anjou, having been made aware of the occurrence, turned to the knights who were around him, and said briefly to them, "Gentlemen! shall we let our brothers die in the hands our enemies because they were more valiant than we are?" He seized his heavy war-mace, being otherwise already armed, for, according to his constant habit, he never laid aside his armour when on a campaign, and sprang hastily from his tent. As he went forwards, he said, "Oh! glorious St. Martin of Tours, we make a vow to present to thy sanctuary a candlestick of massive gold, if thou wilt save our valiant knights."

It now remained to be seen what the flower of French

chivalry could effect. They had arrived within a bow-shot of the walls, and the Apulians discharged their darts upon them. At the first arrow-flight many cavaliers fell from their saddles; those in the rear, not being able to stop the horses, that galloped madly along, were overthrown by them; thence ensued a sudden disorder, a kind of wavering all along the line. Charles was in front, preceded by two or three lancers. The troops took courage, and spurred after him more boldly than before. Again an arrow-flight, and again disorder. In this manner nothing could be accomplished; the Count was aware of it, and thought of a remedy. He alighted from his horse, took off the saddle, and putting it on his head, continued his advance to the walls; his men imitated his example, and finding themselves thus somewhat better protected, they reached the Porta Romana. Here arose a perfect tempest of stones and sharp-pointed beams, and of all sorts of weapons hurled from the party attacked; and a hideous and incessant clang of arms within the gate and the postern, on the side of the party attacking. Charles, beyond all the rest, dealt the most desperate blows upon the postern; and at every stroke nails, splinters, and clouds of dust sprang from it. As all the assailants could not employ themselves upon the gate, they took the daring resolution of scaling the walls; but not having breadth enough to sustain them, they gravitated downwards by their own weight, and sliding along the wall, left on it the skin of their hands and face; and, after exquisite torture, fell mangled upon the earth. The human form disfigured, the eyes starting from the head, the brains scattered about, the intestines lacerated, the face and members hideous with blood and bruises, was a sight dreadful to behold. Here, one who had reached the top battlements was repulsed by a lance-thrust in the breast, and, vainly struggling with his hands, formed, in falling, a curve in the air; there fell one headlong, transfixed by his own weapons; here another pierced by the spear of an enemy; some killed the comrade on whom they fell, yet by a strange chance escaped themselves unhurt, though stunned. Death reigned in the fulness of his power. Many were the cries, lamentations, and complaints; yet there was not wanting laughter, and joke, and repartee—a horrid spectacle this, and for which, certainly, God had not made his creatures; yet it was a festival to the evil power that excited it. The assailants not only showed no horror at the corpses precipitated from the walls, but while yet scarce dead they seized them by the head and feet, and piled them on other bodies, saying, "This fellow came down in good time, for I wanted another step to mount by;" or, "These are a new kind of stairs for entering a castle;" and while they spoke, a stone or some missile struck themselves, and a comrade mounted on their own bodies, and jested in his turn from his post. Irrational and ferocious

race that dost calumniate the beasts of the forest, enter into the woods and learn charity from the serpent!

The French having learned, by fatal experience, that they could not scale the walls in this manner, were about to retire, when an encouraging cry was raised, "The gate is burst open!" And, in fact, Charles of Anjou, by incessantly battering it with his war-mace, had succeeded in forcing the postern from its hinges, and, followed by his men, had crossed the threshold. At the moment, a hail-storm of quarrels from the cross-bows rained around him without injuring his person—for so it was fated to be; but a dart pierced the visor of the young Joinville, entered his left eye, and pierced his brain. Brave young Joinville! Men knew not which to admire in him the most, the courtesy of his manners or the valour of his arm. He fell, less pained by his early death than by the memory of his aged father, whom he left solitary in the spacious castle of his ancestors. Unfortunate father! Of many sons, there remained to him but this one; in him alone he lived, in him he hoped, in him he promised himself the comfort of his tedious decrepitude (the convenient vestibule of death). The good old man already, in the recess of his heart, had destined for his son's bride the daughter of a neighbouring baron, to whom, as he had learned, the youth had spoken of love, beneath an oak tree; and he desired to see the oak; and he had found there, cut on the bark, the name of the lovers; and taking his dagger, with a hand which years and joy made tremulous, over those names he inscribed his own, as if with a hand raised to bless them. Unfortunate father! Mercenary strangers composed his limbs on the bier; and his castle fell to possessors who proved their kindred with the deceased no better than by excluding more distant relatives from the inheritance. Whether from compassion for the slaughtered youth, or whether from apprehension for their own lives, the French hesitated on the threshold of the perilous postern. Charles turned his head, perceived them disheartened, and exclaimed, "Do you think this is a place that can be passed without paying toll? but the due has been paid, we may advance securely." Merciful heavens! they laughed, and trod gaily over the corpse of their slain brother.

The gate being carried, it now remained to force the portcullis. The slaughter re-commenced: for the Apulians discharged their missiles through the spaces, without intermission; and the French had no cross-bows to return the discharges. They raged around the bars, striking them with such violence that they must have given way but that they were strengthened with brass. The massy bars resisted their fury; and they perceived that their vain attempts were but a hopeless task, and could not succeed without long and infinite labour.

Another circumstance helped to discourage them. The brothers Vandamme, Stoldo dei Rossi, and the scanty remains of their comrades, were flying headlong towards the gate. When they had come within twenty paces, they saw the portcullis down, and recognized their companions; and ashamed of being discovered by them flying, and knowing that every means of escape was cut off, became desperate, and with fierce yells turned and rushed on the pursuers. In vain: Manfred came up like a whirlwind; armed enemies issued from all points, and hurried around them. After some moments of an animal-like combat, in which they fought even with their teeth till they lost their breath, they threw down their arms and demanded quarter. It may be easily supposed that this was a grievous spectacle to those who were without the portcullis. There was one man so blinded with impetuosity that he thrust his hand, armed with an axe, through the bars, thinking that he could reach to strike amid the combat that was waged at more than twenty paces' distance from him. A cleaving stroke from Giordano Lancia lopped off the arm at the juncture of the elbow, and taught him the danger of introducing a limb between the bars of a portcullis. Now the apprehensions of Charles of Anjou were verified: he began to think of retreat. All was lost for *valour*, but *fortune* still remained.

It was evening. Manfred, after receiving as prisoners the brothers Vandamme, and Stoldo, with six survivors of the fifty who had dared the adventure, ordered the portcullis to be raised, in order to make a sally upon the enemy and drive them beyond the walls. Suddenly he heard behind him a continued trampling of persons running, and an incessant cry, "The enemy! the enemy!" He turned round, and saw flying on the tower of the gate *del Rapido* a banner which did not appear to be his. He strained his sight, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and said to the Count Calvagno, who was near him, "So may heaven prosper you, that is not our banner. Look at it, Count, for the sky is somewhat dark, and we cannot see it well."

"Oh, Sire," replied Calvagno, "you are not mistaken; the banner is blue, but it bears the Lilies of France."

"How can that be? Are not the Saracens on guard there?" And spurring his horse sharply, he galloped towards the place.

While Manfred rides forward to learn what had happened, we will relate it. Guido de Monfort, the most scientific master of the art of war in the French army, who, from being always beside the Count of Anjou, was a confidant in his most secret designs, seeing the progress of the enterprise, from which he had dissuaded his master, was considering from its commencement how he could conduct it so as to be least fatal to the French; therefore, taking with him some companies of Bur-

gundians, at the period when the battle was raging at the gate, he passed round San Germano, forded the river Rapido, and presented himself unobserved before the gate of that name. He advanced, but heard no sound; he looked up at the battlements—no sentinel; he looked at the tower—no guard. He wondered; and proceeded cautiously, fearing an ambuscade. He reached the walls, but saw no one. The scaling-ladders were set up, and the Burgundians began to ascend; no one opposed them; they reached the battlements, these were deserted. "Heaven has blinded them!" exclaimed Monfort devoutly. "Heaven has blinded them!" repeated the soldiers, and they advanced. Monfort manned the walls, placed some of his bravest men on the tower, and planted his banner; he descended, opened the gate, and despatched a messenger to the Count of Anjou, requesting him to repair thither, for the town was taken.

The news reached Charles at the moment that he was about to issue the fatal command to retreat. He recovered his failing courage; and as it was St. Martin's day, he signed the cross, and exclaimed, "Oh, glorious saint, I will consecrate two candlesticks of gold, of twenty pounds each, to thy church at Tours!" His men resumed their spirits; and Charles, giving orders that they should make a show of persevering at that point, hastened to the spot where fortune had declared for him.

Manfred, as he was proceeding hither, learned how a report having been spread among the Saracens of his refusal to their Emir to grant him the lists against D'Angalone, they had therefore abandoned their posts and retired to their quarters, to weep over Jussuff as over one buried; and how the enemy, taking advantage of the circumstance, had scaled the walls and made themselves masters of them. He was disturbed, but not cast down at this; and, hastening to act, he repaired to the Saracen quarters, and called aloud, "Jussuff!—Jussuff!"

"What does the Prince require with the beast that speaketh?" replied the Emir, appearing on the terrace, with his face disfigured.

"Have I not foretold it to thee? The enemy is within the walls: sally out to the rescue!"

"How can I, since I have no sword?"

"I will give thee mine."

"And strength of arm? who will give me that?"

"The battle."

"And heart?"

"I will tear it from thy bosom if once I reach thee," cried Manfred; "oh, thou accursed in the soul of thy father, in the holiness of thy faith!" And, without further delay, he wheeled round, eager for the combat.

And now the battle raged in various quarters, with various

fortune; the darkness of the night rendered it the more hideous. Though the French had taken the place by stratagem, they now showed themselves worthy of having gained it by valour; when repulsed, they were not discouraged. Amid showers of arrows from above, from the flanks, from the front, they returned to the assault with marvellous intrepidity. This was no regularly-disposed battle, but an infinity of private and independent conflicts fought amid streets and squares. The head of every street presented a new point of defence for the Neapolitans, and every house became a post. The war-cries of both parties sounded loudly through the darkened air:— "*Monjoie! Monjoie! France and St. Martin for ever!*" "*Swabia! Swabia! Manfred and the Imperial Eagle for ever!*" The hearts of the men, already grown so ferocious, now burned with fury; and without distinguishing friend from foe, they cut at all within their reach. To the terrible darkness now succeeded a still more terrible light; flames burst forth; it appeared a scene worthy to be contemplated by demons. Weapons, men, animals, confusedly mingled; the faces of the dying seeming still more piteous in the sinister glare, and that of the slayer still more menacing; arms, with shining blades suspended as it were in the void, glanced through the obscurity, waved, and disappeared; faces of the fallen, which sometimes were hidden in the darkness, sometimes appeared through the reflection of the flame, and each time showed some new image of death; suppliant gestures cut short by ferocious blows, and those again revenged by still more savage homicides; blood cried for blood; frequently he who slew in front was himself slain from behind; and the affrighted and furious horses caused no less panic and mischief than their riders, (all things are perverted in the school of man); they rushed through the battle neighing, and seemed with dilated nostrils to scent the odour of the slaughter; they tore with their teeth, they kicked and trampled, and their legs were clotted to the knee with blood. The conflagration prevailed in all its ruinous might; for war pursues its studies by no other lamp.

It may be supposed that if the Apulians had not been somewhat dismayed by the sudden seizure of the town, and by the fear that the Saracens would turn their arms against Manfred, they would have been victorious; but disheartened in the very point on which they required most firmness, and combated with stupendous valour by the French, continually recruited by fresh troops, they began to give way, and remained steady only at the spot where Manfred fought; and even there at length assaulted from the nearest places, now mastered by the enemy, they turned their backs, shouting, "Save himself who can!"

And now began a hideous carnage. The enemies' swords

plunged with brutal ardour into the bodies of any who resisted, and mangled the falling; neither age nor tender sex excited pity. We dare not attempt to relate the atrocities committed that night by the French soldiery; the most part of history is made up of similar facts. Suffice it to say, that, between those killed by the sword and those who perished in the flames, the number of the slain that night amounted to upwards of ten thousand.

Manfred, who was entangled and hurried away in the flight of his troops, perceiving that the voice of terror was become more powerful than his own voice among them, desirous of dying with all his wounds in front, turned his horse for a last effort. He would have found the death he sought; for distinguished as he was by the silver eagle on his crest, he would have been a mark for all the hostile swords, but that a fresh body of men, whom he had never seen before, appearing on the street that led to the Gate of Abruzzo, surrounded him, crying, "*Swabia! Swabia!*" A gigantic cavalier, whose crest was a wolf, spurred his horse straight up to him through the press, and, bending to the saddle-bow, said to him in haste, "Sire, the place is taken, the Provençal has conquered. If we could have joined you before, we might have given you the victory; now, all we can do is to save you. You do not know us, but we are your friends."

"My hour, then, is not yet," thought Manfred to himself. Then he replied to the cavalier: "Many thanks, good knight; since you are come we accept you; at Benevento we may yet give a check to the fortunes of Charles."

"And vanquish them, if it please heaven," replied the unknown. Then raising his voice, which rang clear above all the uproar around, he ordered his followers to close, to put their lances in rest, and move forwards. This battalion of iron advanced, overthrowing all that opposed them; slowly, slowly, like a heavy war chariot, they approached the Gate of Abruzzo, then known by the name of the Gate of St. John.

"My children! the Queen!" cried Manfred, suddenly; and without saying a word to the cavalier who was riding beside him, he galloped back along the street through which he had just passed.

"His children!" a voice was heard to say from the midst of the squadron; "let us save them."

The cavalier who appeared to be the captain, ordered his band to follow Manfred, and defend him to the last drop of their blood. As they passed back again they saw horrible acts, and deserving of a signal revenge; but, called to a more important charge, they left them unpunished.

We must now return to Queen Helena and her children.

Corrado di Pierlione Benincasa, who had the charge of the palace of San Germano, perceiving that the defence of the town was hopeless, surprised at not seeing Manfred coming to the succour of his family, and fearing, therefore, that he had been slain, assembled in haste whatever cavaliers remained at the palace, and addressed them :—

"Good knights, whoever amongst you would desire to purchase life with disgrace, let him depart immediately, and fly to the shelter his conscience may sanction; but he who prefers remaining faithful to his king, let him know that nothing is left for him now but an honourable death."

They all replied that they would be faithful to Manfred, and despise death, fearing nothing but disgrace. Corrado exclaimed with emotion, "May heaven, to whom generous deeds are acceptable, protect your virtue and fidelity!" Then reinforcing the guard at the doors, he placed his men in array, and committed himself entirely to the will of Providence. Having done all required from a sagacious captain, he repaired to the Queen. While ascending the stairs the faithful servant tottered and wept, and clasping his hands, from time to time, murmured, "Oh, house of Manfred! how low art thou fallen!" To the servants and the maidens who met him, and anxiously inquired, "What news?" he replied, "Commend yourselves to heaven!" and passed on.

When he reached the Queen's chamber he stopped, brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, and tapped gently at the door; it was opened by Gismonda. He entered with a show of firmness, but when he saw the family of his sovereign, he could no longer restrain himself, but burst into tears, and knelt down beside the bed where the Queen was lying.

"What is the matter, Chancellor?" inquired the royal Helena.

"Madam, the place is taken."

"Taken! and Manfred?" Corrado made no reply. "Holy Virgin! is he dead?"

"Dead!" cried Iole and Manfredino, with one breath.

"I know not, Madam, whether he be dead or living; but death is *our* portion, as he does not succour us."

"He must have abandoned the ten to save the hundred. Is there no way of escape, Chancellor?"

"None. What shall we do, therefore?"

"Gismonda!" (the Queen called with a loud voice,) "bring me my regal mantle and my crown."

They were brought: she adorned her head and her person, rose from her bed, and seated herself with dignity in a chair, placing her children on each side of her; then she spoke to Corrado, thus :—

"See, Chancellor, we know what remains for us to do,—to die

as a queen; were we a knight we would have asked no one what we should do."

"Royal Lady, speak not thus; I have arranged for me and mine according to the laws of honour. I only came to seek you, to learn if you knew of any secret outlet by which you could escape, and to bid you and your children fly from the fury of the enemy whilst I and my comrades defended the gate of the palace."

"We know not any means of escape; and if we did, it should suffice for all or for none."

"Generous Queen! Farewell, thou beloved mistress; rest assured that the French shall never see you but by passing over my body. Permit me to kiss your royal hand for the last time, and grant me your pardon if I have ever in aught displeased your Majesty; for the rest, remember me in your prayers."

He clasped Manfredino round the neck, kissed his forehead, and placing him on his mother's lap, prayed with devout fervour: "O heaven! grant that thy servant may be enabled to save this innocent child. Hark! hark! the assault is begun, I must go. Swabia! Cavaliers, for Swabia!" He ran towards the door, where, turning once more to the Queen, he reiterated the prayer, "Recommend me to heaven in your orisons."

The assault lasted for upwards of an hour; but though the Apulian nobles stood at their posts with admirable constancy, it was evident that they could not hold out much longer; when suddenly the attacks of the enemy became less frequent, then ceased entirely; they were soon heard precipitately retreating; and, after a few minutes, the Apulians heard, with incredible joy, echoing around them, "Manfred for ever!"

"Open for the King!" shouted a hundred voices; and the defenders, recognizing the Silver Eagle, unbarred the gate. Manfred entered, accompanied by a few cavaliers; the remainder halted before the gate. He advanced with a beating heart; traversed the court, reached the stair-case—it was dark; at the first slep his foot struck against a body; there was a profound sigh, and a low wailing voice that said, "Who tramples me?" Torches were brought, and Manfred recognized in the dying man his faithful Benincasa; having been mortally wounded by an arrow in the breast, the faithful noble had dragged himself thither to die in peace.

"Corrado, dost thou know me?" asked Manfred, sorrowfully.

"Ah, do I not know you?" replied the dying soldier, raising his closed eyelids; "you lose a loyal—and I—die content at having saved your family."

"No, thou shalt see, Corrado," interrupted Manfred, and bent over the prostrate form. He had sighed his last breath; a tear fell from the King's eyes upon the corpse, then he turned away,

bursting into convulsive sobs. When the Count of Anjou made himself master of San Germano, the brutal populace, to please their new lord, put a halter round the neck of the loyal Beninccasa, and dragged the body ignominiously through the streets of the city. Such are the rewards that mankind usually bestow on unfortunate virtue! Time, however, which does justice to all, has now decided which was the disgraced one, Corrado Beninccasa, or the Count of Anjou, who, witnessing such an atrocity and having power to prevent it, did not exert that power. I verily believe that the Angel of Retribution recorded that fact; and that, from *that* hour, Charles of Anjou had rendered himself deserving of the divine wrath which he reaped so painfully afterwards in the Sicilian Vespers.

The family of King Manfred heard hasty footsteps approaching them. They heard the bars being removed; Manfredino hid himself behind his mother; Gismonda uttered a scream; the Queen rose, and Iole approached to support her.

"It needs not," said the royal Helena, moving from her daughter's arm, and assuming a proud air of dignity.

The barricades gave way with a crash—"Blessed Virgin! Manfred!" The King uttered not a word; he hastened to the Queen, took his sword between his teeth, and clasping his wife with his right arm, and his son with his left, carried them from the apartment.

A cavalier of a graceful figure, clad in armour from head to foot, approached Iole, and offered his hand. The modest maiden blushed, and refused it; the cavalier came nearer, and whispered a word to her. What can he have said to her? Was it a magic word? I know not; but, forgetting her maiden reserve, she clings to him with delight; he raises her with an arm round her waist, and carries her after Manfred. Whatever might be Iole's emotion at this moment, it could not make her amiable heart forget the courtesy for which she was remarkable beyond all the ladies of Italy. Before she had crossed the threshold of the chamber, she turned her head, and asked, "Where is Gismonda?"

"I am here," replied the lady, who, conducted by another cavalier, was walking near her; "I am beside you, my beloved Princess." Iole smiled, and appeared satisfied.

While descending the stairs, the cavalier, who wore the crest of the wolf, perceiving that the King was embarrassed in carrying his wife and his son, addressed him: "Sire, you cannot hold out thus."

"And what can I do?"

"Give me your son?"

"My son! Do you ask for my son? If I give him to you, will you restore him safe and well to my paternal arms?"

"I hope so; at least, he shall not die before me."

"Take him, then;" and he gave him the child. The stout cavalier raised him with his right hand, and as the boy, in quitting his father, uttered a lamentation, he reproached him, saying, "The sons of kings do not cry." Manfredino was silent at once, and the cavalier placed him on his left arm, bidding him hold fast round his neck, and he covered him with his shield in such a manner that he could receive no hurt. "Now," added he, "you may sleep, for you are safe;" and he hurried down the stairs, whence the body of poor Benincasa had been removed, that it should not shock the eyes of the royal family of Naples.

They issued from the gate; the enemies had dispersed. From afar they heard a clashing of swords, and confused cries of "*Swabia!*" "*Monjoie!*" They were astonished; they could not imagine what it might be: they seized the opportunity, mounted their horses, took the ladies behind them, and spurred towards the Gate of St. John. Without meeting any remarkable adventure they reached the walls, passed them, and gained the open country, often crying with cheerful accents, "The King is safe!"

Manfred, reviewing in his mind the occurrences of the memorable night, said, with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and agitation, "Even misfortune is a benefit; had I not known misfortune, I should not have known the faithful friends that surround me."

Shall we turn to contemplate the conquered city for the last time? A few hours of conflagration destroys works which had cost whole years of laborious industry. The palace of the proud, the hut of the poor, fall in one common destruction; the citizens, whether partisans of Charles or of Manfred, if rich, were plundered, and their houses sacked; the timid were outraged, and the resisting slain; and yet the Count of Anjou told every one who would believe him, that he came to break the yoke of Swabian oppression from off the neck of the Apulians, and called himself a Liberator. Sacred persons and things met with no respect. Priests, venerable for their years and their sanctity, were massacred by an audacious soldiery; the votive gifts the devout faithful hung to the shrines, if of gold or silver, were pillaged,—if of wax, were left untouched; the images of the saints, if of the precious metal, were snatched away,—if only painted, were passed over; the sacred oils were poured upon the pavement; the consecrated host thrown upon the ground; the rich vessels were carried off to be gambled for at dice, or squandered, in heaven knows what other manner; and yet the Count of Anjou protested that he came to restore the religion of the realm, and called himself the eldest son of the church. It was thus, from the remotest ages, that the Italians have been used to receive liberty. Men say that liberty is a precious thing; and

I readily concur in it, considering the vast expense at which it is purchased, the infinite number of lives it costs. Italy, betrayed and attracted by the flattering delusion, heeded not whether those were legitimate commissioners into whose hands the price was paid. They were impostors; she has paid unjustly twice, thrice, ten times—ever. So much the worse for her: the irrational must learn patience. So many crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, she has presented herself in so many and such strange forms to a deceived and deceiving world, she has so often been a disguise for tyranny itself, that I verily believe that, in the present days, any man of sane intellect that hears liberty mentioned shudders at the sound; therefore, the uncorrupted Parini, who, in his times, had seen liberty tragic, comic, democratic, and aristocratic, and consular, and fescennine, and even terpsichorean, whenever the subject was mentioned in his presence, cried out, panic-stricken, "Liberty! of what sort?" But there is no wax that can close the ears of human imbecility; they are open to the first Siren that will whisper in them the song of fraud.

Let us not presume that we are in aught improved; we are the same as in five centuries ago, carrying, from age to age, the burden of ignominy on the staff of ignorance. Is there a deficiency of iniquitous circumstances? It is a sign that some one to excite them is wanting, but there is no lack of hearts and wills ready to commit them; for the majority of us are never unwilling to do evil, and remain suspended between the confines of vice and virtue, awaiting the impulse to pass either. But I have no expectation that, by my moralizing, I shall be able to improve my fellow-men. I have no such hope; I have only written what I *have* written to demonstrate to others that I am not ignorant of human nature.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BETTER THOUGHT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

In the morning of life, when thy step brush'd the dew,
And thy spirit on pinions of ecstasy flew,
Like the lark of the sky, the wild fawn of the rock,
Whose soarings and boundings restrainments all mock;
When to revel with nature, the heart filled entire,
And her pleasures left nothing to covet, desire,—
When to search the dim hedgerows for violets coy,
A spring boon for thy mother, afforded thee joy,—
When each thought was so pure, that the seraphs flung down
From the bowers of delight, thy chaste forehead to crown,

The amaranth garland, which the seraphs but spare
To the spotless alone,—I was there! I was there!

When a vision of beauty illumined thy path,
And, enraptured, thou questioned, "Then earth *really* hath
Its angels, resplendent as Empyrean's above,
To wake from its trance young existence to love?"
When, whilst thou wert reading the varying cheek
Which reveal'd the deep musings her lips shunned to speak,
In thine heart rose a hope, by presumptuousness led,
And, e'en for the moment, thy virtue was fled;
And the reverence innocence e'er should inspire
Was disdain'd, in the passion thy bosom did fire;
To recall thee to reason, to bid thee forswear
The base thought that unmanned,—I was there! I was there!

When Ambition enticed thee from love's gentler hours,
And thou trampled to dust its perennial flowers,
And derided the tears that fell fast from the eyes
Which adored thee with homage but meet for the skies,
Rushing from the fond bosom that sheltered thee still,
With *but* woman's devotion, from earth's every ill,
And chilled the emotions that kindled for thee,
As the ice binds the stream sparkling on to the sea,
With ingratitude paying the love that would melt
Him who one humanizing sensation ne'er felt:
Of the false fickle phantom, to bid thee beware,
Which allured to deceive,—I was there! I was there!

When, despising the lesson Experience taught,
And by Hope, the enchantress, thy fancy was caught,
Who wove the bright spells which have cheated so oft
The victims, whose 'plainings of failure are scoffed,
The red path thou pursued of her comet-like track,
While Love, frantic, implored thee in vain to turn back,
Unheeding the soft whisper it breath'd from its heart,
On, and on still, thou went; or, if pausing to part
From thy wily companion, she could with a smile
Thy half-wavering footsteps to follow beguile,
Till arrived at the point, the abyss of despair—
When to stop the rash plunge,—I was there! I was there!

When the garland which Pleasure entwined for thy brow,
And placed on it, Delusion! with truth's evoked vow,
Had withered and faded, and thou only retained
The wasp-sting it concealed, which remorselessly pained,
And reflection, at length, in thy bosom awoke,
And the monitor, Conscience, imperative spoke—
Re-invoking the *past*, when to think caused no shame,
When thy mother *could* bless thee, and cherubs *thee* name—
When thy brow bore the stamp of integrity's seal,
And the soul's *innate* honour each glance did reveal—
Then, when humbled and contrite, thou essay'd a prayer,
To speed it to thy God,—I was there! I was there!

THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.*

BY MARGRACIA LOUDON.

SECOND SERIES.—NO. IV.

ON THE NECESSITY FOR A UNIVERSAL PARLIAMENT AND INTERNATIONAL LAWS, AS INSTRUMENTS OF MORAL TRAINING, OR REAL CIVILIZATION, FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY OF MAN.

How few of those who have no higher aim know how to conduct, even their animal existence, in the best manner for themselves; much less how, also, to live kindly and forbearingly with their families and neighbours! How few know how to avoid every avoidable suffering; and how to enjoy as much happiness as is to be had, without paying too dearly for it!

The Educational Committee would, therefore, recommend that, by like practical lessons, the pupils be taught what are all the conditions of their daily and hourly well-being; or, in other words, what natural laws must be obeyed, to secure the enjoyment of health, of safety, and of social intercourse: and that to give this important knowledge its best and highest sanction, they shall be shown that all these conditions, or natural laws, being the laws of God, observance of them is obedience to him; while the natural consequences of disobedience to these laws, being suffering, they carry with them the stamp of his authority, and cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

That each social relation be illustrated by instances drawn from daily life; and by the transactions of the play-ground and family circle.

That, in this manner, the pupils be habituated to enter with all the freshness of unsophisticated feelings, into the full appreciation of the kindly domestic obligations between parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants; and also the duties to society, of neighbours, members of parliament, electors, justices of the peace, judges, jurors, referees, trustees, commissioners, inspectors, with every other office, public or private, which they may, at any future period of their lives, be called upon to fulfil.

That lessons on the leading institutions of every country, be

* Concluded from page 229.

rendered simple and entertaining by the same illustrative system; and that the pupils be encouraged to discuss such, and assisted to test them by the principles of benevolence and justice.

That, by similar methods, the pupils be made to understand what constitutes value, price, rent, wages, productive and unproductive labour, the use of a circulating medium, the folly of sacrificing ends to means, and the ludicrous nature of the reciprocal self-immolation of parties imposing restrictive duties on commerce; all of which can be familiarly illustrated by amusing transactions between the pupils themselves, so arranged as to involve these great principles.

That thus the elements of *philanthropic*, rather than *political economy*, be early taught; and the distinction carefully pointed out, between the relation of the true science to happiness, and that of the false science to the mere accumulation of money.

That the relative importance to society of the various professions, be exemplified by like methods, and their *rank* tested by the degrees in which they contribute to happiness.

That the distinction between real wealth and its representatives be impressed on the pupils by amusing illustrations.

That the nature and working of speculation be placed in a light to expose its identity with gambling, its immorality, and its fatal results.

That the true sources of happiness be frequently reverted to, and portrayed in favourable and refreshing contrast with all such feverish excitements.

That history be given only in its general outline; and the revolting details of battles and sieges be no longer permitted to dull the human sympathies and reconcile the youthful mind to barbarity.

That the warlike spirit be explained to be a frightful abuse of the great *elevating principle* of human nature.

That pains be taken to direct this principle aright, by recitals and examples calculated to excite the moral sympathies, and inspire the ardent and enthusiastic love and admiration, (amounting to adoration) of goodness, as the only true greatness.*

That the beauty and wisdom of peace, and its harmony with all our moral faculties, be illustrated by every picture delightful and attractive to the youthful mind; and its *indispensability* to moral amelioration, and to the real prosperity of nations, shown by examples within the reach of children's capacities.

That the identity of the real interests of the whole family of

* See the essay on the Elevating Principle, and the essay on War, in the second series of "The Light of Mental Science."

man, in respect to the spread of moral training, be made evident by examples, showing how much persons supposed to be innocent, suffer from the violences and irregularities of the wicked; and explaining, that if the persons called innocent possess any power to dispel ignorance and promote virtuous training among their fellow-beings, and neglect to use that power, that they are not innocent; and that their sufferings, being the natural consequence of this omission of duty, constitute also its just punishment.

That as much as possible of this system of useful instruction be given in action, and, under the title of rational recreations in the play-ground, be rendered sources of amusement, animation, and delight, and a means of awaking all the enthusiastic sympathies of youth, in favour of virtuous, kind, and noble sentiments.

That supposed trials by jury, elections, debates in Parliament, passing acts of Parliament, examinations before magistrates, the giving of lectures, &c., be all, as it were, rehearsed in a dramatic form by the pupils, with a strict attention to the principles of justice and benevolence, and the technicalities of law; to the end that when youths, thus trained, become men, and enter on busy life, no situation in which they can find themselves should be new or difficult to them; each having thus already acted, or seen acted by his play-mates, in their daily rational recreations, every character which he may hereafter be required to fill on the great stage of human life. And thus, the experience which a sensible man collects for himself, by the time he is going out of the world—having paid for it generally the comfort of the greater part of life—be, by this illustrative system, secured to every lad before he goes into the world, either along with, or instead of (as his parents may please), his Greek, Latin, and mathematics.

That in these acted lessons, the pupils shall by turns exchange supposed positions; the more effectually to open their eyes to *universal justice*, and their hearts to *sympathy* with every fellow-being, of whatever class or country, or in whatever circumstances.

That chosen teachers, with every natural aptitude, moral and intellectual, be carefully trained, to infuse into such recreations the noblest and purest tone of moral obligation.

That the highest order of minds be employed to prepare sketches of such *rational* recreations, for the aid of teachers; to the end that the great summing up of the daily and hourly impressions, thus being wrought into the minds of the pupils, may eventually result in a thorough conviction that every human being is our *brother*—that the real interests of the whole family of man are indentical—that goodness alone is greatness*

* See Essay on the Elevating Principle, first of second series.

—and that all our purest joys, and highest gratifications, must be found in the play of our human sympathies, and the activity of our higher faculties, or not found at all.

That persons aware of the importance of fixing these principles in the mind, by habit, during infancy, childhood, and youth, and themselves trained for the task, be always present with the children, directing equally their studies, their sports, and their labours.

That the acted and oral lessons already described be assisted by simple text-books.

That such books be read in the schools, and made the subjects of examinations, in short catechisms, on the plan of the following nine questions and replies:

1. What is goodness?
The will to do good.
2. What is wisdom?
The knowledge how to do good.
3. What is greatness?
The will and the power to do good.
4. What is happiness?
The will and the power to do good in action.
5. What is glory?
The will and the power to do good exerted and crowned with success.
6. What is natural ambition?
The instinctive desire of the soul to rise.
7. What is enlightened ambition?
The desire to be and to do good.
8. What is worship?
The love and veneration of Perfection, or God.
9. What is religion?
The desire to resemble the Perfection we thus worship.

That *one* rule respecting the spirit in which such books must be written, to render them admissible for the use of the schools, be quite invariable; namely, that every subject handled in them be treated of in its relation to the disposition of things the most conducive to happiness, or philanthropic economy; and thus the danger be avoided of losing sight of the universal end in pursuit of any portion of the means; as in the case of those political economists, who declare the object of their science to be, how to produce the greatest amount of wealth, no matter at what expense of life, intelligence, and happiness.

The Universal Parliament will further recommend that this rational and practical system of moral and useful training be adopted by all classes; to the end that men whose education has occupied many years, and cost large sums, may not, on leaving their colleges, take upon them the duties of members of Parlia-

ment, without understanding the commonest conditions of human well-being, to promote which is precisely the business for which they are assembled; and thus exhibit to the world the spectacle, at once melancholy and ludicrous, of men of all ages contending with each other publicly for months together, respecting the simplest elements of political economy, which every school-boy ought to master when he is learning that two and two make four. While, during the months thus wasted, millions of people suffer, more or less, in their various interests, mercantile, manufacturing, or agricultural; and a large portion of the rising generation, for want of a system of public instruction,* are being systematically trained by experienced rogues, to be the thieves and pickpockets of the next generation. If, then, gentlemen in the rank of members of Parliament are really thus ignorant, much useful instruction must have been omitted in the education they have received. If, on the contrary, they are merely performing a great *farce*, with a world for their audience, and assuming ignorance for party purposes, their moral training must have been sadly neglected. But, be this as it may, the Universal Parliament will perceive that the only remedy for the evil is to instruct the people at large in the conditions of their own well-being, after which *ignorance*, whether real or affected, will not be allowed to occupy a seat in any legislature.

Seeing that it is as much the interest as the duty of all nations, to render their neighbours prosperous and enlightened; and that, peace being established, fleets and armies will no longer be required as instruments of destruction; the Universal Parliament will recommend that a portion of the treasure hitherto expended in desolating wars, be in future devoted, by all civilized nations, to sending out companies of trained and instructed men on missions of benevolence, to all less advanced countries, to spread among their populations religious and moral training, in their simplest forms, and to teach them the arts of peace and conditions of well-being, or laws of nature, as necessary stores of material in useful knowledge, to be worked up when required. But refraining everywhere from all attempts to establish dominion over either the territories or the opinions of the inhabitants. For the Universal Parliament will not only acknowledge the injustice of interfering with private opinions and private possessions, but will perceive that new customers are more advantageous to nations than new subjects.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The rectitude of the mind, generally speaking, when individuals occupy themselves in considering abstract questions, apart

* See Essay on Public Instruction, second of first series.

from the influence of a false public opinion, or of mistaken private interest, proves that it is not irrational to hope that such a standard of public opinion, and such laws, international and local, as have been just enumerated, emanating from a Universal Parliament, shall yet be established. Nor would the realization of such an order of things, growing out of the present transition state of public opinion, be, by any means, a more arduous step in advance, than that which has been achieved in much darker ages; namely, the great analogous changes which have substituted the protection from violence of the lives and properties of individuals, by the general authority of the state, for the barbarous practice of each baron being obliged to keep an armed force of his own vassals, at his own castle, with all the horrors attendant on such a state of society: the battles between the respective followers of the various chieftains; the burning of villages; the sacking of towns lying in the line of march towards each other's gates; the protection of bands of robbers by powerful nobles, who shared their booty in return for that protection, and thought this a less degrading source of supply than honest industry; and the frightful standard of public opinion, that could style these men *noble*.

If, then, despite such unfavourable circumstances, the instinctive *elevating principle* has so far struggled out of darkness, that the rising of the public standard of opinion has already made the recurrence of such a state of things impossible; and that the inward standard in each man's breast sympathizing with the public standard, already holds such practices in a degree of horror not formerly felt, why should we despair of the further advance which consistency with such feelings now demands?

As long as virtue is the exception, vice will try to treat her as the dream of the enthusiast, the Utopian imaginings of the poet's fancy; and the idle, and the vain, and the busy in worthless pursuits, style the few whose delight is "to go about doing good," *eccentric*. But when, by the gradual rising of the public standard produced by the action of elevated minds on public opinion, and the re-action of public opinion on the general mind, virtue shall have become the acknowledged rule, and cruelty, injustice, and blind animal selfishness the declared and despised remnants of barbarism, vice will no longer carry an audacious front, but, skulking in secret, self-condemned, shortly cease to be, for very shame of her own existence.

The fatal error of letting down the standard in theory, and excusing all our faults by ascribing them to our human nature, like all other fallacies, has been a great retarder of real civilization.

If such be human nature, where is the responsibility* attendant on the possession of that nature?

* See Essay on Natural Responsibility, fourth of first series.

Why should the individual rise above his species?

The accuser of *human nature* may intend to be a moralist; but he cannot be the promoter of virtue, for he is the apologist of crime. But the apology is a false one. For numerous and frightful as are the vices practised and the crimes committed by human beings, those who do such things act *inhumanly;* that is, in contradiction to, not in conformity with, their *human nature.*

The natural state of the human soul is the highest degree of perfection, of which its moral and intellectual faculties can form the conception. This is self-evident; for if the being did not possess the faculties necessary for attaining to this perfection, the mind could not have conceived the idea. No description from without, even were it given, face to face, by beings of a higher order, possessing themselves the higher faculties, could enable us to form the idea of an affection of which we had not a type within ourselves.

When a knowledge of the faculties of the mind and of the natural laws which govern their action on the will, shall induce parents, teachers, and governments, to give activity and development, by early practical training, to all the gentle affections and human sympathies of their children, and subjects; and to awaken and enlighten the natural *religious instinct,* by inspiring *real worship;* namely, that ardent love and reverence of the perfections of God which induces assimilation of our nature with his;—when the soul's natural ambition to rise to the highest standard it knows how to appreciate, being *enlightened* by such *real worship,* supersedes all mischievous and all little ambitions, true civilization will commence; and it will then be found that every unworthy thought, every unjust desire, every unkindly feeling, and every demeaning propensity to which human beings have hitherto been subject, were but so many diseases attendant upon the incipient state of the spiritual portion of their nature, and that the natural state of minds constituted like the human mind, when in health and arrived at maturity, is virtue. Until the soul shall arrive at this stature, it must be held to be in a state of childhood, receiving its growth and education from all the circumstances of our being.

He who shall elevate the standard of public opinion, and teach human beings to respect *human nature,* will give the right impulsion to the growth and education of the soul, and be the great benefactor of his species.

We have seen that every faculty has its legitimate function; that its use is necessary to the well-being of the individual, and of the species; that its abuse alone produces evil.

That the functions which are the most important to the preservation of the body and the elevation of the mind, are urged to activity by the strongest instincts.

That the power of conceiving ideal perfection proves the existence of corresponding sympathies.

That as the voice awakes the echo, outward signs awake inward sympathies; but that the sympathies, to be awakened, must exist.

That this is the triumphant reply to that wretched school which doubts the reality of virtue, and calls all beautiful, pure, and noble sentiments visionary.

What saw the vision?

Not the eyes of the body—yet the vision was seen. By this, then, we know that we have a soul, capable of communion and of re-union with God, with Perfection, with the great Soul of the Universe, whose omnipresence in every heart is the source of all our pure and noble aspirations.

To a human being, there is nothing so real as the conceptions, workings, and powers of the human mind. Things from without may deceive his senses; but that which he feels within him must, indeed, exist for him, and if for him, for his species.

It is a cheering and delightful view of human nature, to observe that, among these *real* existences, there are none more *real*, none more tenacious of existence, than the kindly affections. Under all circumstances, however unfavourable—though crushed beneath fallacy after fallacy—though flung down beneath the Juggernaut car of prejudice after prejudice—they have ever arisen, again and again, to cheer our weary pilgrimage; and, like fresh blossoms on some road-side plant, whose flowers of the previous day the feet of rude passengers had trampled in the dust, spread around us their balmy influence.

And oh, how beautiful shall these virtuous sympathies become when transplanted within the shelter of universal good-will, and constantly refreshed by reciprocal good offices, falling each day on each heart, like the dew of the morning!

SONG OF THE PILGRIM KNIGHT.

THE LILY OF LORRAINE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOU tellest me to sing to thee
Of all that I have seen,
Since I, on land and stormy sea,
A pilgrim knight have been:
How *can* I sing of shining bowers,
Of painted birds and gorgeous flowers,
Far, far across the main,
When, blooming here in *native* grace,
I gaze on thy far brighter face,
Sweet Lily of Lorraine!

Thou tellest me to sing to thee
Of battles lost and won,
In distant lands, on foreign strands,
Beneath the burning sun:
How *can* I gory laurels twine,
And sing of fights in Palestine,
Or wars in Moorish Spain,
When here, in pleasant France, I see
A sweeter, nobler theme in thee,
Fair Lily of Lorraine!

Thou tellest me to sing to thee
Of knight and lady gay,
And tales of love and chivalry,
In regions far away:
But, ah! such courtly themes as these
Have lost, with me, the power to please,
And wake my lute in vain;
One flower of beauty fills my heart,
And *thou* that flower of beauty art,
Sweet Lily of Lorraine!

CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! childhood is a joyous theme for tuneful minstrel rhymes,
And gladly would I greet it, if I lived in happier times;
But, alas! my ear is daily vexed, my heart is daily wrung,
By tales of cruel injuries inflicted on the young.

I hear of pallid infants, in the close and crowded room,
Pacing before the restless wheel, or toiling at the loom;
I hear of drooping babes, on whom the sunbeams never shine,
Plying their dreary labour 'mid the darkness of the mine.

And when I think upon these deeds of tyranny and wrong,
I almost fear that Heaven will judge our sinful land ere long;
England, methinks, hath little cause to glory in her name,
While these small children cry aloud, to tax her with her shame.

Yet is it soothing to the mind, to turn from scenes like these,
To view fair children at their sports beneath the spreading trees,
Resting awhile in balmy sleep within the verdant bowers,
Watching the gay and warbling birds, or culling fragrant flowers.

How well the fresh and blooming cheek, the bright and beaming eye,
Bespeak the cheering influence of the earth, the air, the sky;
I love to see the young exult in Freedom's blessed boon,—
Confinement, care, and weariness will always come too soon.

And when I view glad children in the meadow or the glen,
I sorrow for the victims of those hard and ruthless men
Who, from the despot love of sway, or low pursuit of wealth,
Can dare to rob a helpless child of liberty and health.

LOVE'S TRIAL; A VENETIAN STORY.

BY JOHN STORR SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

It was Sunday, and full Ridotto.

Never had Venice, even in the palmy days of republican splendour and prodigality, appeared more captivating and luxurious than at this festal time. The day was cloudless: the sun, in a sky of the deepest azure, shone like a large ball of burnished gold, and the glad waves of the laughing Adriatic danced merrily, as though rejoicing in its rays. Along the tortuous windings of the canals, hundreds of gaudy gondolas were skimming lightly; in the colonnades and shady walks the people, in the picturesque garb of the country, sauntered up and down; the ladies in their light Fazzioli's glided about, acknowledging with smile and blush the attention of the young gallants: and all was music, love, and revelry!

But at once the most crowded and brilliant of all the places of festivity, was the large hall, which stands in close contiguity to the palace of the ancient Doges, in which were assembled the whole of the nobility of Venice. There were hundreds of the young representatives of all the ancient houses of the city, lounging about, or joining in the dance with some beauty who had captivated them. But superior to all his equals in rank and station, was the young Count Lambroni: he was superior both in antiquity of descent, and the possession of immense and unencumbered estate: but his great superiority consisted in his fine and commanding form, his handsome features, and manly deportment, combined with all that ease and elegance which refinement bestows, and which youth wears so gracefully.

At the present time, he was leaning against a massive column, in company with two noblemen, who were talking with him. Every now and then he would bend to some acquaintance who passed, or smile upon some unknown but captivating damsel; presently one of his companions commenced a long, and, from the laughter of the others it would seem, amusing story, which he continued for some time with great mirth and excitement; when suddenly he ceased, and looked at Lambroni for a moment, and then continued in a morose and sullen manner.

And the reason of this was, Lambroni was not paying the slightest attention, but, with his arms folded and his brows knit, was looking with a glance of interest to a distant part of the spacious hall. For there, approaching quickly to where he stood, he had descried a form of symmetry and grace, such as he never before had seen or imagined, and for us to attempt description of which, would be futile indeed; for who can paint perfection?

When she was within a few yards of Lambroni, by some accident the hood which concealed her features, fell back, and disclosed to the admiring glance of the astonished noble, a face so lovely, that when the hood was once more arranged and the form flitted away, he doubted whether he had not beheld a vision.

For a few seconds he watched her retreating figure, and then, heedless of the astonishment of his friends, he darted after her. When he overtook the maiden, she was walking hurriedly down a small street on the borders of the canal.

"Signora," he said, "the city is crowded; would you accept a seat in my gondola?"

The figure bowed and declined his offer.

"Your house is not situated upon the canal, then?" said he; "would you permit me to escort you on foot, Signora?"

With extreme politeness, this was also declined; and after having bowed gracefully, she glided away, and was soon lost to sight. For many minutes, Lambroni stood rooted to the spot, gazing intently to where she passed from his view; then, heaving a deep sigh, he called his gondola, and returned to his palace moody and dejected.

And, gentle reader, if you ask why he did gaze thus after her; if you ask why he sighed, and returned dejected; then, it is our duty to reply—"Prithee sweet reader, he was in love!"

CHAPTER II.

A month passed from the date of our last chapter, and Lambroni had not discovered the lady of his love; but her image had not faded from his mind, for if his depression of spirits had a voice, he loved her more than ever.

He was seated in one of the chambers of his palace, when his mother entered, and sat down on a neighbouring seat. "Giulio!" she said, "I have at last succeeded in obtaining a new companion."

This not being particularly interesting to the Count, he replied briefly.

"She is the daughter," continued his mother, "of a bankrupt merchant in the city, and her name Teresa Cogni."

"Oh!" said Lambroni absently; and, closing his eyes, he fell back into his chair, evidently musing.

Shortly after, some one entered the apartment, but he did not open his eyes, until his mother, rising from her seat, said,

"Giulio! this is my new companion!"

Upon which he looked towards the person, and beheld—could he believe the evidence of his eyes?—the beautiful maiden of the Ridotto.

Ere he could recover his surprise, Teresa and the Countess had left the apartment.

Our scene must now change to a wood, in close contiguity to the castle; where, on an evening not long after the induction of Teresa into the palace of Lambroni, she reclined upon a bank of beautiful flowerets, herself the fairest and the purest flower that heaven beheld that night.

She had not long been contemplating the glorious sunset, when she was startled from her reverie by a footstep, and Lambroni stood before her, ere she could move or stir. When, however, she beheld him, she rose to depart, but her lover, darting hastily forward, seized the little hand that trembled in his grasp, and gently led her to the bank, upon which they both sat down, side by side. He took her hand in his, and then, as an Arabian upon the parching desert looks up in fond devotion to the glorious sun, so did he elevate his eye unto her face, while the gentle pressure of his hand seemed to bid her read the language of that glance.

Oh! love! love! spirit of God himself! When thou dost breathe in holiness and purity upon two young and ardent hearts, how thou dost uplift them above the heads of men and women round about them, and raisest them unto that heaven of heavens, from which our first great forefather did fall!

After a little time he spoke:

"Signora! or Teresa, if I may dare to call you so."

Oh! why did her heart beat then so wildly? why did her tongue refuse her utterance? and why did she tremble so exceedingly?

"Teresa, then!" her lover continued, "it is not in the power of words to tell thee what I have felt and suffered, since first I saw thee; I have thought of thee through the day, and I have dreamed of thee by night; and if thy heart seeks for confirmation, read it in my glance—read it in my features—read it in my tones and language."

Silly little trembler! why did thine heart then beat so wildly! Why did a blush o'ermantle thy brow, and the tear-drop start in thine eye! "Oh! Teresa, Teresa! If I loved thee less—if I

could love thee less—I would endeavour to describe my adoration. I dare not now, for language would fail me; then hear me. By yonder sun, that rolls so grandly in the firmament—by the heaven that smiles so kindly on us now—and by thyself, who art its fairest work, I vow—I swear I love thee!"

Teresa trembled more and more; she turned her face away, and her bosom heaved violently, as she muttered "My lord, this must not be; remember your exalted rank, your station!—your—"

The rest was not heard, for emotion prevented speech doing its duty.

"Rank, Teresa! station!" cried Lambroni; "love acknowledges no rank—knows no station—it is free! I have cast my hopes of earthly happiness on this one throw; refuse me, and I wander o'er the earth, more cursed than Cain. Oh! lady, canst thou then refuse me? if so, if in thy heart thou canst not love me, tell me so plainly, and I will bear my sorrow; but do not—do not think upon my title: behold me only as thine adorer!"

The purest feeling that God implants within the human breast, as Lambroni spoke, broke forth within the bosom of the maiden. Their sanctuary, the heart, was unable to hold the fond emotion, and the overcharged spirit burst forth, as she fell upon her lover's neck, in a flood of tears!

Like nature, after a summer's fleeting shower, looks up and smiles, although the rain-drop glitters in the floweret, and the tree still droops with moisture; so did the spirit of Teresa shine beautifully forth, when throwing back her lovely face, and gazing with her moistened eyes into her lover's, she said, "There are, my lord, some women, who, tried as I have been to-night, would have had strength of mind to refuse thy heart, though their own had broken in the effort. I am not such a one; I feel I have acted imprudently, but thou wilt forgive, since my error sprang from love for thee."

Lambroni did not answer, his heart was too full to speak; but he drew his arm closer around her slender waist, and clasped her closer to his heart; and then upturned his eyes to heaven, as though invoking a blessing upon her.

And as they thus stood, there came from out the shady deepness of the grove, scented by the breath of a thousand flowers, a soft and cooling zephyr; and mounted upon its airy wings, their good angel flew to heaven, joyfully proclaiming, that the great end of their Creator was well-nigh consummated, in the sweet effusion of their loving hearts. Then they slowly sought the castle.

When they had departed, a man came stealthily, as none but villains do, from out a neighbouring thicket, and followed cautiously upon their track.

It was Pedro, the confessor of the castle, who had listened to their conversation, and now panted for the betrayal of their holy passion; and who hoped to rise, by blasting their young loves.

Go, false-souled miscreant, miscalled a priest of God. Go! follow on the footsteps of those thou art about to curse; and hasten briskly to the chapel. Shrive sinners, bless the dying, curse the impenitent; and then sit upon the grey slab in the temple of thy pure and glorious God, and reflect that thou must die some time, and be shriven in thy turn!

CHAPTER III.

The Countess Lambroni was the very embodiment and personification of pride. She had married the deceased Count, not because she loved the man, but that she worshipped his antiquity of descent; and now, whatever affection she entertained towards the present Count, was not that he was her offspring, her own child, but simply because he was the Count Lambroni. In a word, her whole soul was engrossed by a wild and wicked worship of the lustre of her husband's line.

With this, the wily priest was well acquainted; and on this weakness he determined to build his fortune. Accordingly, he seized the earliest opportunity of entering into conversation with the Countess; and then, after many professions of his love to the house of the Lambroni, he declared the conversation he had overheard in the garden, proffering, at the same time, his services should she stand in need of them.

To describe the rage of the proud woman, on hearing this announcement, would be impossible. She cried and laughed at once; then she burst forth in a frightful storm of passion: "Her son, the Count Lambroni, marry a merchant's daughter! Never!" so ran her incoherent remarks.

When, however, she became calmer, she rewarded Pedro with a purse of ducats, promising more if he served her well. Then she immediately sought her son; being determined, and feeling convinced that she possessed the power, to out-argue, and change the opinion of the Count.

In this, however, the Countess was mistaken; her son was as determined as herself; and after an hour's interview, in which space much anger had been displayed, she was compelled to retreat, without having gained one iota of her purpose. Under these circumstances, an ordinary woman would have succumbed to the *mésalliance* as an unavoidable evil; but not so the Countess. Had her son's life stood in the way, he should have died, rather

than bring disgrace upon his family; therefore, having failed in an honest attempt, she had recourse to stratagem.

And thus worked her plot. One morning Pedro, prompted by the Countess, entered the study of Lambroni, and after a deal of jesuitical tergiversation and tautology, informed him that he had discovered that Teresa did not love him, but, being enamoured of his title, feigned an attachment she did not feel; at the same time discarding a man she really did admire.

So exceedingly well had Pedro studied the villanous part assigned to him, and so carefully had he prepared his fictitious, but elaborate, chain of evidence, that when he left Lambroni, it was with the firm conviction that he had succeeded in his design. For a long time after Pedro had left him, Lambroni sat with his face buried in his hands; then, rising from his chair, he said, "Oh! fool that I am—a vain, foolish coxcomb, to imagine I possessed claim sufficient to win such loveliness as hers. And she, how false and hateful does her conduct seem! She deceived me basely, and my——but, no! I am not deceived: her voice —her eye—her mien—all—all declared she loved me. I will see her—speak to her—she shall say the tale was false, and we will yet again be happy. But Pedro was positive, and he would not deceive me. I know not what to think."

In the mean time, another female tool of the Countess (she lacked the courage to do the thing herself) sought Teresa, and told her that the Count was a licentious and profligate noble; that, in his attention to her, he meant not marriage, but merely contemplated her ruin and disgrace; and she left her in a state of mind as disturbed, uncertain, and incredulous as her equally deceived and equally believing lover, and longing for a meeting for all to be explained.

That meeting was not long delayed. She sat, one afternoon, at her embroidery, and thinking upon her peculiar state, when the door opened; her libelled and distracted lover entered, evidently unprepared to meet her at that moment. When he entered, she was confused, and trembled exceedingly; and he, awake for all signs of innocence or guilt, mistook this for shame and confusion, and, in his turn, became embarrassed.

"Signora!" he faltered—"Teresa! may I—can I—I feel that I am—" he could say no further; but turned away to hide his emotion; and she, reading a full confession of his meditated crime in these incoherent words, summoned up all her fortitude to act, at once, decisively; and she was about to speak, when he suddenly rushed forward, and kneeling at her feet, passionately exclaimed, "Oh, Teresa, Teresa! I know not if you be guilty or not—I care not if you love another, even; but I cannot restrain my love—my adoration."

These words sounded strangely to Teresa. What! did he

make a mockery of her virtuous indignation, and conceive that even now he might gain his wicked end? Why did he not come forward and boldly refute the charge with which she thought he knew he had been charged? These thoughts convinced her of his baseness, and, mustering all her firmness, she said severely, "My lord, after what you must have heard, I am surprised you can thus address me!"

As she said this, Lambroni rose swiftly from his knees, and gazing at her fixedly, cried, "Duped, tricked, and cursed for ever! Oh! why—why did you deceive me?" And then he rushed wildly from the room.

As he left, Teresa's head swam round, her senses left her, and a misty feeling came upon her mind; she stretched forth her hands, as though to draw him back, and cried, "Giulio! come back! I never did deceive thee!" Then, in a wild torrent, the blood gushed from her ears and nostrils, and she sank motionless upon the ground.

When Lambroni rushed from the chamber, he flew to the stable, and taking the fiercest animal from the stall, he saddled it with his own hands, and, leaping on its back, rode swiftly away.

That night he did not return. The next morning dawned, and still he did not appear; noon passed away—evening came on—night once more, and still he did not come back. Thus another day. The third day the Countess was alarmed, and inquiries were made; but no tidings could be learned of the unhappy man. But in the afternoon, the groom beheld a worn rider and an emaciated horse enter the palace yard, and not recognizing the equestrian, ran to demand their business; he was much surprised in discovering, in the pale and care-worn horseman, his lord, the Count, and in the jaded steed, the fiery creature that had left the stable but two days before. Lambroni entered the palace and inquired for Teresa, and was informed that she was dangerously ill. He then sent a message to be allowed an interview, and his mother bore an answer, purporting to be from Teresa: "That all Count Lambroni had heard was true, and she would rather not see him again."

A week passed away, and Lambroni was, with Pedro, on board a vessel bound for Naples. He could not bear to dwell in that city, where every stone would remind him of his grief. But alone, upon the wide, wide sea, with the wind whistling around him, and the storms howling on every side, all was soothing to the heart, and in unison with the feelings of the miserable and hapless nobleman.

CHAPTER IV.

Midnight, above the seven hills of the everlasting city. The sentinel, as he paced his weary round, ever and anon looked up unto the mighty dome, and fancied, as he gazed, that its proportions seem to magnify, and indistinct appeared its outline amidst the blackness of all around. There was not a sound to be heard, save the hoarse moaning of the wind, or the sullen and incessant bubbling of the shallow Tiber. All was still and quiet as the chamber of death; and in this solemn rest, the rocks and ruins seem to raise themselves up, enlarged, as though rejoicing in a night so much in keeping with themselves.

But our path lies towards the Coliseum. Proudly did the old building raise its huge circle of decaying walls, as though defying time or tempest; albeit the hands of both were heavy on it now. Trees grew still, as upon a mountain, in the bare, decaying windows; shrubs and thickets covered the seats, where, in days long past, Romans, in all their pride, had thronged to see man butcher man, in brutal and inhuman sport. In the centre, or area, of the vast amphitheatre, were innumerable piles of stones, which, having fallen from the crumbling walls, had become like rocks, firm and overgrown by lichen and ivy. Above all these, in the very centre of the pile, there arose one mass of columns and fragments, in size almost a mountain, and upon its top trees grew, and formed a little forest.

On the extreme verge of this cliff—for so, indeed, it might be termed—almost invisible in the awful darkness of the scene, was the figure of a man. He sat with his elbow resting on his knee, and the palm of his hand supporting his chin. His apparel was loose and dishevelled, and the raven locks that shadowed his pale and exalted forehead, hung unrestrained and careless. His brows were contracted, and his eye rested earnestly, yet abstractedly, upon the scene before him; and he appeared to be reflecting very, very intensely. This was Lambroni. A year had flown since he left the city of his birth; during which time he had sought to drown the memory of the past in the festivities and brilliant frivolities of a Neapolitan life; but all in vain. A deep and consuming poison had entered into his spirit, and all the gaiety and dissipation of the world could never drown it. Then he had flown to Rome, where he had found friends in the ancient palaces, companions in the crumbling citadels, and sympathy in every falling tower. He knew no rest—no repose; sleep had fled dismayed from his pillow, and his nights were spent in wandering alone amid the ruins of the fallen mistress of the world.

After having gazed for some time upon the present prospect,

he said, in a hoarse, hollow voice, "And this is the Coliseum!—this is the place where the gladiators fought and died—these the walls that often have contained men who could sway the fate of nations with a nod, or exterminate a whole race with a single word! and now what is it all? Crumbling and indistinct ruins; and, with the Coliseum, empire has departed, and Rome is no longer the empress of the universe! And is the course of fate averted by this decay of the Roman nation? No. Other kingdoms and other people have assumed the sovereignty of the earth, to be, in their turn, trodden under foot by other aspirants, who again must yield to others, and so on, till the end, when all shall pass into oblivion!

"Ye time-worn walls and ivied buttresses, smiling so bitterly upon me! Ye seem as kindred spirits, for my life has been as yours. Those pillars, and those lengthened rows of yawning windows, were erected when the builders imagined they could never decay; but time and fate have not spared ye, and now ye are what I behold ye! So it was with myself: in the ardour of my youth I raised up for myself a fairy scene of pure and spiritual happiness; it was delicate and beautiful in construction, and I fancied—fool that I was—that it could never fade. But even as I gazed admiringly upon it, the hand of destiny dashed it into ten thousand fragments; and the hopes of a life lie, like ye, a heap of ruins! Like ye, did I say? Not so; for ye sleep at peace; the footstep of the pilgrim and the screams of the owl disturb ye not; while I am goaded and distracted by my feelings, which will not—cannot rest. And have ye no voice for me, ye hoary ruins? Can ye not direct me to Lethe, that fabled stream of forgetfulness and rest? No! There is no forgetfulness, save death; no quiet but the tomb—and why not die?" And again he relapsed into silence and reflection.

After a considerable pause, he sprang to his feet, and drew a little dagger, which he held at arm's-length above his head, while his commanding figure seemed to tower to a supernatural height. "Here," he exclaimed,—"here, amid the relics of that city, in which Cato and Brutus dwelt and died, I will seek repose from all my torments in a Roman death."

One moment, and the unhappy man would have found that not even the grave is Lethe; one moment, and the life of an ardent and high-minded nobleman would have ceased for ever; one moment—but it was not to be so: as the dagger fell, an arm arrested its fatal descent, and Pedro, pale, dejected, and trembling, he who had murdered the heart, stood before his victim, the saviour of his life.

"Hold, my lord; hold, for heaven's sake!" cried he.

"Unhand me, father, lest I be tempted to commit a greater crime than self-destruction," said the Count.

"Oh, my lord, think upon the blessings of life—the pain, the agony of death," continued the priest. "Do not—do not by one rash blow exterminate so much worth and talent. Remember, you are so young, so beautiful."

"Psha!" cried Lambroni, dashing away the hand of Pedro; "what is beauty if it fail to conquer? What is youth when it is seared and cursed? What are talents when the heart is wretched, the mind agonized, and the spirit broken? Listen to me. Unless you can restore me the love I have lost; unless you can tell me that she I adored—aye, and still adore—is not faithless; unless you can show me that all my misery has been a dream and a delusion; unless you can do this, go, for your task is vain."

"I can—I can!" stammered the agitated priest; "but not here—not here."

"You can? then speak this instant!" cried Lambroni, elevating the dagger before Pedro's eyes.

Thus terrified, the guilty man unravelled all the plot in which he had taken so great a part; and which we have before explained to our readers.

"Then she is innocent," cried Lambroni, when he had concluded; "thank heaven, thank heaven! But—but I forget—the destroyer of my happiness stands before me, and I take no vengeance! Tremble! tremble, miscreant! the hour of reckoning is arrived!"

As he spoke, Lambroni seized the miserable wretch by the throat, and grasped so tightly that the victim struggled for his breath; and, at the same time, he brandished the stiletto above the head of the prostrate creature.

Just at that moment, from behind the dark screen of a purple cloud, sailing beautifully into the expanse of heaven, the silver moon shone forth, and shed her rays upon the pair.

"Spare me! spare me!" stammered Pedro, for the hand on his throat nearly prevented utterance; "for God's sake, spare me!"

"What, dost thou pray for life?" cried Lambroni. "Fool! fool! Life is a curse, not death! Mark me, the time will come when you will wander from clime to clime, from pleasure to pleasure, in order to fly the damning sting of memory. Then, when the heart beats heavily; then, when the senses swim, the brain reels, the temples throb, and the cold sweat of agony stands upon your brow; then, maddened by reflection, and distracted by remorse, will you come to me, and, on your bended knees, beg me to take that being you now would have me spare. But you tremble yet; thus I disarm my vengeance." And, as he said it, he cast the dagger from his hand, and at the same moment released Pedro. The dagger fell from stone to stone,

scaring the birds from their nests, till it reached the bottom, where it lay conspicuous by the moon shining upon its polished surface. After gazing upon the weapon for a few moments, Lambroni added severely: "I have now done with you for ever. Go; and, if you can, be happy."

The terrified man needed not a second bidding, but in an instant he had disappeared.

"So all is over now! Teresa loves me still, and all may yet smile upon me. But why do I linger here? The night is waning fast, and I want but the morning, and then for Venice!"

Swiftly did Lambroni descend the pile of broken columns upon which he stood; and he soon was to be perceived winding through the midst of the vast amphitheatre; then he turned through a large gap in the wall, and was lost to sight.

CHAPTER V.

The Church of the Convent of Santa Rosalia was open, and into its spacious galleries crowds of idlers and curious people were thronging. Young noblemen came to behold the forms of those young creatures whose faces were hid by their veils; old women, for curiosity and lack of occupation; and young maidens, to behold a ceremony in which they all, more or less, were interested.

For, this day, a young girl was to take the black veil, and vow eternal constancy to God, and to cast off the world for ever.

Reports of the novice's beauty had been circulated through Venice, and therefore it was that now thousands were crowded into the narrow galleries and the spacious nave. Presently, the organ commenced its solemn music, and ten friars entered, bearing the various insignia of their church; they wore blue gowns, with large crimson hoods hanging loosely to the heel, and presented a very picturesque appearance. Then followed the officiating priest in all the gaudy robes of his most splendid apparel, followed by the incense-burners and other attendants. Then came the sub-prioress of the convent, habited in the usual unassuming robes. After her, followed the young novitiates in their white veils, perhaps in number about thirty, and manifesting, in the covert glances at some lover in the crowd, small hatred to the world and its various allurements.

Next came the subject of the ceremony, unveiled, with her hair hanging down her shoulders, and so pale and careworn, that she seemed almost prepared for the tomb itself rather than that living one to which she was to be consigned.

Then came the prioress, and about one hundred nuns, all closely covered with their black hoods. Afer these followed more friars; and then the procession closed.

They marched round the whole building slowly and carefully, chanting as they went some fragments of their service; until, at last, the priest and the maiden arrived before the high altar, when the rest of the long train formed an extended circle around them.

Then the priest asked the maiden: Whether her heart was weaned from the world? Whether she was prepared to resign it altogether? If she would steadily and without swerving devote the remainder of her life to the service of God?

To each of these questions, the maiden answered with a slight inclination of her head, and her lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

The service was then proceeded with quickly, and the priest was just about to cut off the tresses of the fair victim, when a noise, resembling that of people scuffling, was heard in the middle of the building, and the priest let fall the hair, and, looking forward into the crowd, appeared to demand the reason. The noise ceased, and again were the shears uplifted; when suddenly the uproar came nearer, and a tall figure, clad in a riding-cloak, and hat pulled over his face, burst through the crowd, exclaiming, "Hold!—hold! Touch one lock, and, by Heaven, I'll burn your convent to the ground! She has been deceived—duped—tricked; and I must speak with her."

"Rash man, stand back!" cried the priest; "take but a step, and I will launch the church's curse upon your sacrilegious head."

"You dare not; and, when you know me, would not!" cried the intruder, throwing off his cloak and hat. "Look! and see in me the church's friend—Lambroni!"

A wild, wild scream of joy floated richly through the ancient building, and Teresa (for she it was) fell weeping upon the neck of her long lost, defamed, but still adored, Lambroni.

Our tale is soon told. A thousand ducats pacified the church for the loss of a votary; and the priest, who should have cut off Teresa from the world, united and blessed her and her lover. The Countess implored the forgiveness of her son, which was refused, but afterwards, at the request of Teresa, granted. Pedro was shipwrecked and drowned, shortly after his confession to the Count. And the lovers themselves, more ardent, because tried; more loving, because re-united; lived a long life in the sweet interchange of that love, which is the ruling passion of the world and the spirit and essence of God himself.

THE RETURN.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"Brother, come home."—*American Poet.*

"PILE up the hearth, till its blaze outshines
The sun when he revels 'mid southern vines!
Our loved one cometh, the night is dark,
And the hoarse winds sweep through the forest stark;—
Pile up the hearth! all his dangers past,
We will welcome him cheerily home at last!"

There pressed a throng, for the night grew cold,
Round the glowing hearth of that mansion old;
Yet room was made for one *vacant* chair,
And wandering eyes sought to rest them there;
And hearts beat quicker at every sound
That broke through the tempest-darkness round.

"Our few pale flow'rets begin to fall,—
Trim them anew, for *he* loves them all!
He has journeyed far on a lonely track,
Let us give him a joyous welcome back!
And strew fresh rushes beside his chair,
For Ranger will seek glad resting there."

With treasured memories around her thrown,
Sate the mother of that expected one:
Deep in her heart lay the love for him,—
Him, her first-born,—and her eyes grew dim
With anxious tears, as the hours passed by,
And the prayer of her soul rose silently!

"Not another song till his own deep voice
Be heard, and our full hearts *must* rejoice!
The absent tone is the dearest aye,
Our thoughts have flown to the loved away;
And we long, with an anxious hope, to greet
The sound of his homeward bending feet!"

There was the wanderer's sister fair,
With her night-dark eyes and her glossy hair,
Sitting silent by her betrothed one's side,
The morrow would see her a happy bride!
And he, that brother scarce less adored,
Must give her hand to its chosen lord.

" We shall soon see a crowd round that empty chair ;—
Wonder Alice is not already there !
George is preparing to storm his knee,
And Kate's laugh to ring out more merrily ;
And Mary has found a hiding nook
To start from, and meet his wondering look !"

Childhood was there with its gleeful face—
A grief to young hearts was that vacant place !—
Through their jocund frolics in wood and hall,
He was the merriest amongst them all !
And tiny voices were whispering round—
" Will he come ?"—then sank in a hush profound.

" Who will be first to hail the tone
Of his clear voice sent o'er the threshold stone ?
Whose cheek with the richest tints will burn,
Warmed by the kiss of his glad return ?
Ah, we could guess !—but we may not tell
Who loves the best, where all love so well !"

There was one whose pulse did ever beat
Quick at the spring of his bounding feet ;
A flush on her cheek was seen to lie,
And a conscious glance in her downcast eye,
And her breath came fast—for a sound was heard,
And all hearts with a trustful rapture stirred !

Why come there *three ?*—there should be but *one*,
And the speaking soul from *his* face hath gone !
The tale was soon told,—he had missed the track ;—
Where the mountain gorges yawn deep and black,
His foot had slipped,—his heart ceased to beat,—
And they laid the corse at his mother's feet !

There was no bridal for many a day ;—
There was heart-stricken sorrow, and black array ;—
There were no joyous bells—one low, sad tone,
Pealed from their sullen throats alone ;
And never more round that hearth was shed
The glad light of old—it was with the dead !

A TOUR AMONG THE THEATRES.*

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER VI.

Embracing an excursion to the Princess's, the Adelphi, and Olympic Theatres.

As our respected relative would not be persuaded to accompany us, we set sail, on that same evening, in the old boat, in the direction of the Princess's Theatre. This is a very charming spot—an arena of admirably measured extent—a seeming sanitarium and place of pleasant resort for the wandering Thalia and Melpomene of London, not to be too highly prized by ladies in their present delicate situation. But to what purpose is devoted the soil of this garden?—to the cultivation of wholesome and legitimate English herbs, fruits, and flowers? No; to the production of stringy *légumes*, sown of foreign seed, worthy of the *soupe maigre*, to which they impart the sole flavour it has to boast of, or of unknown plants which yield a blossom of sickly appearance and smell; we refer to the customary *novelties* here.

Before adverting to the sights of the night in question, let us cast a glance over the late performances at this house. Last season, what had we? Clarissa Harlowe; *l'Homme blasé*; *l'Invention de Poudre*; the pawnbroker affair rendered lively by Charles Mathews's busy body; and we care not how many more translations and adaptations. Now, we ask the theatrical world, in candour, could not our English coiners produce metal as attractive as these? We are sure they could: give them but the tools, they have the material; let them but have encouragement, and the natural talent to work on is ready. That the French are better able to interest an audience by cleverness of handling a plot, and putting the scenes and effects together in *combinaison*, we admit, but this is not the point; we should try our English authors too; this is but the dawn of a Vaudeville age in England; she needs experience in the school, and the experience of original composition. Why is she not allowed to have it?

Well, this state of things did not prepare us to expect more than an opera, on the groundwork, if not exactly wearing the plot, of a French ballet, for the recommencement of operations: a good opera enough, in writing, granted; but, from our experience of the management here, we are tempted to ask, why take

* Continued from p. 194.

a hackneyed stage subject, because it happens to be foreign? we are at a loss to divine a cause: it is like an artist going over to France to find his model of a horse, as though there were none to be obtained in his own native land. However, our scruples are somewhat removed on this head by the author's preface, to which we refer the reader; *le jeu vaut la chandelle* in this instance, at all events.

Again, we ascertain, from studying the bills, that the lessee of this establishment, regardless of expense, disinterestedly anxious only for the amusement and gratification of his audience, fearful lest the work which "the unanimous opinion of the public press has pronounced to be the best English opera *ever* produced" (no mincing matters here), should diffuse too much of delight and rapture amid a nervous and excited audience, varies the scene by engaging a Mr. J. R. Scott, for a few enthusiastic receptions. Now, it chanced that the night of our arrival in these regions, after quitting our uncle as above shown, this gentleman was exhibiting his powers in Macready's once celebrated and favourite character of Rob Roy. It was the second occasion of his appearance in the part, and we were enabled to judge of the enthusiasm created by the performance in a tolerably empty house. He was listened to attentively; here and there moderately applauded; and called for at the conclusion of the musical drama, to receive the congratulations of some fifty individuals, amongst whom ill-natured people might suggest that there may have been five and forty of his intimate friends or their friends. However, we have no grounds, beyond conjecture, for supposing that the *fiat* was other than that of the public at large; so let us be impartial. Mr. Scott's was a fair piece of acting, and we should think him a sufficiently sensible man to wish that, if a similar honour be intended him on similar occasions, it may follow a more important representation than that in which he figured on this particular night. Really, and truly, if this calling before a curtain be a criterion of first-rate talent, we have a very considerable number of illustrious actors and actresses, indeed, whose respective sweetnesses are now being wasted on the desert air. Why, in this very Rob Roy, we venture to say that an impartial critic, carefully reviewing the performance, would, notwithstanding the general evenness of the new comer's acting, have classed his bold outlaw on a par with, if not inferior, in artistical delineation, to either Mr. Compton's Baillie, or Mr. H. Hughes's Rashleigh Osbaldistone: one determined piece of rant, and certain somewhat *outré* attitudes in the Highland garb, towards the conclusion, were quite enough for our humble decision in this respect. Beside the performers already named, there was the usual filling up of the characters of the novel, displayed in the drama; of these, Owen, Captain Thornton,

and Major Galbraith, were respectable likenesses; of the remainder, we can add, that the gentleman intended to be recognized as Francis Osbaldistone, has, at times, a very sweet voice; and that there was a representative of Diana Vernon, and another of Helen Macgregor; one of Mattie, and one of Dougal, as proved to us by the bills; but, further than this mention of the fact, we have nothing to urge on the matter.

Anchoring, again, in this vicinity, we lighted upon the "Night Dancers;" and we perfectly agree with the author of their Oxford-street vagaries, in that part of the preface to his libretto, where he states, "it may be added that the prevalent feeling is decidedly in her (the Wili's) favour."

To commence with the music. We are of those who remember, some ten years ago, when the never very brightly burning torch of English opera began to make an unusual flickering; when a new English Opera House was built; when Barnett was to create a revolution in the musical world, as foretold from the moving symptoms shown in the "Mountain Sylph;" when there was imagined a taste for Marschner's opera of "Der Vampyr," and productions of a like class; when Miss Emma Romer used to delight her hearers by showing what triumphs an English singer *could* achieve, with powers and fair play; and when, among other novelties, Mr. Loder's "Nourjahad" was not the least acceptable or important one to the lovers of native melody. We write from memory only: the gap of time has been filled up for us, by a residence in very distant climes, and by occupations very different from any connected with such matters as these. We have no records at hand for reference, but we have a distinct recollection of Henry Phillips winning the applause of his hearers by the "light in her laughing eye." We remember a pretty song commencing, "Is it joy that should beam in a maiden's eye?" and we think Miss Fanny Healy used to sing it; and a vague sense of a charming trio or quartette about moonlight or fountains, "weaves o'er us," as a modern libretto lyric has it, "its charmed chain:" we are really obliged to this authority for his assistance here, else we know not how we should have got disentangled from our net of verbiage. Mr. John Barnett, if we again remember rightly, produced "Fair Rosamond" not long after his "Sylph," with but moderate success. Mr. Loder has waited longer, and has given the public a work which we consider a complete triumph in its way, and worthy of a better fate than being inserted in a playbill, as the "best English opera ever produced." Seriously, these puffs, if used at all, should, on the "good wine" proverb principle, be devoted to a poor cause only, and not lower the character of the bills of a theatre aiming at respectability. The example of Sadler's Wells, in this respect also, is worthy of imitation.

Were we to select, without reference to the previously conceived opinions of the press,—which, imperceptibly almost, seem to bias even the most unprejudiced, but which are, fortunately, in these cases, in general, so far correct, as to lead us to the really best and most attractive points,—we should say that, according to the order of the libretto, the melodies which most struck us, on a first hearing, were—

Giselle's "Wild is the spirit which fills me now." The best compliment, we think, can be paid to which is, by styling it admirably *appropriate;* for the words are not only highly dramatic, but highly poetical also.

Albert's "Wake, my love," attractive, perhaps, owing to the execution of the singer; and his "I cannot flatter," selected partly, perhaps, on the same account.

The Flower duet, "See, dearest," nicely sung, indeed; and the only fault we have to find with the sweet melody of "He loves me, loves me not," so prevalent in the whole opera, is that we could recall it, after a first hearing even, by bringing to our aid an old and, it must be confessed, a rather hackneyed French romance, commencing, "*Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,*" the last three syllables of which line smacks strangely to our, it may be, unmusical ears, of "Loves me not."

"Peace to the dead;" another beautiful duet, very well executed.

"Wake from thy grave, Giselle;" charming, and we shall say, almost faultlessly given by the singer.

On a second hearing, we were confirmed in opinion as to the above selections, and have also to express the great pleasure we derived in the passage of "Round, round we fly," from Giselle's grand *scena*, the whole of which (whatever may be its intrinsic worth), is, we think, far more attractive to the million (ourselves included), than the piece of music under that denomination, assigned to Loretta, descriptive of the hopes of "a pale and clouded star." There is also a melodious quaintness about the Cintralto's mezzo-recitation air, "Our way has been both rough and long," too pleasing to be passed over unrecorded. The beadle's songs present a fair sample of the Anglicized Italian *buffo* school, and have the merit of melody, without too much straining at effect. The overture chorusses, and concerted pieces, boast a spirit, and total absence of heaviness most acceptable and refreshing in an English opera; and the greater part of the Wilis' music, is music which Wilis should esteem very fitting, and be proud of accordingly.

If bound to name faults somewhere, we should say that there was a want of originality in the monkish chorus, which sounds like a very familiar friend, of the "vesper bell" school, and in an air which we are pretty confident to be Giselle's, "What new

delightful being's this?" a melody that comes to us as though we met not for the first time.

But to dissect and analyse the opera satisfactorily, we need a thorough acquaintance with its beauties and defects; this belongs to the resident in its locality, not to the simple tourist, whose wandering leads him thitherward. As we profess to recommend our friends, however, to spots worthy of a visit, from first as well as after impressions, we can safely assert that a very agreeable musical entertainment awaits them from the "night dancers," at the Princess's theatre; and, independently of the music, it is not to be denied that the libretto of this opera is far above average—indeed, in this respect it is quite an 'Ossa' to one or two 'warts' we could name; and while the very opening legend would bear no inferior place in our best of annuals, we doubt much whether, among the whole lyrical manuscripts ever produced by one or two of our usual libretto writers, sixteen consecutive lines could be found, whose merits would ensure a favourable reply in the "notice to correspondents," of any respectable pamphlet or periodical whatever.

As regards the performance, we submit in fairness our humble opinion, that Madame Albertazzi does not, or did not on our first visit to the Wilis, receive the full encouragement she deserves in carrying through a difficult part in so satisfactory a manner; the John Bull spirit of "Well done little un, wop the big un," may be too much in vogue, and give rise to error and unfairness, when suffered to wander, everywhere and at all times, at large. Some people might have preferred a repetition of "Wild is the spirit," to the "Cup of oak;" and there are times that the electric machine of enthusiasm would shake a public to applaud their *prima donna*, when, after performing her by no means easy task of dreamy representation, with considerable ability and skill, she is displayed to them as at the commencement of the opera, in her supposed reality. However, there is no accounting for taste; we have seen a second Giselle to Albertazzi, who can command some notes in a voice which needs cultivation, without over-exertion; and the difficulties which the first one had to contend with in the part, became only more apparent than before, through the aiming at effect of the new representative, and the proportions of her success, to the considerable encouragement bestowed. Mr. Allen's singing in the opera, seemed to us, as a whole, superior to that of any English vocalist we wot of, now on the boards, under similar circumstances; and in the "Peace to the Dead" duet, he was nobly supported by Miss Sarah Flower, who appears to be a no mean addition to an operatic company. Though we do not see any extra fun in the beadle's part, beyond the customary allotment to comic people in operas, Mr. Leffler made Fridolin

an agreeable fellow enough; by the way, we noticed a strange departure from the text in this part (one among a large number of variations in the general performance), in the speech commencing "The stranger not up yet—very odd for a forester," we had a transposition to "The forester not up yet—very odd for a stranger:" the meaning of the first may be divined, but with the second, the Magi would certainly be at fault for solution. In hearing Mr. Bodda give his song very creditably, we felt how little adapted is the English language for this style of music, by the dwelling on the words "idle thing;" the whole line, "As though state were an idle thing," might admit of improvement in its adaptation to the mouth of a singer.

As we commenced moodily, let us end in a contrary humour. Indifferent as the company here may be *en masse*, there are one or two actors and actresses in it of right good stamp. First on the list, we place Compton, a performer second to none on the metropolitan boards in originality, and scarcely inferior to any in comicality. In the latter quality, we may give the palm to Buckstone, because we laugh more at him, but not because he is a whit truer to nature; nay, he caricatures where the other is real life; Peter Rainbows abound where Scorcups are scarce in the world; yet, as we said before, Buckstone is our man for downright merriment. We love caricatures, in striving to lose sight of every-day realities. The gardener in "Keeping a place," may show buffoonery, it is true, but of the author, not the actor; the situations were highly absurd, but the actor was correct in those situations. We cannot comprehend what possessed the management to revive "She Stoops to Conquer" here: whatever was the cause, however, the result is not to be regretted, for the chief performers rattle it off in excellent style; and Mrs. Stirling, the admirable representative of Clarissa Harlowe, who made us feel interest where we but look for indifference; Mr. James Vining, whom we wish the Calcutta folks could see starring as young Marlow here nightly, to let them know the prize they have lost; and Mr. Compton, whose Tony, though dry, is full of humour, play their portions in a fashion worthy of any time or theatre: we really should be sceptical, did ancient people tell us the acting was nothing to the days of old! In conclusion, we must remark, that if ordinary play-goers can enjoy this said comedy of Goldsmith's, in so genuine and hearty a manner, let the tillers of the field, that is, caterers for public amusement, throw in more, and even better productions of the same school; fatten the soil, as it were, with the bones of the old comedy, and your new seed will have a rich produce; for authors, actors, and audience, all three want equal preparation, equal cultivation, equal nourishment. What says the Persian poet?—

" Prepare your bricks before you lay a palace's foundation,
Else, by the rain unsapped, your walls will crumble from their station."

And what have we to record of our Adelphi visits? But little indeed: the same dramatic taste seems to preside here as of old: instance, the 'domestic' in "Eugenia Claircille," the 'fanciful' in the "Phantom Dancers," the 'farcical' in "Mrs. Gamp's Tea and Turn out," and the 'burlesque' in the "Judgment of Paris;" even, as in former times, Victorine Lurline (we believe the name to be correct), the Mummy—and Nero. One might almost anticipate the rising of the ghost of John Reeve, at a new impersonation on the boards of Marmaduke Magog; but Mrs. Yates and O. Smith are still forthcoming, and Wright is one of those prodigious favourites, who may venture a great deal with a patronizing public. The company of the Adelphi seems always so familiarly known to London, that it would be absurd attempting an introduction. Among our late pleasant reminiscences, however, we may name Miss Woolgar's Cleopatra, whose dance with Wright is real sport, and Bedford's Mr. Toffey. Mr. Munyard is a clever and useful performer, and his Venus, in the 'pose plastique' burlesque, was, perhaps, in no way inferior to that of his predecessor. We caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, one night, in the "Maid with the Milking Pail," but she has been invisible to us ever since. In conclusion, we hope, more for the sake of the manager's cash chest than the comforts of his audience, that the Adelphi may be ever full at play-time, as we are in the habit of finding it, on our occasional rambles into its precincts.

Penetrating, one evening, beyond the usual central seats of the drama, we found ourselves set down in a quiet stall at the Olympic, awaiting the first note of the orchestra. On our last visit here, Vestris, Orgar, Liston, Keeley, and Charles Mathews, were to be seen displaying their mirth-moving and interest-exciting powers; now, there was evidence of a revolution indeed; but let us not, for a moment, be thought to wish condemnation of the new company—far from it: the sight of Mrs. C. Jones and Mrs. W. Lacy, was as part of the cliffs of Albion to the returning exile: the former humorous and buxom as ever, the latter excellent as in the days of her Nell Gwynne triumph; and there was also Mr. Wilkinson—the famous Adelphi Wilkinson. The author's bill of fare for the night was "Life; by P. Palmer, Esq."

We do not remember to have seen a concise delineation of the plot of this comedy, in any one of the public papers; yet it is very simple. The main interest is centred in Frank Orston, whose expulsion from college has led him to a vagabond life and the lowest order of society. He is unexpectedly rescued from his wretched position by an old chum, Mr. Newcome, and becomes, subsequently, clerk to his own father's business man, Mr. Con-

cord; by their means, he is enabled to give his sister to her lover in the person of his first benefactor, and to denounce a thorough-paced villain, on whom she had been ordered, by a severe parental mandate, to bestow her hand—obtaining, at the same time, for himself, the pardon of one of the most flinty-hearted papas it has ever been our fortune to tumble upon. Connected with this, there are actions of inferior interest, such as the successful loves of a Sir Thomas Mentor, and a certain young lady, whose name we know not; the inconsiderate wooing, and well-pondered wedding, of Mrs. Bait, by Sir John Folair (quite a Vanbrughian and Cibberian sound); the frustrated attempts at a settlement for her daughters, by Mrs. Hookham, assiduously aided by the damsels themselves; and the *marall* propensities of Sir Jacob Smalturt. Now the question is, how is all this tolerably orthodox material put together? Why, we think the answer has been fairly given by the partial silence, as well as few reviews of the press; and if the comedy be admitted to evince powers which may be sifted into respectability, by the sieve of time or experience, we must also admit that, under such operation, a great portion of crudeness must inevitably remain behind. We use "crudeness," because, as unprofessional critics, and merely tourists for pleasure, recording, lest by chance, some of the inhabitants of the regions we visit, should think with ourselves, and approve our suggestions, we take the mildest term for much which may be deemed very wrong indeed.

A few words in no intended sarcasm. We quarrel with "outward" men of "life," more than their inward sentiments. The author seems to wish to throw the genuine old English dramatic spirit around the present age of paletôts and patent leather boots. Now this is laudable enough, but mightily difficult, especially in places where positive criticism comes to see and sit with common observation; in fine, we venture a wager that it is not to be done. Take any blank verse plays since 1830, or even for the last twenty years, and see whether any Nicholas Nickleby of the London boards has talked five acts of blank verse until now. If cases can be cited, they must be few and far between. We acknowledge to have been out of Europe for a long period; but we do not see the difference in the times sufficient to warrant a dramatic author attempting anything in this line:—

SCENE:—THE PARK.

Enter Lord Polleker and a Groom.

"*Lord P.*—My horse!

Groom.— Sooth, good my lord, the creatur's oats
Is not yet eaten.

Lord P.— No? Who says 'not eaten'?
By Jove! not eaten!—ha, ha, ha!—not eaten!
Death and—here, sirrah, give me a cigar:
A mild Havannah, or a slender Pickwick;
The Trichinopoly, with piercing straw;
Or the Bengal, or Sandoway cheroot,
So prized by the East Indian; or, mayhap,
A rich Regalia may its perfume spread
Within the case. Look in the great-coat pocket,
And tell me the result. [*Exit Groom.*]
Oh, maddening thought!
Theresa gone to that young villain, Snugsley!"

That all this appears ridiculous, we may safely venture to assert; and there will always be found a very obvious reason for its being so, until a blue coat with velvet collar and brass buttons talks Elizabethan to chocolate-coloured pantaloons, in ordinary conversation. But clothe a man in a Charles-the-Second dress, or, indeed, any other in which he could not safely exhibit in the Park or public streets, and we can allow him to speak as he pleases; for we have not the pleasure of meeting such an individual daily, to test the truth or falsity of the representation.

The comedy was succeeded by a respectable enough sort of *divertissement;* indeed, we hardly know whether it was far, if at all, behind the Drury-lane "Verven" in attractions. Jack Cade we could not wait for. We feared, however, that he was too like the old riddle of majesty robbed of its externals, in being taken out of the shell of Shakspeare's Henry VI.; and did not care for meeting him under such terms.

(*To be continued.*)

LINES, ON SEEING A VERY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Child, wandering child, thine eyes are bright,
And thy full, round face is fair,
Thy curled locks rich as a shower of light,—
But what is thy business there,
Laughing and lading thyself with flowers,
As if in this toilsome world of ours
Thou hadst nought to do, or bear?

Hast thou ne'er thought, neglected sweet!
What a weary race to run,
Is that which thy tiny pilgrim feet
Have e'en long ago begun?
Hast thou not seen what a deep gulf lies
'Twixt thee and the thousand sympathies
That should make God's creatures one?

Why, reckless urchin! what art about?
Tossing thy flowers as a ball!
And clapping thy hands with a gleeful shout
As they round about thee did fall!
Is this thy answer?—carest thou no more
For the travail that waits thee,—a sumless store,—
Sorrow and shame and all?

How mockingly beautiful is thy face!
Thus beaming with heart and mind;
Must thou go on in the loathsome race
That will cast both these behind?
Best so to perish! A fearful dower,
Through many a future, desolate hour,
In such gifts thy soul would find!

There's many a childless lordly hearth
That thy bright looks would adorn;
Yet was there no home on all the earth
Made joyful when thou wert born!
And none in thy wanderings care to know
Whither thy tender, wee feet may go,
As passeth thy life's brief morn!

Little one! lightly thou turn'st to part,
While mine eyes with tears gush o'er;—
May'st thou meet with no sterner, colder heart,
On earth's bleak, unfriendly shore!
Would that the blessing I give thee here
Had the fabled power of Ithuriel's spear,
To guard thee for evermore!

SIR MONK MOYLE.*

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER III.

"A thousand blessings follow in his track,
A thousand prayers from those that wish him back."

On the day appointed for the journey, all was stir and bustle at Madoc Hall. By day-break, the servants were running here and there, in active preparation, for (to them) a most important event. The going from home of the old Baronet was thing so novel, that the whole assembled household seemed hardly sufficient to do the work (which one domestic might easily have accomplished) of gathering together and arranging, in the great hall, the various trunks, bandboxes, and packages—the necessary, but rather troublesome appendages of a journey in which ladies are included. All the servants, from the highest official down to the kitchen-maid and stable-boy, loved their old master; as servants *will* love those who treat them well, and who (as the warm-hearted children of Erin say) have "the kind word and the pleasant look," better than all the gold in the world without them. Thus, all were busy—and all, in their anxiety to share the labour of love, rather impeded, by endless mistakes, its completion.

The dim light of a foggy morning scarcely allowed Ellen and Fanny to see their faces, in the large, old-fashioned looking-glass, that occupied, rather than adorned, their toilette-table; while the cold pinched their fingers, till they were as rosy as the poets fable those of Aurora. On descending to the breakfast-room, the sisters found Sir Monk waiting for them, with the natural impatience of old age, when anything is to be done.

The blazing fire in the capacious grate, and the pleasant savour of hot coffee, the genuine product of far-famed Mocha, cheered the spirits of the little party, somewhat depressed, as the moment approached for leaving home. For, however the thought may be agreeable in anticipation, yet, when the time actually arrives, the heart, like an April sky, has its clouds, as well as its sunshine; and the *terra incognita* of our hopes, despite the glowing hues in which fancy may have previously painted it, loses much of its brilliancy, when seen through the tears in which natural characters embalm the last look of *home*.

Sprightly natures are often, for the time being, more deeply

* Continued from page 206.

moved than those of a graver cast. Thus, Fanny, with spirits far more elastic than those of Ellen, was less able to combat with the little tempest that raged in her affectionate heart, as the time drew on, and the preparations, that kept the mind employed, were nearly completed.

At length the old family coach drew up to the hall door; and with it, also drew up many young and aged folk from the neighbouring village; come, with hearts as full of sorrow as of gratitude, to watch this going from home of their revered benefactor and the young ladies, whose good deeds, sweetened by kind words and looks, had often brought light to their lowly dwellings in the dark hours of want and misfortune.

"That trunk next, if you please, Mr. Griffith!" cried the lady's-maid, as she tripped lightly along the hall, with a huge bandbox in one hand, and a dressing-case in the other.

"Mind, John!" called Mrs. Lloyd to the footman; for the thoughtful old housekeeper well knew what sort of accommodation was to be looked for at the little inns amongst the Welsh mountains; "mind and put them biscuits in the side-pocket, and that basket under the seat; take care, and don't turn it over; oh! you'll crush the puffs. Bless me! I'd almost a-forgot the pots of marmalade, and the cherry-brandy!" and away bustled the old lady, to remedy these little slips of her memory, which was not quite so retentive as when she first entered Sir Monk's service, a blooming girl of sixteen.

"Please, Ma'am," asked old Griffith, at the parlour door, "is there anything more?"

"No, Griffith; nothing more," said Ellen.

"Come, girls!" cried Sir Monk, going first; "it's time to be off. You'll take care of yourselves;" addressing the domestics, as he passed through the great hall, where they were all assembled. "Good bye, Mrs. Lloyd! Don't let the old hall catch cold while I'm away, for lack of good cheer. Don't be cast down, Griffith! we shall soon be back again."

"The sooner the better, Sir," answered the faithful domestic, trying to cough away a tear.

As Sir Monk placed his foot on the carriage-step, he paused; and looking benignantly on the assembled group of uncovered rustics that surrounded him, he exclaimed, "God bless you, my friends! I have given orders to Mrs. Lloyd, and to Morgan, to attend to you, all the same as when I'm at home."

"Thank you!" "Thank your Honour!" "God bless you, Sir!" cried twenty voices at once; and as many hearts most faithfully and feelingly echoed.

"Come, Ellen! Come, Fanny!" said the Baronet, looking out of the carriage window. "Bless me! one would really think we were all going away for ever!"

Ellen having seated herself, Fanny still lingered behind, to say something kind to Lucy, the housemaid, who was weeping; and to give some little order about her pet squirrel and gold-finch. At last she, too, was seated in the carriage; when in sprang old Gelert, the house-dog. "Ha, ha! my old boy!" said Sir Monk; "so *you* want to be of the party, do you?" "Poor Gelert! poor fellow!" said Fanny, stooping, and patting his shaggy head, while a tear fell upon it.—"Oh! don't hurt him, John!"—as the footman dragged the faithful creature out of the coach.

"Now, then," said the Baronet, "drive on; and stop at Colonel Meredith's to take up the Captain." "Yes, your Honour!" and away bowled the carriage, as fast as the four over-fed greys could go.

"Ah! there they go; and the blessing of God go with them!" cried the honest village rustics, as they they now covered themselves, and prepared to depart.

As long as the carriage remained in sight, the servants stood watching at the hall door. "Well! God send them safe home again!" said old Griffith, the most moved of the whole party.

"Aye! and God send our young ladies home again without Irish husbands!" cried Mrs. Lloyd.

"And Mrs. Grace, too!" rejoined the butler.

"Oh! never mind Grace," answered the housekeeper; "she may catch what she can; but Miss Ellen and Miss Fanny are different."

"As different as good fortins can make them," said Morgan, with a deep sigh. "But come, Mistress Lloyd; we'll go in, if you please, and get a little more breakfast; it's cold work standing here in the fog."

"Come, Gelert! poor fellow!" said Griffith. Look how he's a-poking out his nose, as though he could scent the carriage at this distance. Poor old fellow! he's lost his best friend." And the dog looked up in his face, as if he felt the truth of the remark.

But, to return to the travellers. They only stopped for a few seconds at Colonel Meredith's; for as O'Sullivan was quite ready, Sir Monk would not alight; but exchanging compliments and adieux at the carriage window, again set forward.

The Captain, seated opposite to Fanny Moyle, cared little for the prospect out of the windows, to which Sir Monk was continually directing his attention. As, however, travellers proceeded onward, through the paradise which nature formed for her favourite Cambria, the rich variety of beautiful scenery called forth the animated praises of the enthusiastic Fanny. Then, too, the Captain began to feel an interest in that which interested his lovely companion; while the old Baronet, who

loved no spot on earth so much as that ancient stronghold of British freedom, smiled, well-pleased, upon his grand-daughter.

"Yes, Fanny! Nature pours out her treasures here, with a bountiful hand; and pity it is that so little is done to make Wales a flourishing country. But she wants a capital, a centre of attraction and of union, round which her patriotic sons might gather, and combine their efforts for the benefit of their native land."

"But would her capital, if she had one," interposed the Captain, "and even if it should become the occasional resort of her nobility and gentry, would it amount, after all, to more than a wealthy and flourishing provincial town?"

"A great deal, Hal! a great deal more. As the recognized and undoubted head of the entire Principality, it would diffuse energy and vitality through her remotest members. It would be a nucleus and a rallying point for national sympathies and feelings. National institutions would spring up; the love of country would be fostered, and would soon diffuse itself through a thousand new and useful channels. Our native industry and commerce would receive more encouragement; and our poetry and music would once more flourish as in the bardic days of old."

"A good deal *has* been done for our poetry and music, of late years," said O'Sullivan.

"Oh! yes, a good deal; but nothing to what might and would have been done, had we but had a capital to do it in. Where are our bards and poets, now? While Ireland boasts her Moore, and Scotland her Scott, her Burns, and her Ettrick Shepherd, our native Cambria, the glowing child of liberty and song, still lifts her head unsung."

"And you attribute this to the want of a metropolis, Sir Monk!"

"In a great measure; and to the other wants, immediate and remote, which flow from this. Sometimes, indeed, extraordinary circumstances will both inspire a poet, and give a direction to his muse; and I think this was the case with Moore. He took up the neglected harp of his country, and made it speak the very language of inspiration. The genius of a true poet is a bright erratic flame, sometimes engendered, or rather elicited, by the quiet condensation of its own light, as in the focus of a burning-glass, (and to this end subserve metropolitan institutions, and national encouragements;) and sometimes issuing, like the red lightning from the thunder-cloud, and passing away, with the storm that bred it. Moore was rocked in the cradle of rebellion, and had his young sympathies elicited by such men as Emmet, for the wrongs of Ireland. Hence his enthusiasm was kindled at what he considered a holy shrine, and his poetry passed from heart to lip, like a stream of electricity."

"Upon my word, Sir Monk," said the Captain, smiling; "your subject makes you eloquent. There is something infectious, I suppose, in the very name of 'poetry;' though, somehow, it is a sort of infection, hang it! which I have never been able to catch."

"Well! a truce to poetry and poets, Hal! But, to return to the original subject,—our want of a metropolis, and the innumerable other wants resulting from that. We cannot look round us without perceiving the effects of it. There has been no improvement treading on the heels of time; no fostering of the arts; no encouragement to literature. A dead lethargy has stolen upon the land. Like the pool of Bethesda, she wants an angel to stir the waters; and that angel is the spirit of patriotism. As the great Coleridge says, 'we want public souls.' We want men who will not merely improve their own estates, but look to the country at large, and bestir themselves in the general service."

"And that, Sir Monk, is (I suspect) very much the want of England herself, in spite of her huge metropolis. Patriotism, indeed, seems to me to be 'the only growth that dwindles there.' Public men deal largely in the expression of their patriotic feelings: orators 'teapot one arm, and spout it with the other:' but the rich and the threadbare politician alike keep snugly within the enchanted circle of '*self*;' the one looking to the preservation of his wealth, the other to the acquirement of it; and thus, as the poet says of a consultation of physicians—

> 'Consulting wisely (don't mistake, Sir!)
> Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.'"

"All very true," rejoined the Baronet; "far too true! But let me be clearly understood, Hal. I do not mean that a large overgrown capital is necessarily favourable to the growth and development of patriotism, or public spirit. On the contrary, patriotism, like poetry, is often bred and nourished in silence and in solitude, and rears its altars in lonely groves and on mountain tops. I only mean this—that for want of our having some common rallying-point, those national sympathies and associations, which tend to raise a country, *as* a country, in the scale of civilization, are scattered and lost."

"But you see, Sir Monk, that Ireland, which *has* a capital, does not seem to be very much the better for it."

"Ireland, Hal, has very little in common with Wales, beyond the poverty of the two countries, as compared with England. With this single exception, two more opposite countries can hardly be found on the face of the known world. Of this diversity, a host of minor instances might be given. But suffice it to say, in general terms, that Wales being neither divided

from England geographically by the sea, nor socially and morally by the arts of pseudo-patriots and trading politicians, nor by the jealous pretensions of a rival religion, she entertains no absurd, impracticable notions, of setting up in business again as a nation on her own account."

"Egad! Sir Monk! I suspect she would not be much the better for it, if she could."

"Not a whit; but a great deal worse. As a member of the old-established trading firm, 'John Bull and Co.,' she carries weight and respectability in the world: but what would she be amongst the nations, if she were embarked upon her own bottom, and her own capital?"

"Ah, my good Sir; but you forget that Ireland outnumbers Wales, as six or seven to one."

"No, I don't forget at all. What signifies a numerous population, if there be amongst them neither capital, industry, enterprise, nor any adequate knowledge and enlightenment; and above all, if there be no general union or cohesion? Where, then, are the elements of strength? Certainly not in gross numbers; for what is a mere machine, without a proper moving power? and even with that, what is it, if it be so unhappily constructed, as to pull different ways? It is only by adding or uniting them together, that two tens can ever make twenty. Subtracted from, or opposed to, each other, like the *plus* and *minus* of Algebra, one million will as effectually neutralize a million, as ten will neutralize ten."

"Well, Sir Monk; granting all this, I suppose O'Connell thinks that if he could have a Parliament of his own in Dublin, he would introduce internal union, and all those other things which Ireland wants."

"*He* introduce! The most self-sacrificing patriot the world ever saw (and I believe no man is silly enough to suspect that to be O'Connell) could do nothing of the kind. The capital, enterprise, enlightenment, and general habits of a country, are the growth of ages. We have sometimes heard of remarkable and well-authenticated instances of the sudden change, or conversion, of an individual; but all history bears me out in saying, that no nation, or great community, ever experienced an instantaneous regeneration, either moral, social, or physical. A government may originate measures which may, to a certain extent, either promote or retard the national progress; and that is all that any government can do. If any man pretends to more than this, he is no better than the voluble mountebank, whom I well remember in my young days, parading on a public stage before the ignorant multitude, and vending his boxes of dirty pills and green salve, for the cure of all imaginable ills, and all unimaginable ones beside."

"Oh, Sir! I'm afraid that's a hit at poor Dan."

"Not unless you think it fairly planted, Hal."

"O'Connell seems to think that Ireland, for want of a Parliament of her own, is a mere province, little better than a sort of home colony; that she is, in short, no longer a nation."

"Ah, *seems* to think! that's very well put; for, of course, he knows it to be quite *the contrary*, in spite of what he says, or *seems* to think. His arguments, on this point of *nationality*, either entirely fail to bear out his inferences, or else are so ununhappily *national* (excuse me, Hal), that they prove exactly the reverse."

"How is that, Sir Monk? I confess I have never devoted much time or attention to them."

"Not lost much in that, I fancy. But to the point. O'Connell says that Ireland can never be *a nation* until she has a Parliament of her own again. But he does not pretend to tell us in what respect she was more a nation when she had one. I mean, of course, a nation in the independent sense in which O'Connell himself means it, as distinguished from a mere province or dependency. Canada and many of our colonies have each of them a domestic legislature, and they still are but colonies. Nay, to come a little nearer home, and within sight of the very shores of Ireland: the little Isle of Man, which Dan may see every time he sails to take his seat in the Commons' House, refutes at once both his assertions and his arguments. That island, small as it is, has its own legislature. But does that circumstance give it an independent rank or nationality? Does that circumstance, I say, render it superior, or even equal, to Scotland, which has no longer a separate Parliament, but is still, in every proper and legitimate sense of the word, a nation?"

"I should think not, indeed. But pray go on, Sir Monk. Much as I like O'Connell, I could never, so far as I have had an opportunity to look into the subject, agree with him on the *repeal question*; and I feel greatly interested in what you are now saying."

"Well, then, O'Connell knows *the very converse* of all that he alleges on this point to be true. He knows full well that Scotland, without a separate legislature, is still a nation, and, what is more, a kingdom; and he knows that Ireland is the same. He knows, too, that Canada, although a nation, and although now possessing (which the term itself does not necessarily include or imply) a legislature of its own, is still no more than a colony or dependency, which is not the case with either Ireland or Scotland. And he knows that the little Isle of Man, which is not, like Canada, in itself a nation, is not, by the mere adjunct of a legislature, lifted up to national rank and importance. So that you see, Captain, none of Dan's three magic words—

'parliament,' 'nation,' and 'province,' or 'dependency'—have any necessary relation to each other."

"Why, certainly it seems so, Sir Monk."

"Aye; and the more you look into the subject, the more you will be satisfied that it *is* so. Facts speak for themselves, and are by far the most convincing of all orators. One little fact, the Isle of Man for instance, is more than an answer to all the pompous arguments that O'Connell ever uttered, *ore rotundo*. Of course, no colony, or mere dependency, can possibly have the privilege of sending members to the Imperial Legislature, because it must, *ipso facto*, become a part of the grand trunk or main body, and cease to be an off-shoot. It would then contribute to make laws, not merely for itself, but for England and the whole empire at large. If in itself a nation or a country, it would be a *nation* or a *country* still, but with the additional and high privilege of possessing a share of *imperial* power."

"I confess, Sir, that your arguments seem to me not only reasonable, but unanswerable."

"At any rate, Hal, whenever O'Connell may think proper to answer them, which we should be glad if he could do at his leisure, we will then enter fairly with him upon the other points of the Repeal question. Till then, we may as well amuse ourselves with twisting ropes of sand, or hunting for mares' nests!"

"What you say, Sir, of Scotland, as being still a nation, certainly applies equally to Ireland."

"Aye! and that is, after all, only half the argument; for it applies equally to *England* too. Ireland, as well as Scotland, now forms an integral part of one mighty empire; and *England* herself is *no more* than this. And if England be larger, and more populous, and more wealthy, and more powerful, than either of the other two; O'Connell must blame, not England, but Providence, or the Supreme Disposer and Governor of the Universe. We do not find, however, that Scotland takes any umbrage or exception at the circumstance."

"True enough! but Scotland is more in unison with England in many most essential points."

"I grant it, Captain; and that this greater unison tends, happily, to cement their union, both legislative and fraternal. But this is another branch of the question, which would open out a much wider field of discussion. For the present, I confine myself to *one* of the glaring contradictions of which O'Connell is guilty; and I now merely add, that, in spite of all his raving about a '*parliament*,' and '*nationality*,' as if the two things were *identical*, Ireland, which is now integral, national, and even imperial, would, if he could have his own way, become, at once, merely *provincial;* a dependency on the main body, instead of an essential part of it. How long he might like that

dependency to continue—'Ah! there's the rub!' As it is, she bears out, with the two other sister kingdoms, the good old fraternal motto, '*Tria juncta in uno*,' and they are now three nations, and three kingdoms, forming one united kingdom or empire, under one legislature, and one imperial crown."

"That seems a very intelligible and a very accurate definition too, Sir Monk. But you have really taken me a little by surprise, in showing me that Ireland, in a legislative sense, holds precisely the same national rank as England herself. What, then, does O'Connell want?"

"Why, Hal,* he wants what he cannot have, and what he knows he ought not to have. But of course he has *ulterior* objects in view. Repeal, with him, is a mere stepping-stone;—*means* to an *end*. Sometimes he enlivens his arguments—and appropriately enough, as feeling them to be more fanciful than logical—with a little dash of *poetry*, and talks of '*the golden link of the Crown*,' which, of course, he would greatly prefer, to the more adamantine bonds of *parliament*, as he finds it rather more difficult to break off the one, than would be the other. If he could once have an Irish legislature again, sitting in College Green, it would be a very different sort of thing, I fancy, from what it was before the Union. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* It would no longer be the Queen's parliament, but Dan's parliament; and that curious cap of his, which has, at present, so much of the true zany cut about it, might then begin to change and brighten."

"Change and brighten into what, Sir Monk?"

"Oh! into anything that his poetical reveries might fashion it. He could then, as time and opportunity might serve, work his parliament for his own purposes: and with such a steam-engine at his command, Dan acting as driver, and his son John as stoker, oh! we should have a pretty mess of it! They would go at a furious rate, that's quite certain; and I'm afraid they would very soon be off the rail. Ah! then, what a crash! First, second, and third-class passengers would all be involved in it alike, and it is hard to say which would fare the worst. In short, Hal, the little 'golden link,' that Dan talks so glibly about, would hardly do for an engine like that, if the steam were once well up."

"Ah, Sir Monk! you are far too hard upon Dan."

"Not at all more hard, Captain, than he has been, for many years, upon himself. All hollow patriots and pseudo-philanthropists, if life be only spared to them, to figure long enough upon the public stage, invariably end by committing suicide upon their

* The reader will please to bear in mind that the remarks which the baronet makes upon O'Connell are not intended, in the slightest degree, as an attack upon his general character, but simply upon his public conduct, on the one question of "*Repeal*," a question on which no true patriot can possibly wish him success.

own reputation; and Dan has not proved an exception to the general law. He has alluded a good deal, on former occasions, to the physical force of the Irish millions, and, in no very equivocal terms, to the aid of America, and other foreign countries. All such allusions, however, he, doubtless, considers to be mere 'flowers of rhetoric.' If so, they are flowers which, amongst his ignorant and deluded followers, might set and ripen into very poisonous fruit.

"But we have wandered quite away, Hal, from our original subject,—the want of a metropolis for Wales; which, I may just observe by the way, no more includes the idea of a parliament, than the term 'nation,' or 'nationality,' implies it."

"Upon my word, I forget, Sir Monk, where the thread was broken off."

"Well, never mind, Hal! we'll not take the trouble to join it again just now. For, see! we have talked poor Ellen to sleep."

"And me too, almost, grandpapa!" said Fanny, laughing.

"Well, well! I'd sooner send you both to the cave of the Seven Sleepers, than hear you talk politics, like Mrs. Williams, or Lady Jane Apreece. Of all abominations, defend me from a politician in petticoats."

"Oh, Ellen!" said Fanny to her sister, who was just opening her eyes, "you have lost such splendid scenery!"

"Why did you not wake me then, Fanny, when you knew how much I wished to see everything that lay in our route?"

"It would have been of no use at all," interposed the baronet; "you would have gone to sleep again immediately, for Hal and I have been talking politics."

"I'm afraid, then," said the Captain, "that Sir Monk and I are chargeable with all that you have lost."

"Well, never mind, Ellen! if you lost the prospect, you lost the politics too," rejoined Sir Monk; "and, therefore, you may fairly set one loss against the other. What do *you* say, Fanny?"

"Why, I was just thinking, grandpapa, that without the politics, perhaps Ellen might not have lost the prospect at all."

"Ah! you rogue!" said the baronet, smiling good humouredly, "that is a fair logical hit."

"Look out to your right there, Coz!" suddenly exclaimed O'Sullivan, as they emerged from one of the defiles which lay in the approach towards Conway. "We have seen nothing so fine as that yet, I can assure you."

The sun was fast descending towards that mountainous horizon, behind which he was soon to sink, long before the close of the natural day. The fleecy clouds were thrown around him in a thousand graceful and fantastic forms, like a vast pavilion of amber and of amethyst. The stupendous mountain ranges of Caernarvon, rising pile above pile,—and high over all, imperial Snowdon, the mighty monarch of the waste,—stretched far away

before the travellers, in all the bold relief of light and shadow; and on the right, the sea, the boundless sea, lay quietly reposing in a haze of purple glory. Full in the fore-ground, and contrasting strongly by their bright reflection, rose the regal towers of Conway, bathed in golden light: and if any of the works of man might raise its head in that sublime solitude, without being utterly out of place and out of keeping, truly it was that magnificent ruin. There it stood, in the face of the glorious heavens, the eternal hills, and the illimitable ocean; and it added effect, and even grandeur, to the whole.

Ellen and Fanny gazed upon the scene in rapt admiration, without uttering a single word. Sir Monk was the first who broke the silence of the party; and then, not so much by addressing himself to any one, as in an abstracted and contemplative mood. His soul seemed, after having imbibed, as it were, the full splendour of the scene before him, to retire for a moment within itself. At length he ejaculated, with a fervent solemnity:

"'GOD dwelleth not in temples made with hands!' The utmost bounds of earth are too narrow for *His* dwelling-place, for 'the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him.'"

Now the Baronet, though an old soldier, was not merely a devout Christian, but a regular attendant at his parish church. Some who have advanced similar sentiments, aye, and quoted Scripture too, have been unfortunately neither the one nor the other.

The little party now alternately exhausted all the terms of eulogy upon the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and the successive changes which it underwent, as the carriage rolled rapidly along the descending road, towards the ancient town of Conway. As they approached the lofty and once embattled walls which enclose it, guarded at stated intervals by a succession of massive round towers, it seemed to form no mean or inappropriate appendage to the adjacent castle.

Here they halted for the night: and, on the following morning, the Baronet despatched his two remaining greys by the postilion who had driven them to Conway, back to their comfortable stables at Madoc Hall, there to join, in a luxurious sort of long vacation, the pair of leaders which he had dismissed at an earlier stage of the journey. After breakfast, the travellers inspected the vast ruins of the feudal fortress, which adjoins the town, and which, on the preceding day, had attracted so much of their notice and admiration in the distance; and after gratifying their curiosity with a full survey of this magnificent specimen of the power and grandeur of the first Edward, they set forward once more, on their route to Bangor.

It was not without feelings of awe and dread, that Ellen and Fanny looked round, as they entered upon the celebrated pass of Penmaen-mawr. High, upon one hand, rose the rugged and almost perpendicular rocks, to the height of nearly fifteen hun-

dred feet above the level of the sea; the detaching of the least fragment of which, as they hung frowning in terrific grandeur over the heads of the travellers, would have doomed them to instant destruction. Far down upon the other side of the narrow road, on which they were now travelling, fell the same precipitous rocks, like a wall of adamant, upon the very margin of the sea, to whose encroaching surges they here presented an impenetrable barrier. The low wall, which guarded the road at this particular point, was hardly perceptible to the two timid girls, as they sate opposite to each other, at the further side of the carriage. To them, therefore, it appeared as if not merely a loose fragment from above, but a single false step, would precipitate them headlong down the tremendous abyss below. It was not until they had left the rocky pass full half a mile behind them, that they began once more to breathe freely. They had now a delightful drive, as they skirted the sea-coast, in full view of the opposite shores of Anglesea; and it was not long before they reached the splendid bridge across the Menai Straits. But lest the reader should suppose that he is going to be amused with a mere tour, instead of a veritable history, we will despatch the travellers at once across the Isle of Anglesea, and bring them safely to Holyhead.

Here it had been arranged that they should pass the second night, previously to their embarking for the Irish metropolis. While they were seated at the tea-table in one of the front rooms of the inn, the tones of a harp, touched as by the hand of a master, rose from the hall below, and attracted the attention of the party. After an appropriate symphony, the minstrel, in a fine mellow voice, sang the following song to one of the fine old Cambrian airs, which he accompanied on the instrument, with infinite skill and taste.

THE LONE HILLS OF ARVON.

The feuds are at rest on the lone hills of Arvon;
The war-cry has ceased on her surf-beaten shore;
The night-breeze now sighs thro' the walls of Carnarvon,
Where music and revelry sounded of yore:
Yet, still from yon ruin, though time-worn and hoary,
The wild harp of Cambria rings in the blast;
It tells of her valour, it echoes her glory,
And sends back to Snowdon the voice of the past.

No more from the stronghold the plumed hero sallies,
No more to the battle-field Cambria calls;
There's peace on her mountains, and peace in her valleys,
And gladness and song in her time-honour'd halls:
The dawn of a brighter day rises before her,
All fresh with the light of her early renown;
A prince of her own line is born to watch o'er her,
First flower of his garland, first gem of his crown.

When the sounds had ceased, the Baronet and O'Sullivan descended together to the hall, where they found a venerable man, of an engaging aspect and a hale and vigorous frame, but fast descending into the vale of years. They at once perceived that he was one of the wandering ministrels, who occasionally traverse the Principality, keeping alive her fine old music, and the memory of her ancient glory, although he was as superior to the generality of them in appearance, as he was in artistic skill. Sir Monk presented him with a handsome gratuity; and after conversing with him most affably for several minutes, requested him to play "*The rising of the Sun*," and returned with the Captain to enjoy it, along with the young ladies, in the apartment which they had quitted. Many other of the beautiful and favourite melodies of Cambria followed in succession, and contributed to pass the evening most agreeably, until the travellers retired to rest.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOOMED CITY.

A MYTHOLOGICAL DRAMA.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

PERSONAGES:

The Spirit of Pestilence.
First Spirit, } *Spirits of*
Second Spirit, } *Tartarus.*
Third Spirit, }

Apollo.
First Spirit, } *Attendants on*
Second Spirit, } *Apollo.*
Third Spirit, }

SCENE I.—*A part of Erebus; the Spirit of Pestilence seated on a throne of ebony, in the midst of an extensive waste, from which a dense fog is continually rising.*

SPIRIT OF PESTILENCE.

SPIRITS! ye who toil beneath,
In thrice-blackened realms of death,
Where the dim Tartarean river
Darkly rolls, and rolls for ever,
As within its waves ye strive
For yet deadlier spells to dive,
From whose vapours may be hurled
Death upon the upper world;
Breathing still unsated strife
'Gainst the elements of life;—
Spirits from that nether sphere
Do my bidding, haste, appear!

Enter Spirits of Tartarus.

SPIRITS.

We have heard thy potent call,
Beyond the adamantine wall,
By the gulf we may not quit
Till thy summons open it:—

Spirit, at whose throne we bow,
We are ready;—what wouldst thou?

SPIRIT OF PESTILENCE.

To Apollo's high decree
Listen, as it speaks in me:—
"Woe to Athens! sudden woe
All her state shall overthrow!
Voiceless left, her princely halls
Shall startle if a footstep falls;
In her lone and silent streets
Man shall loathe the life he meets;
Brother there shall brother fly,
Son shall leave his sire to die;
They that rise with healthful breath,
Ere night shall yield it up to death;
And where they lie, a tainted load,
Shall be their last, unblest abode.
Sudden horror over all
In unbroken gloom shall fall;
For the crimes that hourly rise,
A noisome incense to the skies,
For the boldly impious wrong
That her sons have worked full long,—
Woe to Athens! sudden woe
All her state shall overthrow!"
Thus the God we all obey
Speaks his mandate,—spirits say,
Hide ye in that blind abyss
Spells to do a work like this?

FIRST SPIRIT.

We have vapours, in whose breath
Lurks a darkly sudden death,
Yet so subtle that the air
Tells not of their wanderings there;
Dews that, drawn from Lethe's flood,
Shoot like lightning through the blood;
Filling all the fevered veins
With ten thousand burning pains.
We have yet a deadlier spell
Wrought in deep, volcanic cell,
From the fire that, burning ever,
Knows or rest, or respite never;
This, in fever's fiercest hour,
On the frenzied brain we pour,
Thronging in that space of life
Shapes and sounds with horror rife,
Till the tortured spirit know
All its sense can undergo.
These we wait thy will to bring,
A meet and fateful offering,

With unfailing blight to fall,
And sudden vengeance, over all.

SPIRIT OF PESTILENCE.

This is well. Your work begin,
Fitly yoked with death and sin:
But ere ye the task fulfil,
Hear Apollo's further will:—
"When repentant tears and sighs
From that doomed crowd arise,
When the sin whose deepening dye
Called this vengeance from the sky,
On each soul, a withering shade,
Lies, and looks to heaven for aid,
Then shall mercy step between,
Pouring life where death had been."
Till men own this saving breath,
'Tis yours to speed the work of death;
Now your direst spells prepare,
Hence! and seek the upper air.

SPIRITS.

Brother-spirits, haste away,
Men shall rue our holiday. [*Exeunt Spirits.*

SCENE II.—OLYMPUS. APOLLO *seated, dark clouds rolling beneath him; Spirits in attendance.*

APOLLO.

Obdurate mortals! reckless still
Through this desolating ill!
How may heaven's insulted power
Yield to pity in this hour,
While from out yon walls arise
Bolder mockery to the skies!
Spirits, yet once more declare
What from hence ye witness there.

SPIRITS.

In the halls and in the streets
Death hath breathed on all he meets;
Loathsome heaps of dead and dying
In uncared-for guise are lying;
Men are hurrying to and fro,
As unwitting where to go;
Others gaze with hollow eye
On their own hearth's vacancy,
Waiting with impatient breath
The hour that brings a welcome death:
On the lone and lifeless seas,
Silent ships drift to the breeze;
Gorgeous things neglected lie
As men had nought to do but die,
Nought to do but yield to fate,
Hopeless, stern, and desolate!

APOLLO.

Has a doom so fearful wrought
In them no repentant thought?
Must man's darkly stubborn will
Rule alike in good and ill?
Spirits of the nether sphere,
Once again appear, appear!

Enter Spirits of Tartarus.

Quick! what tidings bring ye now,
Have ye taught one heart to bow,
One for whose repented sin
The work of mercy may begin?

FIRST SPIRIT OF TARTARUS.

We have crumbled into dust
Things wherein the mighty trust,
Scattering to the heedless wind
All the dreams of human kind.
We have torn from out the heart
Ties that formed of life a part,
Till the earth, made desolate,
Own for it nor love nor hate;
But within the unyielding soul,
Sin hath kept its dark control,
This alone hath mocked our skill,
Working deadlier mischiefs still.

SECOND SPIRIT OF TARTARUS.

Men, ere yet they fall, prolong
The vacant hours with feast and song;
Mingled with the dying groan
Mirth sends forth its wildest tone;
Anguish-cries and shouts of laughing,
Life and death together quaffing.
Reckless of each other's woe,
Men snatch the moments as they go:
Wasting in unholy strife
The last devoted dregs of life;
But around the altar-stone
Grey moss hath twined itself alone;
None have sought that silent spot,
Even to die;—it is forgot.

APOLLO.

Shapeless messengers of ill,
Hence! and wait my further will.

Exeunt Spirits of Tartarus.

Spirits! ye of gentler birth,
Seek the desolated earth:
If amid that severed crowd
One repentant heart be bowed;
If one short, one broken prayer,
Hath lingered for a moment there,

With the yearning wish to save
Aught it treasured from the grave—
Even for this shall mercy throw
Her healing peace o'er all below;
Haste, ere yet the book of fate
Be sealed, and pity come too late. [*Exeunt Spirits.*

SCENE III.—OLYMPUS *as before*; APOLLO; *enter Spirits.*

APOLLO.

Spirits, welcome! by the glow
Chastened on each thoughtful brow,
Ye have found in earth's despair
Somewhat asking mercy there.

FIRST SPIRIT.

As we cleaved the lower sky,
Shouts of rudest revelry,
Mixed with laughter, to our ear
Proclaimed the grosser earth was near.
In the hall we entered first,
Whence that festive sound had burst;
True, men held a revel there,
But the revel of despair;
In each glazed and hollow eye
Spake its bitter mockery:
One, who sate in gloom apart,
Approached the rest with sudden start,
And as he raised the wine-cup's brim,
Called each to join that pledge with him,
And quaff a goblet to the bride
Who lay a black corse by his side!
Another, who had been a sire,
That morn had seen his child expire,
The last of five, whom heedless fate
Had bowed, and left him desolate!
And as he marked the darkening brow
Of him who slept so calmly now,
One shout of heart-wrung triumph burst,
That death for him had done its worst!

SECOND SPIRIT.

Apart from these, with woe more wild,
A widowed mother watched her child;
Grasping to a fearful heart
Hope that would not all depart,
Till around that sinless thing
Shades of death were gathering;
And its dim and loving eye
Looked up to her quietly,
As the smile upon its cheek
Of a better hope would speak,
Of a love that scarce could go
From its nestling place below!

But the fair head drooped, and pressed
Once again that parent breast;
One quivering pang, one stifled moan,
And she was on the earth alone!
Then arose that mother's cry
Of wild and utter misery!
Then, not till then, the burning prayer
Passed from her heart—it had been there!

THIRD SPIRIT.

O'er a corse in cold death sleeping,
A fair and spotless child was weeping,
All unconscious that the eye
It sought had closed eternally:
Loosened from the grasp that fast
Had held it, cradled to the last,
While unheard went forth the cry
To each reckless passer by,
Of a mother's prayer for one
Friendless on earth when she was gone.
Hour after hour, unheeded there,
That frail thing wrestled with despair;
And with its half-formed accents tried
To rouse the slumberer at its side;
Still gazing in the sealed eyes
With its unconscious love's surprise.
It would have moved even thee, great King!
To watch that lone and fainting thing,
Unmarked by all, with sleep oppressed,
And hunger, seek its mother's breast,
Snatch a brief, feverish rest awhile,
Sleep on that pulseless heart, and smile!
Then start from dreams of burning pain
To moan itself to rest again!
This could not last, the infant died,
Still clinging to its mother's side;
And no one marked it where it lay,
Or how its pure breath passed away,
Save we alone;—for these, dread Power,
Let mercy shine upon this hour!

APOLLO.

Enough! enough! from earth and sky
Pestilential vapours fly!
For the work so darkly done,
For the grace ye have not won,
Spirits of Tartarean birth,
Hence for ever from the earth!
Seek the depths now doubly curst,
With the ill yourselves have nurst;
That chained by everlasting pain,
Ye weave your muttered spells in vain!
'Tis well, they fly;—a purer day
Breaks on the earth:—away! away!

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.*

CHAPTER V.

"Pictures, like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right."
Pope.

"Lady Sneerwell.—Why, truly Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

"Snake.—True, Madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge, she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces." — *The School for Scandal*, Act I., Scene 1.

Having cursorily glanced at the Portuguese character, I proceed to refresh my memory of the English in Madeira, who will form the subject of the present chapter. I cannot pretend to attempt anything more than a slight sketch; and I trust even that may afford amusement to those who are unacquainted with the manners and society I shall allude to.

Estimating roughly, there are about two hundred and fifty British residents in Madeira. These are, of course, exclusive of the annual influx of visitors, whose average number I should count upwards of two hundred, and of whom we can too truly say, they "come like shadows, so depart;" for few land a second time at Funçhal. I presume they either recover completely, or lapse into hopeless cases. However, be the cause what it may, such is the fact; and each succeeding autumn brings a fresh importation of invalids.

One would fancy it must be melancholy annually to part for ever with so many pleasant friends, but it does not seem to strike the residents in this light. And the only way in which they appear to be aware of the migratory nature of the visitors is, in the hospitality with which they welcome these poor birds of passage, as if determined that their short stay should be a sufficiently merry one.

In the olden and golden time, the princely merchants of Madeira were famed for their hospitality. Neither are they, in these

* Continued from page 154.

degenerate days, when people have the bad taste to refuse their wine, much altered in that respect. With reduced means of showing them, their hospitable feelings have suffered very little diminution; and so far as generosity, feasting, and fêteing, entitle a man thereto, the Madeira merchant fully deserves the name of Hospitable. At least, I know when I was in Madeira,

> "The neighbours were friendly bidden,
> And all had welcome true."

The *sphere* of hospitality has, I admit, been contracted since the number of visitors to the island has so materially increased; and, if people depend on a letter of introduction, they will find that an invitation to dinner, or a bow on the Praza, is quite as much as it should be valued at. The fact is, letters of introduction are more easily obtained than *letters of credit*. Everybody now has introductions. And as, in consequence of the increased accessibility of the place, there happen to be, among the winter sojourners, many who are *not* exactly unexceptionable (the very people who set a marketable value on their introductions, as equal to so many dinners and so much intimacy), it follows that they are occasionally disappointed. And it is very desirable they should be. But I am sure, from what I have seen, this does not apply to those who are worthy of their introductions. On the contrary, the residents are glad to get fresh draughts into their limited and threadbare circle, provided they be well-bred and agreeable; and, when once fairly *in*, no one need complain of lack of attention. I speak of them as I found them. I am not aware of anything peculiar to the season I passed in Madeira, calculated to put the residents in good and bountiful humour; but I will say, their kindness, their particular and often uncalled-for attention to the strangers, was beyond all praise.

The style in which many of the residents live, they told me, was plainness and economy to what took place under the old *régime*, when Madeira wine found its way, by the East Indies, to England, and Madeira merchants made rapid fortunes. To judge, however, by the luxuries in which they still indulge, one cannot help thinking that these grand wine-distillers are as fond of enjoying themselves as ever, and manage somehow or other to accumulate the means of doing so, too. The profuseness of the *ménage*, the display of plate and array of domestics at the dinner-table, is certainly rather contradictory to any falling off; and the pomp and ceremony, on such occasions, is only rendered unembarrassing by the sociable character and humdrum manners of your kind hosts.

We dare not recur to those feasts in the mansions of Funçhal, nor to the libations of *sercial* poured out therein (I wish I could,

though, for all that), lest we suddenly grow discontented with our mutton and sherry, and disgusted, like some military young gentlemen, with roughing it on beef-steaks and port wine.

Talking of wine reminds me of my surprise, the first time I dined out in Madeira, to find after dinner various bottles circumnavigating the table under names perfectly unknown to me. I was quite at a loss which to chose, when a kind friend whispered that I could not do wrong—they were *all* Madeira. This was the case. Madeira, of which there are several kinds—the light and delicious *bual*, the dry and exquisite *sercial*, the luscious *malmsey*, and the rich dark *tinta*—is the only wine drunk. I did once dine at a small bachelor-party, expressly given to discuss the *sole* dozen of port-wine in the island; and we used occasionally to indulge in champagne-luncheons and picnics; but neither would do after *the* Madeira.* But, as I am not writing a dissertation on the grape, to return to our party. Dinner-parties in Funçhal, in spite of the excellent bill of fare, are slow as all dinner-parties ever are. But there is generally an agreeable finish, which sends one to roost well-satisfied with one's entertainment. A carpet-dance, music, or *écarté*, with a pretty girl; which means, by-the-bye, talking a great deal of nonsense, losing your money, and giving your friends, looking on, an opportunity to gamble. But if you tire of gormandizing, you can decline all dinner-parties, and still have plenty of gaiety. There are constantly evening-parties on a small scale, in addition to the monthly balls at the Funçhalense Club. During the winter of 1845, when the niggers were dancing the Polka on the shores of Mogador, and all the world was at the feet of Jullien, Polka-mania had reached and was raging in Funçhal; and dances were consequently more than usually frequent. I used to enjoy the balls in Funçhal, I must say. There was a great absence of stiffness and ceremony, apart from want of decorum, which was new to me. Then it was so pleasant, after manifold waltzes and polkas with one and the same individual, to hand that agreeable personage into her palanquin, arrange her floating gauze and drapery within the limits of her couch, comfortably spread a warm shawl over the peering feet, draw the curtains, not too closely; and so, walking by her side—one's head too often inside the hangings—accompany our fair friend on the road home.

Such was returning from a ball in Funçhal. Then the ride

* Of all wines, commend me to *Madeira*, such as it is *in* Madeira, which is as different as possible from the wine we call by that name in England. The merchants, while they brandy considerably, to suit the bad taste of the English market,—enormously, for the American,—and still more largely for the Russian, appreciate the flavour of the grape too well to doctor the wine they reserve for their own use. It is pure, strong, and full of flavour, but *without the slightest acidity or heat.*

next day; then the continual rides and rambles; the most delightful intimacy springing up, till busy gossip took alarm, and you had to seek a fresh shrine at which to offer your innocent devotions. The most melancholy thing, and it was always to me a serious drawback to enjoyment, is the feeling which cannot fail to cross your mind of the more than ordinary insecure tenure of life holden by those in whom for the time you are so much interested. That graceful form, unnaturally slight and elegant—that expressive eye, unnaturally brilliant—that delicate complexion, unnaturally tinted — the faltering voice—the pant—the entreating look to beg a pause in the mazy dance, are not to be passed unheeded by the most careless or least interested beholder. The lightest heart will at times feel a thrill of despair, as these things unconsciously obtrude themselves. But the general gaiety is not affected. The dance goes on; the merriest flutterers are those whose butterfly career is nearest to destruction. I saw no thoughtful brow—no painful train of reflection, there. The passion for enjoyment was the only striking feature among them; "and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death."*

Queer-looking old places are the houses of the English residents, the scenes of so much festivity and fun. Entering from the street, under the doorway of a large mass of white building, half-a-dozen stories high, with dozens of Venetian-blinded windows on each story, you come at once into a lofty hall, at one end of which, through an arched gateway, may be observed a sea of casks, rolling about in all kinds of distressing positions over a paved court-yard. There is a strong winy smell, and considerable sound of hammering empty puncheons. Around the hall, two or three handsome palanquins are ranged. No other object meets the eye. The hall seems built for the palanquins. In a corner is a broad oak staircase, well defended at the bottom by a dark sturdy wicket. This leads to the habitable part of the house; the ground-floor being occupied by cellars and counting-house. There you first sue for admittance. The hall, which is only closed at night, is open to all visitors; and beggars not unfrequently take up their quarters in it during the day. The house itself has but one fault: it is too large; and the family must always be quarrelling for the bedrooms on the first-floor in preference to those on the sixth. The want of fire-places, to say nothing of the fire, gives a dreary and comfortless appearance to the whole establishment. The drawing-rooms are better-adapted for evening parties than for snug evenings at home — tolerably well-furnished, but

* "Epicurean."

old-fashioned. And, for my own part, I consider the turret the most comfortable room of all, simply because it is the smallest. This turret is a square room which crowns almost every house of any pretensions in Funçhal. It is a look-out place; you can see all over the town; and, with telescopes and telegraphs, make signals, and talk to your friends at their *quintas* a mile off; and the intolerable elevation from the ground alone prevents its being the most desirable apartment in the house.

Business is, of course, the ostensible occupation of the owners of these lath-and plaster palaces. But not as it is in England, or elsewhere in any commercial city. Business is in Madeira a grand joke; something to be ardently desired by the unhappy invalids who go wandering about, endeavouring to kill time. Tasting wine before breakfast—smoking a cigar after—gossiping at the Custom-house, or on the Praza, during the morning—then luncheon—the afternoon ride, and a luxurious dinner and splendid *sercial* in the evening; these are the arduous undertakings which constitute *business* in Madeira, and put so many dollars into the poor merchant's pockets. Nor must it be supposed that they never relax from such severe employments. There are vineyards to visit in various parts of the island,—rides to their *quintas;* and if ever a picnic is on the *tapis*, the more juvenile men of business will generally manage to be invited.

In summer, Funçhal is deserted by the English. The visitors have all gone, and the residents retire from the heat and disagreeables of the town to their country-seats, coming down for an hour or two in the morning, perhaps, to read letters, write orders, and taste Madeira.

These country-seats, or *quintas*, as they are termed, are perched about in the most picturesque and easily accessible spots in the island. Immediately above the town, and about half-way towards the summit of the range of hills behind,* is a regular colony of pretty places, called the Mount; though the name is really applicable to the Mount church—*Nossa Senhora's* church—which stands in the midst of the group. The gardens are lovely in the extreme. Laid out in terraces on the hill-side, they owe much to their natural position; but the fine plantations of coffee and lemon trees, the guava, banana, and other tropical fruits and shrubs, and the exquisite beauty of the flowers, are apart from that. Oranges grow in perfection at this height. Fuchsias and heliotrope are thought too little of in Madeira to form anything but hedge-rows, separating the walks; and geraniums, roses, hydrangeas, and such flowers as we esteem at home, flourish with wild luxuriance. But flowers of all

* About 1800 feet above the sea. The distance a mile, or a mile and a half; the road well-paved, and kept by the English (the Portuguese never repair the roads), and steep enough for anything.

colours, smells, and shapes, whose very names I dare not venture upon, adorn the banks and *parterres* with astonishingly beautiful effect. The views are delightful. Gentle slopes and undulations, sprinkled with chesnut groves, lie around, backed by the rugged and gloomy chain above. And not at all disagreeable are these retreats of the Madeira Cincinnati. But I shall never forget my first ride to Camàcha, a small village, about seven miles from Funçhal, and the *locale* of two or three English *quintas*. After an hour's riding over the rough Madeira *pavé*, descending and ascending various ravines, twisting, turning, and winding through beautiful hills, the sides of which were then one mass of yellow furze, having reached an elevation of some three thousand feet, I came upon a smooth soft road running along a tract of table-land, with wild undulating ground on either hand. I cantered gaily along, with the little village before me. The bracing air, so different from the enervating climate of Funçhal,—fresh, but not cold, and so buoyant and sweet; the clear bright atmosphere, not a cloud tinging the sky, which, of a deep blue, looked unusually and magnificently distant; the smoothness of the road; the open down-like scenery, and the little cottages and church-spire perched among the trees in the distance, were all quite English. The day was English, fresh and autumnal; and my thoughts at that moment were of English things and home. The illusion was soon dispelled; for turning by mistake to the right, and making a slight ascent from the village, I found myself on a soft level piece of turf which appeared to be bounded by a precipitous descent. I cantered to the edge, and Madeira, in its characteristic glory, was again before me. A noble country stretched between me and the coast, broken and convulsed into superb scenery. Rock, glen, and wood, exhibiting every variety of colour under the gladdening sunshine; and quaint grey ridges that rose here and there, casting bold shadows over the mountain side. In such spots as these also do the English merchants lay out snug little *quintas*, surrounded by beautiful plantations of chesnut and fir. The situation being so charming, the surprise to me always was, that people should ever exchange it for the close, muggy streets of Funçhal. Of course, the climate (in winter especially) is, on account of the elevation, an exceedingly changeable one; but what of that to an Englishman? In spite of the heavy clouds and fogs which sometimes envelope the country; in spite of the hurricanes that sometimes sweep over the hills; I should say winter was the time to enjoy such places —with the frequent unclouded sky and fresh atmosphere without, and a bright hearth and good cheer within. Hospitable Mr. B——, of Camàcha, at whose pretty *quinta* there is always a stall for your horse, and whose bright fire burns bravely at

Christmas time, is among the few who reside, more or less, all the year round in the country. The cheerful blaze at the house of this true scion of Old England has done many a man's heart good after a long ride across the hills. Thus between counting-house and *quinta*, between Funçhal and Camàcha, the Serra, the Mount, or wherever else it may be, the Madeira merchant passes his time, and without any great change. It is, perhaps, the most pleasant existence of monotony that ever came under my observation.

Of all idle do-nothing lives, I think the winter visitors to Funçhal pass the worst. Billiards after breakfast;* ices at mid-day; cigars, for those who like them, and strolling and scandal-mongering the rest of the morning. Early dinners cut into the day terribly with the invalids; but there is no necessity to digest largely at so early a period of the day. There are plenty of late feeds for those who approve of the more agreeable hour of seven; and the afternoon's ride across the hills, or to the race-course, to judge by what my own feelings were, is certain to produce a good appetite for Gordon's or Temple's excellent fare in the evening. Those early dinners at the boarding-houses, though, (for that is where they are rife,) are funny affairs. I dined at a few from curiosity. There is a good deal of sociability about them. Long invitations and much ceremony are not required, and the ride afterwards (the whole dinner-party always rides), while it is, certainly, not the amusement I should choose immediately subsequent to a good dinner, is, I admit, a wonderful solvent to all stiffness. At these dinners you meet plenty of sickly girls, who seldom raise their dulcet voices, and lots of miserable mortals who never drink wine. The only conversation is on the state of the atmosphere, the number of inches of rain which have fallen within three months previously, or a discussion as to the relative merits and constitutional effects of the banana, the guava, and other Madeira fruits. This last is an inexhaustible subject, and forms the theme of a daily dissertation. Confound those early dinners! You meet an agreeable fellow during your morning's ride:—"Come and dine with me at the hotel to-day." "My dear fellow! I should be most happy, but, unfortunately, I've dined." You fall in with another: "Will you dine with me to-morrow evening at half-past six, to meet so and so?—pleasant fellows you know—come; and we will have a rubber *après?* By the bye, John Lewis has got some better wine." The reply is, "I am truly sorry, but I'm engaged to dine in the *Calçada d'as Angustias* with Dr. ———, at two o'clock." But the residents hardly ever dine early, and

* There is a capital billiard table—one of Thurston's—at the English reading rooms, which was generally well surrounded for *Pool*, from ten o'clock till one.

that's a comfort. So the day passes away in dining, or riding, or both. During the evening, there is sure to be something going forward even for early diners. The billiard room at the Portuguese Club, if you do not mind meeting riff-raff, and getting cheated.* Card parties, dances, acting charades, concerts, or, for those who are afraid of the night air, always two or three pleasant fellows who will come and drink their mulled *tinta*, smoke their cigars, and take a hand at loo, or *vingt-et-un*. For those who choose to enter it (at least, it was so in 1845), there is no lack of dissipation. Balls, polka parties, dinners, bachelor parties, suppers, cards, and all sorts of minor extravagances, from Sheridan Knowles's Lectures to picnics.† *Apropos* of the grand, and best of all amusements in Madeira—the Picnic: beyond all doubt, the best fun going. I must say a few words about them.

Early on the morning when a picnic is coming off, there is a great bustle at the *burroqueros'* stables; if you go in search of the well-known cattle, you find they are all engaged for the Courâl, Ribeiro Frio, or Cape Giram. You may consider yourself fortunate in securing a favourite horse on such a morning.

About eleven o'clock, two or three fair girls may be seen issuing from a house—say, in the Rua Carreira, habited and hatted (the ladies always wear the most killing little broad-brimmed straw hats, as their riding costume) for the road. They are, thanks to the gallant cavaliers, who are endeavouring *faire l'aimable*, soon mounted, and canter gaily down the street.

They turn to the left, round the military church—the Consulate is passed — the barracks and the ugly staring soldiers left behind; and wheeling sharp to the right, they plunge into some desperately narrow streets, and across some awfully perilous-looking bridges. As they advance, they are joined and greeted by equally fair damsels, and equally amiable men, the party gradually augmenting, till, in clattering up the steep ascent out of the Rua de Conceiçao, and being fairly under weigh, some fifteen or twenty might be counted, accompanied by half-a-dozen sturdy *burroqueros*, carrying huge wicker baskets of provision; for, albeit the mountain air of Madeira is very fine, people — especially invalids, and even intellectual, poetical, and sentimental young ladies—cannot live upon it; and the disappearance of viands and generous fluids, on these occasions, is the only kind of *consumption* with which one is

* There is a capital table at the Funçhalense Club, and capital players; but as Portuguese do not shine in gentlemanly behaviour round a billiard-table, a good deal must be endured if you go.

† I have heard it hinted that Madeira was, that season, peculiarly, unusually, and most desirably gay. I cannot say: I speak of it as I found it, and if the people were seized with sudden madness, I am very glad, for my sake, that it was so. Knowles was then wintering, and gave lectures on Shakspeare and the Drama.

struck. The fact must be conceded, however, that the seriously indisposed very wisely stay in Funçhal, and the party is, consequently, a tolerably hardy one. But where was I?—oh! I remember—the merry troop is just passing the Convent, on the Mount-road, when a gentleman, too late for the fair, rides at a spanking trot past the Cathedral—breaks into a gallop across the bridge over the *levada* — comes in violent collision with a string of unhappy donkeys, laden with packs of rubbish—upsets a few —thunders elegant Portuguese at the rest and their drivers—and threading two or three intricate passages, with more rapidity than prudence, pulls up at the Carmo Church. "Hoy, *rapaz!** which way have the *cavallos*† gone?" "*Náo sei, Senhor!*"‡ drawls out the ragged individual thus intelligibly addressed; and considering the inquirer expresses himself in two words of Portuguese, and nearly half-a-dozen of English, it ought not to be mysterious to him that he is not understood. Nevertheless, the eminent linguist seems to think his informant, or rather, no-informant, a stupid ass; for, with a muttered, "*O diábo te lève!*"§ he turns into the Rua de Conceiçao, and regardless of the two-dollar fine, presses up that badly-paved street at a hard gallop; being, fortunately, on the right scent, or meeting with some one who can more easily divine the meaning of his strange interrogatory, he soon overtakes the party, and makes his excuses. This is a little episode which often occurs at the outset of a picnic. Well, away they rattle, cantering, prancing, laughing, and flirting over the paved road above Funçhal, till the track becomes too serious for rapid progression. As, one by one, or rather, two by two, the horses give in, it is curious to see how every couple manages to drop a little behind the one that precedes it, until the last pair, "fond as pigeons," if their whispers could be carried so far, might be heard talking intolerable folly a mile off. It is great fun, though, I confess, especially if you have a pretty girl to be dangling to. Then, the rendezvous, when, after a dozen miles of perilous riding, they have at length arrived at that beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten Ribeiro Frio. Ribeiro Frio! the sound is romantic enough; neither does it deserve a literal translation. It is a glorious ravine, opening from the centre of the island down to Fayal.‖ I çannot stay to describe it now; but the sides, at the head of the ravine, are covered with magnificent foliage to at least a thousand feet above the road; a small stream rushes down the precipitous descent of the gorge; in the distance, about ten miles off, is the coast, and a vista of the sea; it is a glorious

* "Hoy, you fellow!"
† Horses.
‡ "I don't know, Sir!"
§ "The devil take you!"
‖ A small village to the north; where the finest *Tinta* (the dark Madeira) is produced.

spot, and deserves a more attractive name than Ribeiro Frio—the *frozen river!*

The first arrivals are wondering what can have become of the rest of the party; expressing hopes they might soon make their appearance, and all the time devoutly trusting they might break their necks over a precipice, or meet with any similarly disagreeable casualty, which should delay them a little longer. The steeds are too sure-footed; and so, after wasting many naughty nothings and sweet sayings on the mountain air, two by two, they wind down the hill, and the last pair invariably coming along at a hard gallop, to the really unaffected horror of those below, who look on from a species of fascination, expecting, every instant, to see a mass of drapery and horseflesh rolling headlong over the descent. The lady, however, enjoys it—it's great fun. The gentleman appears rather pale, and would, evidently, have preferred quietly walking it; still he behaves with much fortitude; sits his horse as if it was a splendid bust with the Quorn, or the Pytchley, and pulls up in the midst of his gaping friends below, with a conscious air which clearly means he is very glad it is over, though he receives the congratulations on his wonderful escape with wonderful indifference. It is a curious scene that the reckless sentimentals ride into; some dismounting—some assisting the ladies to dismount (very pretty work that is, too, if you do it neatly); some already dismounted, and resting on primitive seats of bank and stone—horses led about—drinking at the stream, and *burroqueros* chattering. Baskets half-opened; masses of ominous-looking parcels; roasted legs, balancing their shrivelled proportions in the air; lumps of beef; tempting pasties; salads *to be made*; quartern-loaves running and straggling down the declivities; plates and dishes, in apparently inextricable confusion; and Abbot's Pale Ale, just discernible among sundry long and short-necked fellows, that looked peculiarly orthodox and invigorating. There is some very amusing bye-play over the arrangements of the table, and flirting, on a small scale, still continues, though all are viewing with inward satisfaction the progressive efforts for something much more vulgar and substantial.

"Pray, Mr. Somerset, how go on the preparations for the Bachelors' Ball?—we understand it is to be very brilliant"—said Mrs. St. Peters, the only married lady of the party, to a tall, pale, elegant youth, who, rather given to anything of a sporting tendency, had made a comfortable seat on his saddle upon the ground.

"Why, really, I believe, very satisfactorily; they have lent us the Palacio Carvalhâl; the ball is to beat anything that has taken place in Madeira for years. We have offended a good

many Portuguese by not inviting them, but that's nothing, because the English ladies hate them so."

"I beg you will retract such heretical sentiments directly," said a fair, blue-eyed girl, of a round, joyous figure, a round joyous face, and good feet and ankles—"retract immediately—you know we *all* like the Portuguese."

"Oh, I do not dispute, for a moment, that Senhor L. is one of the handsomest men in Funchal; very slow, but you don't mind that. Well, you need not alarm yourself, *he* will be there!"

"Ah!" pursued the young lady, "my countrymen are all jealous of Senhor L., because he happens to be the only good-looking Portuguese in Madeira."

"I have no doubt *you* think so," retorted Mr. Somerset; "however, he waltzes well, and is certainly good-looking, so we shall have him."

"Is the Bishop to be there?"

"Yes; and to dance the first Polka with you, if you ask him."

"Oh, no, our fair friend Miss Missal must do that, who would go wild at the idea of touching the hem of a bishop's lawn sleeve; I have no doubt she will be able to persuade him; but is the day fixed?"

"Well, I believe not, but Mr. Reckless will tell us. Here, Reckless, have you fixed the day for the ball yet?"

"The invitations are not sent, but Wednesday three weeks is the day decided on."

"Good gracious! what do you mean?" ejaculated Mrs. Peters, turning with a horrified gaze on the last-mentioned gentleman, a very mild-looking young man, who *meant* a great deal more than he *looked*. "Are you aware, Sir,—no, you cannot be, of course—the mistake must be rectified—certainly no—you could not have known—though you *might* have heard it given out in church last Sunday."

"Why, the truth is, Madam, I was not at church last Sunday; but what *is* the matter? I trust nothing serious; we have not, surely, been so stupid as to fix the ball for the same day as Sheridan Knowles's next lecture, have we?"

"I am sorry you should think, Sir, that our church, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles, or his lectures, are in any way associated," exclaimed Mrs. St. Peters, working herself into a state of great enthusiasm; "and I am surprised, and grieved, Sir, that, on so important a feast as last Sunday, you should have absented yourself from Divine worship."

"Oh, I doubt not, Madam, the loss was mine. Mr. Early English was peculiarly happy, perhaps; but, about the ball."

"The ball, Sir," continued the lady, authoritatively, "must *not* take place on Wednesday three weeks; you'll astonish and grieve all Funchal—it's the fast of ——!"

Mr. Reckless, in spite of his mildness, with difficulty restrained an almost insurmountable desire to laugh, and replied, with much gravity—

"Mrs. St. Peters, there shall be a council of war held to-night. Of course I am only one, and cannot say what the determination may be; but, for my own part, I think it is just the very day for us, because we shall be able to give a most decided hit to those foolish Puseyite parsons, who, by the way, will not trouble us with their uninteresting society. But, come! *on a servi*, and I have not got this cork out yet," continued Mr. Reckless, with singular *sang froid*, making ineffectual attempts to draw a bottle of pale ale. "I must break the neck."

I have been speaking of a high church picnic under the chaperonship of the amiable lady I have referred to; and it was not until Mr. Reckless had taken wine three distinct times with that personage, and she had imbibed many bumpers of champagne, that she ceased to look fierce and excommunicatory, and forgot that he was an intolerable heretic not worth talking to.

"Well, the feeding goes rapidly on, in spite of Puseyism and fasting, as all such feeds do: salad, and damascene tart; guavas, and cold beef; cucumbers, and sweet cake; cold turkey, and custard apples; being all blended in such higgledy-piggledy fashion, that to eat, and to be thankful, is the only resource; and you sanguinely hope you may be able to rise the next morning without a horrible headache. The champagne has passed rapidly; ladies, of course, drinking out of tumblers. *Sercial* and pale ale have unconsciously been mingled in the same goblet; in fact, like all other picnics since the days when Adam and Eve lived in the true picnic style, the sun is going down on as merry a party as ever set foot in the stirrup. Champagne, too, will have its effect, and girls will talk, and will sing, sometimes; but even concerts at Ribeiro Frio must have an end; colds are catching after sundown in the mountains, and the roads are rough, considering the variety of pace at which they will be traversed going home. Such spirits! Such promises! Such engagements for the next ball! No sighing, I'll be bound; thanks to champagne and the other thing, hearts are too confident, and away they go; they are mounted; the *burroqueros* are left behind, finishing the bottles, and packing up the *debris;* and our party winds merrily out of the valley, straggling as before, but not so quietly, for many a joyous laugh is heard in the distance, ringing and echoing through the wild hills,—which wild hill, of course, nobody looks at.

But what a sudden pull-up, as you check the lady's rein and your own at the same moment, on the verge of a precipice! What delicate attentions over the *rough!* What excuses to draw close on the *off*-side, and whisper all sorts of foolish things!

There is no danger. Delicious flirtation! which the next level piece of ground, and a sharp canter, is sure to control!

The moon is well up before reaching town, and I must say, in winding through those beautiful hills, each turn of the road developing new beauties in the bright moonlight, the sea glittering far below, the fairy, flickering lights of the town, the studded sky above, it would be a serious matter with many young aspirants to the honours and glories of flirtation, if their amiable hearts were not too brim-full of fun to utter anything very sentimental. After an hour or two's ride very few hang together; they reach town by detachments, and meet next morning to talk over their various adventures.

Describing the general state of the picnic in Madeira reminds me of a particular and most amusing one that some dozen of us, all amiable bachelors, gave, during the winter of 1845. On the road to the village of Camàcha, and about four miles from Funçhal, is a large park called the Paleiro. It is three miles in circumference, the ground beautifully undulating, and laid out and planted in the style of an English park.

The late Count Carvalhâl, a Portuguese nobleman, to whose family the place still belongs, resided some years in England; and the house, which is an excellent one, exhibits, equally with the grounds, the English taste of its owner. At so considerable an elevation (about 3000 feet above the sea) a comfortable English house, and a well and warmly planted park, would render the Paleiro a good winter residence enough, in defiance to the driving clouds and rude blasts which, at times, sweep over it with terrific violence. But the chilly residents flee to Funçhal on the first appearance of winter, and the place being thus uninhabited, and lent to us for the occasion, was the spot chosen for our festivities. It must have been during January, I think; a lovely day, the air warm and soft, the sky unclouded, and of Midsummer brightness. Invitations were given for twelve o'clock, and towards that hour many a small detachment rode gaily through the labyrinth of narrow streets that intervene between the Rua das Portas Novas and the Paleiro road, and toiled slowly up the steep ascent to Camàcha and the Serra. About mid-day, I found myself with a select few passing the lodge, and riding under a light iron gateway forming the entrance, which, from the crown of the arch to the ground, was covered with a thick wreath of red and white camellias!

A gentle canter soon brought us to the house, where a large party had already assembled, and the Portuguese military band was playing enlivening music. In front of the house is a broad paved *place* with beds of flowers here and there: beyond, a wide avenue stretches to the confines of the park. On one side are groups of noble trees; on the other, the flower garden, where

there are *trees* of the beautiful camellia japonica at least twenty feet in height. At that time they were a mass of white, red, and variegated bloom, which fully explained the seemingly extravagant garland of these exquisite flowers we rode through on entering. Well cropped hedges of fuchsia and scarlet geranium separate the garden from the walks immediately round the house; and, in proof of the mildness of the climate even at that time of year, and at so great an elevation, roses, heliotropes, violets, and all kinds of sweet-smelling plants were in full flower.

Groups of gay girls, in riding attire, were wandering about the gardens; some were cantering off to ride round the park; fresh arrivals were rattling up; led horses and *burroqueros* were pacing up and down,—some going off to the stables—mounting and dismounting,—and such a merry confusion of tongues; the scene was pretty and animating in the extreme. Flirtation, I grieve to relate, was, as usual, the order of the day: how could it be otherwise? For two whole mortal hours, a party of sixty or seventy people, juvenile withal, had to amuse themselves as best they might, in wandering over the romantic and secluded grounds, riding or walking as they preferred. No dancing was proposed at that hour. But I must not divulge any more. I simply state what *did* take place, and why. I had often been to the Paleiro before: I had seen from it, during a fog, some of the most singular views and effects imaginable. I had also been there on a fine day, before the trees were all bare; but now that the sun shone brightly through the leafless plantations—the air warm and balmy, and everything so fresh and brilliant, I was more than ever pleased. There is no extensive view from the house; but the want of it is fully atoned for by the delicious peeps (they are nothing more) from the drive on the southern side of the park. Every now and then breaks in the trees enable you to catch a view of Funçhal and the sea far below, and the gigantic outline of Càbo Geráo,* and the line of coast towards Càma do Lobos † in the distance. But I am rambling as if I was again sauntering in the Paleiro, glad, warm, and spiritful, instead of shivering over an English fire in the middle of December, with a near view of divers shapes and forms moving through a dense yellow fog, and the eternal rattle of London ringing in my ears.

About two hours past noon, a noisy, merry party was seated at an elegant *déjeûner*. Mirth was certainly not wanting; I have a distinct and not altogether agreeable recollection of the din now, and *con spirito* it was maintained, till Jullien's Polka (poor Jullien's Polka! it was then very popular in Madeira, and

* Cape Giram; said to be the highest *perpendicular* cliff in the world. It rises 1,900 feet abruptly from the sea.

† A village to the westward, about five or six miles from Funchal.

by this time must have been danced away) quickly attracted all to the music. Dancing soon commenced in two rooms which had been arranged for that purpose. How the ladies managed to dance that day in their riding dresses without misadventure, has been always a problem to me most difficult to solve. The Polka, in those days, was, as every body knows, not the quiet, graceful, and voluptuous dance it is now; it was all display, romp, effort, and hazard. All I know is, they looked marvellously picturesque, and appeared to become more so as the shades of evening drew rapidly upon us ere we thought of the lateness of the day. Waltzes filled up the gaps between the Polkas, until riding home by moonlight seemed to strike most people as being more desirable than dancing in the dark. Then came the mounting for return,—and the return. It was a singular thing—so well arranged was the party, or so providentially did it occur, that there happened to be an equal number of fair damsels and *homines*. The straggling system going home was awful; the steepness of the roads, and the beauty of the night, and the arrangement I mentioned, inducing every one to linger on the way down, though I *have* ridden at a canter and a trot the whole distance.* I shall not easily forget the *finale* to that famous day. The effect was admirable. By some unaccountable mistake on the part of those before, or some extraordinary stupidity exhibited by those behind, the whole body of picnickers, upwards of sixty, were *well up* at the *finish;* and as we entered the streets of Funçhal, (I declare the ladies began it,) the van in which I happened to be riding suddenly took fright, and started off at a hard gallop. The rear-guard were not to be shaken off; they pricked up their steeds, and away we all went, a gallant cavalcade as ever rode into Funçhal—pushing, spurring, rattling, trampling on—the ladies riding *very* boldly, and turning the sharp corners with admirable presence of mind. The sight was so unusual a one, that I verily believe the Portuguese thought a regiment of Miguelite dragoons had dropped from the clouds, and were going to take the town by storm. Casements were thrown up—balconies crowded—and gaping faces above and below us. We cleared the streets. Now and then, as we tore along the narrow passages, some unhappy specimen of humanity, in loose white breeches and a shirt, might be seen a few yards a-head of the leading horses, making full play to reach the nearest doorway into which to squeeze his miserable carcase, in preference to being immolated by the extraordinary visitation that was madly scouring his native streets. We gallopped thus for about a mile, when many began

* These occasions, as well as I can remember, must have been cases of *too late for dinner*, because it is disagreeable riding fast down precipitous pieces of pavement.

to drop off, and the horses to flag. It was too bad. I don't know how many Portuguese we killed. The fining for galloping would certainly have made the fortune of the head policeman, could he have discovered the jockeys. But we were too numerous; besides, it was all the fault of the champagne!

That evening there was "a sound of revelry by night" somewhere. I heard several chimes after midnight. So we were not quite destitute of fun in Madeira.

The dullest of all dull days in Funchal are those when the West India Mail Steamers or the Brazil Packet arrive.* Early on the morning when a mail is expected, the English are wandering through the streets and prazas like despairing spirits,—too anxious to talk, too impatient to stay at home. Later, when the vessel arrives, the *poste restante* is besieged, and for the remainder of the day, the town, the billiard-room, and the race-course are deserted; everybody, residents and visitors, all employed in reading, re-reading, and chewing the cud of their bright or bitter reflections. It is a complete mania, but an amiable weakness which I never saw better developed. Be this parade of sensibility, or a show of anxiety, or mere uncontrollable impatience, I shall not pretend to decide; it is probably a little of all, and certainly makes a compound of excessive stupidity. On these days I used to join one or two individuals who agreed with me that no one would run away with their letters from the post-office, and that, good, bad, or indifferent, the news would keep, and perhaps improve in flavour by being reserved for a few hours. I used to join those who took this view of the subject, and start in a boat to the packet,—have a chat with the passengers,—and, by great bribery and corruption over the steward, beg and buy a few dozens of cigars, a luxury in Funchal to all who know the value of the precious weed.† Our country people in Madeira have funny notions on these questions:—they like exhibitions of all kinds and qualities of right proper feeling, and our conduct, I suspect, was denounced as irreligious and unfeeling in not showing an enthusiastic desire to acquire early possession of domestic intelligence. Putting this aside, (which was certainly unpleasant,) I think our course was the wisest. This was a trifle.

* The West India Mail Packets touch at Madeira once a fortnight. Her Majesty's brigs, carrying the Brazil Mails, are monthly visitors.

† The sale of tobacco in Madeira is a Government monopoly; which, not content with taking all the profits, will not even allow its customers the consolation of smoking good tobacco. The cigars sold at the *Estangue* (the Government backy shop) are of the most revolting description: a decided case of young cabbages and an infusion of mild tobacco water! The Portuguese inhale this horrid compound, and seem to like it; but I am certain it is the cause of their nasty complexions. I should like to make the present Minister of Finance at Lisbon, smoke a little of this vicious composition after breakfast, some morning, and watch his face during the operation.

But a more disagreeable feature that I discovered in English society at Funçhal, was the extent to which religious party feeling was carried. As it was at once instructive and curious, I shall dwell shortly on it, before noticing another characteristic of the English in Madeira.

When I was there (I know not how it may be now), the Tractarian movement had extended its widely-spreading influence even to this remote spot; and Puseyism was in its stronghold under the vigilant care and auspices of three rampant high churchmen, who daily added numerous women and children disciples to their flock. A pretty game did they play with young-lady souls—(dear, deluded souls!) In the church services—in habits of life—in constantly-reiterated theories in conversation—and in continual observance of certain rules and formalities in practice, I never met with anything to exceed these efforts of a church party in Madeira, though I once resided some time with a Puseyite family in England. But example was carried to a more objectionable extent. The Reverend Mr. Perpendicular Gothic was in the habit of attending and taking part in the public services of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, missal in hand, and of prominently kneeling at the festival processions. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and diversified these laudable exertions by occasionally doing duty at the English chapel. Alas! for those who profited not by such lessons! The anathemas levelled at those who were not seen at the English chapel, and at those who, when there, refused compliance with certain obnoxious and obsolete forms, were fearful to contemplate. Such exhortations from authority to the groundlings! such flockings to the church on week-days at seven in the morning! such turnings, bowings, and scrapings *in* church, you were almost sure to go wrong; and such singularly novel opinions *out* of it, you were certain never to be right. The effect on society was the worst of it. It nothing mattered that we had high and low church picnics, because we never had one without the other; and, like all strong oppositions, the advantage to the community was undeniable. There was rivalry in the arrangements; we had double the number, and, moreover the disinterested went to both. But the pleasantest people were not to be found at the pleasantest parties. Why? they were heretics. The most agreeable girls refused to dance with the most fascinating young men. Why? they were heretics. The number of dinners I myself lost by occasionally frequenting the Scotch church, are incalculable; and the Polka itself was no mediator for a poor despised Dissenter! Society was completely split; hospitality wanted much of its sweetness from this vile wall of separation in so small a *coterie*; prejudice and ill-feeling were abroad, and all conversation thrown aside in the

general squabbling on religious topics. The hubbub was really amusing. There were petitions and counter-petitions to the Bishop of London; skits in prose, and poesy, with a vengeance; but as

"No rat is rhymed to death, or maid to love,"

I doubt the efficacy of the facetious effusions of my friends in Funçhal.

It is to be hoped this has all died away. Mr. Perpendicular Gothic may have chosen another scene for his jesuitical labours; Mr. Early English and his brother priest may have moderated the rancour of their tone; Miss Rubric and the fair "female theologians and petticoat divines" of Funçhal may have found a more lady-like and instructive amusement than listening to the insidious voice of the clerical charmer; high church and low church picnics may no longer be in vogue; the good housewives of Funçhal may have contentedly returned to their cross-stitch and crochet; and the great merchant may have again discovered some common ground of conversation at the friendly dinner table.

A more serious drawback to the enjoyment of Madeira-English society than this religious party spirit, which probably was only temporary, is one of which the elements still remain, and I fear always will remain there and in all small societies. I allude to the intolerable sin of scandal-talking, which is remarkably prevalent among the English in Madeira. It always surprises me that in so limited a circle of acquaintance, people should find themselves an agreeable subject of conversation. Yet, so it is; and they themselves, individually and collectively, form the principal topic; and so familiar a one does it become, that there is not a phase in the life and character of each other, past, present, and to come, with which everybody is not intimately acquainted.

This is all very well so far as the residents are concerned, or those visitors (and there are many) who manage to get as *au fait* in these local squabbles and scandals as if they had lived all their lives in the vortex. Among them this species of mutual examination is fair enough. If Mrs. Tweedle chooses to find fault with Mr. Twaddle's old Panama hat, nothing is easier than for Mr. Twaddle to promulgate a report injurious to Mrs. Tweedle's rusty velvet bonnet. And should Mrs. Passé Pea Green regret that pretty little Mrs. Tenor flirts so seriously with young Semibreve during her husband's absence in England, Mrs. Tenor can easily bear with the slander; for nobody, not even in Funçhal, believes Mrs. Passé Pea Green. This is the petty malice one expects to meet with in all idle and limited circles, and is easily controverted. But it is another thing when a stranger to Anglo-Funçhal manners and history is a party interested. I say it is

a very different thing when his capacity to *drink* Madeira is not doubted, while his ability to *pay for it* is called in question; when his waltzing at the ball, and his positive engagement to his partner, are mentioned the next day as being equally successful; or when he receives the lively condolence of his newly made aquaintances on the headache which kept him from yesterday's picnic, and on the unfortunate *éclaircissement* which obliged him to leave England—in the same breath. Poor Miss Graceful Shadowy! who looked as if a rustling wind would carry her away to the top of Pico Ruivo without difficulty; she must have felt gratified to have afforded so much amusement to her kind countrywomen, when she was loudly censured for coquetting with old Mr. Purple Pomposity, and at last openly accused by that gentleman's wife of seducing her dear Purple's affections. Alas! for the fortunes of Mr. Worldly, recently arrived from England with no fixed or particular intention—being a traveller whom even Sterne would have declined to classify; how clever and funny was that report of his, allowing *judgment to go by default* in an action for *breach of promise of marriage* in England, while he flitted off to Madeira. Hapless Mr. Worldly! who was once asked whether it was really true that he was an Atheist, because he occasionally missed going to the English chapel, in order to hear a worthy divine hold forth at the Scotch; and was cut for some weeks on the ground that he was in the habit of getting into a certain disagreeable state from the effects of brandy-and-water, because he did happen to call for soda and brandy at a picnic!

No caution, no conduct will protect the unfortunate tyro, unacquainted with the *causæ belli* and general bearings of Anglo-Funçhal society, from the grossest and most malicious slanders:—

> "The flying rumours gathered as they roll'd,
> Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
> And all who told it added something new,
> And all who heard it made enlargements, too;"

such enlargements, and so fast accumulating, that a man finds himself victimized by some heartless lie before he knows what the accusation is. To those intimate with the annals of Madeira scandal, those things become less formidable; a *quid pro quo* will eventually stop any man's mouth whose "conversation is a perpetual libel on his acquaintance;" but, wanting these weapons, I repeat, it will go hard with the innocent stranger between the kindness of mamma, the gullibility of papa, and the sympathy of affectionate daughters.

"Have you heard that Mr. —— is, after all, only the son of a country attorney?" was a question once put by a lady to a friend of mine. "Indeed, I have not," was the reply. "On

the contrary, I know his family to be engaged in very different pursuits; but, for heaven's sake, Madam, if he *was* the son of a country attorney, what does it matter? he is an extremely gentlemanlike and agreeable man, and has always conducted himself with unimpeachable propriety." "Oh! but," continued the lady, "to think that I should have been so taken in,—invited him to my house, and paid him such attention; and then, Maria—there's Maria—poor girl! all her hopes—" at this juncture, the amiable creature going off into sobs and broken sentences, my friend very wisely wished her good morning; and afterwards related the story to me with much gusto. After running the gauntlet of Funçhal tittle-tattle, and being elected to all possible trades, from a cheesemonger upwards, Mr. —— turned out to be fifteenth cousin to Lord Adolphus Somebody, whom nobody ever heard of; and was immediately taken in hand by a worthy and hospitable merchant, whose weak side is certainly a sneaking kindness for the great nephew of an honourable spinster, or a distant relative to the last claimant of an extinct earldom.

I hope I have not exaggerated. Scandal-mongering is carried to a disgusting and unwarrantable extent among the English in Madeira; it passes beyond mere contemptible malice or harmless report, and as such is remembered as one of their marked characteristics. Men and women are both guilty of it; and—

> "I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable;
> But, in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible."

It is a grievous pity. The evil tongue of slander is a perpetual annoyance to the visitor; it destroys the good feeling which should subsist among the residents; throws an unkind halo over their hospitality; and forms a most serious drawback to the enjoyment which might be derived from a resident in Madeira.

And here we will leave the English in Madeira to their hospitable homes, their *Sercial*, their *quintas*, and their beautiful climate, and, we trust, to a spirit characterized by more wit and less malice, than I observed when I was a sojourner among them.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD FAMILIAR ROOM.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I ENTERED in the silent room,—the room where *he* had been,
Of many former joys and woes, oft the unconscious scene;
All was the same,—the *very* same,—save but for him, the best:
Who 'd quitted it most willingly, to seek eternal rest.

At first, 'twas torture to my soul, to gaze around that room,
Replete with relics of the loved, now mouldering in the tomb;
At length, courageously I looked on every hallowed thing,
And revelled in the pensiveness *his* memory did bring.

I owned, what most we cherish *here*, but little pleasure gave
To the worn and weary spirit, that was yearning for the grave;
Yet many envied him, alas! but, ah! they did not know
How bowed *he* was by constant pain, how prostrated by woe.

I kissed the couch on which he died—I water'd it with tears,
And, kneeling down in agony, reviewed my wedded years;
With such a strict severity, my very being quailed:
Seeking the wifely attribute in which I might have failed.

Hope whispered, I had patient been,—oh! patient in extreme,
Enduring uncomplainingly, affection's vanished dream;
Nor once repined to share his griefs, through youth's most sunny years,
Nor pained him with my murmurings—nor tortured with my tears.

Yet, still my soul was sorrowful, and wrung with keen despair,
Nor did I find, as heretofore, certain relief in prayer;
I *felt* as if I ne'er again could know a moment's peace:
I *felt* as if my vain regrets could never, never cease.

I *felt* as I the grave should reach, ere terminated woe,
I *felt* a strong and ardent wish to join his shade below;
So deeply on that wish I mused, the while I bowed me there,
That at last I thought his shadow came, to mingle in my prayer.

The anguish is not blameable, nor yet the tears we shed,
For the precursors of our own eternal doom, the *dead;*
Such sorrow for salvation prepares us, and renders wise
The penitents whom God invites to everlasting skies!

CAMBRIANA.

No. II.

THE MAWDDACH.

BY THE REV. ROBERT JONES.

" So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves."
CAMPBELL.

DURING our stay at Barmouth, the river Mawddach continued to be an object of undiminished attraction to us all. The beautiful sunsets of September mirrored in the deep blue of its waters, and the loveliness and grandeur combined in its scenery, were ever alluring us to a sail on its stream, or a ramble along its margin.

The scenery of the Mawddach is not more remarkable for its beauty, than for its extraordinary variety. It possesses an ever-changing aspect. The angle of a road, the ascent of a hill, a ray of light, or a lowering sky, frequently transforms its entire character as well as features. In a clear atmosphere, the Diffwys, the Aran, and the Cadr ranges of hills, imprint on it all the lineaments of grandeur and majesty. But when these mountain Titans have disappeared in clouds, its bold outline vanishes, and the scene assumes the quietude and loveliness of an Indian stream.

The banks of the river, on either side, are indented by a succession of bold headlands, covered with verdure, whose rugged and fantastic forms rise abruptly from the depths, and extend from the shore to a far distance athwart the stream. Between them the tide runs far inland, forming miniature bays or *fiords*, where the sheltered waters are as clear and blue, as if they flowed in a creak of coral. Viewed from above, these headlands seem to divide the river into lakes, with scarcely a visible outlet for the waters to ebb and flow. Still the river loses not its character; for, viewed again from the shore in the vicinity of Barmouth, it stretches far upwards, until its windings are lost amidst the distant hills.

The valley of the Mawddach, if the term may be applied to so equal a mixture of land and water, seems shut out from the

world by its surrounding hills. Encircling it as a girdle, they allow it no communication, save on the ocean's side. These hills are, some rocky and barren, others covered with herbage or well-wooded. Those bordering the river are of a miniature character, romantic and picturesque, rendering the landscape a type of fairy land. Beyond them, however, rises a succession of wilder and more rugged cliffs. While in the distance, the stern and storm-worn peaks of towering mountains rise to view; all together forming an amphitheatre of hills—a Coliseum worthy of a world's assemblage.

The road on the banks of Mawddach, and leading from Barmouth to Dolgelley, is upwards of ten miles in length, and of a highly picturesque and varied character throughout. Winding around the tiny creeks and bays of the river, it is sometimes cut out of the solid rock, or lost in the deep shadows of a forest. At one time it lies almost on a level with the river, which washes its margin, or, in stormy weather, dashes over its surface. At another, it ascends a rock, whence it looks down over a picturesque steep, on some sweetly romantic scene. On either side, cottages, farm-yards, and mansions, are strewn around in gay variety: some raised on the dizzy brow of a cliff: others secreted in the entrance of a narrow glen: one reposing in quietude on the lap of a mountain, as if it joyed to scan the glories of the estuary below: another lying on the border of the river, with the waves beating against the soft mossy turf of its lawn. Nor are other and more picturesque objects wanting to harmonize with the scene. Many a water-wheel tumbles round to the music of a rapid mountain-current: and many a silvery cascade, flowing over a dark rock, laughingly mocks with its brightness the noontide rays of the sun.

But from no locality does the scenery of the Mawddach appear so replete with grandeur and beauty as from the river. Sailing in our little skiff on its waters, the hills seem to spring upwards, and rear their heads majestically among the clouds; the encircling panorama of intermingled cliffs, dells, mountains, streams, forests, and waterfalls, appear endowed with a magnificence unequalled from any other spot. And beautifully does contrast work its wonders on the scene. The mighty chain of interminable rocks, that on every side lift their spires to heaven, seems more gigantic still, when compared with the grassy knolls and verdant headlands at our feet; while the little bays and sparkling creeks that nestle on the borders of the river, appear yet more tiny from their contiguity to the broad expanse of the ocean.

The tide of the Mawddach flows and ebbs in gentle undulations. There are no rapids to endanger the safety of the smallest craft. And rarely do stormy winds rouse its billows; so shel-

tered are they by the mountains. The river flows in a westerly direction; and when the golden sunset plays on its waters, a more perfect image of repose, than the whole scene presents, can scarcely be imagined. No sound breaks on the ear, save the sobbing of the wave against the shelving yellow sand, or the shrill note of some wandering sea-bird. The sweet moan of the curlew echoed by the shriek of the sea-mew or gull, and the rushing sound of the shell-drake or wild duck with their broods, and the flapping of the great falcon's wings, alone break the deep stillness of the hour. The slightest plashing of the oar wakes the echoes from the distant hills; and frequently, in passing some castellated-looking rock, an echo strikes upon the ear, as if the elves that haunted the recesses of the crags and wooded dingles, mocked you from some hollow cavern within it. When twilight has succeeded to day, and the full moon climbing above the Cadr mountain, throws a brilliant track of light athwart the stream, the scene loses all identity with its former self. It has now become a ravine, deep, dark, and shadowy; and, save where the moonshine falls on the rippling wave, a gloom pervades it that accords well with a sad and mourning spirit.

Nor is the Mawddach wanting in classical reminiscences. Above it soars the Cadr, immortalized in the poetry of Mrs. Hemans,—the poetry that gushed in such noble streams from the pure fountain of her woman's heart* :—

> "I stood on the rock where the storms have their dwelling,
> The birth-place of phantoms, the home of the cloud:
> Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
> The voice of the mountain-wind solemn and loud."

On a jutting headland on the margin of the waters, stands the little mansion of "Glandwr," where Serjeant Talfourd wrote his beautiful drama of "Glencoe, or the Fate of the Macdonalds." Here, on the mountain's side, he found the deeply purple bell of the heather, which he described as a

> "Meek emblem of a maid."

Further on, on the opposite shore, on the borders of a wood, nestles a lovely cottage, redolent of the classic name of Shelley. And, if report speak truly, here the poetic mind of Keble received undying impressions of the beautiful and the sublime. Nor, did space allow us to particularize, are other and equally

* The subject of this beautiful poem is an old tradition, still extant in Wales, —"that the fays which hold their nightly revels on the summit of Cadr Idris, endow with the spirit of poetry, or punish with idiotcy, any one who dares to pass a night in sleep on the brow of the hill."

lofty names in literature or patriotism wanting to grace the annals of the Mawddach. We may mention, however, that of Wilberforce, who appeared greatly to delight in the magnificence around him.

We were frequently accompanied in our excursions by M——, a friend then resident in Barmouth. His acquaintance with every rock and dell, creek and bay, and his researches into the natural productions of the locality, made our sail or ramble doubly interesting. Gifted with strong natural talents, and a vivid perception of the beautiful and sublime in nature, he enlivened our conversation with descriptions of mountain scenery and storms, or wild legends connected with the scenes we were then traversing. With him every mountain, valley, and stream, was vocal of some traditionary romaunt or tale.

We were one evening floating lazily homewards in our boat with the ebbing tide, wiling away the time in animated converse, or lost in admiration of the gorgeous scene, on which the setting sun was lavishing its burnished gold, when M—— enlisted our curiosity, by offering to accompany us on the morrow to visit a beautiful mountain lake in the immediate vicinity of Barmouth.

"A mountain lake," echoed two or three voices; "we have repeatedly inquired of the guides, and they declare the nearest to be some ten or twelve miles distant."

"Perhaps," replied M——, "they are ignorant of the locality of my gem of the hills. I have sometimes been on its track, and searched for it in vain."

"It lies concealed among the rocks?"

"It does; and so concealed as frequently to baffle the search of the experienced mountain shepherd."

"I have traversed the mountain tops for miles, in that neighbourhood," said Moreton, scrutinizing M——'s countenance, on which there lingered slight traces of a playful expression, mingled with seriousness; "I have glanced into every glen and dingle, but I have seen nothing bearing even the resemblance of a lake."

"I doubt it not," responded M——; "and yet, to-morrow your search shall be rewarded with a scene as fair as the Eden of a poet's imagination."

"Ah!" ejaculated Moreton, divining, as he thought, the mystery; "you allude to some nebulous exhalation among the marshes, a mirage which, seen from a distant height, takes the form and character of a lake."

"By no means," said M——; "my mountain lake is no unsubstantial creation; no 'baseless fabric of a vision;' but a reality. It is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, girded around by wild and romantic scenery."

"A fairy lake!"

"Such is the name I have given it; 'Llyn y tylwyth têg.' You recollect the story of the Fisherman, in the Arabian tale of the Prince of the Black Islands. Mine is a counterpart of the wonderful lake depicted there."

"Our excursion, then, you appoint for the morrow?"

"To-morrow."

"Without fear of disappointment, as to its result?"

"None, provided you are punctual."

"The time?"

"Some two hours before sunset;" and M——'s countenance resumed its wonted calmness.

The morrow came, and we set out, half distrusting our new and seemingly eccentric guide; determined, however, at least to inhale the pure and buoyant air of the hills. Our course, at first, lay in a direct line from the river, which was soon hidden from our view by the tall cliffs. We then traversed the mountain tops for some distance, crossing, here and there, a dingle or deep glen; sometimes moving onward, and again in a lateral direction, to avoid the marshes or abrupt declivities that intercepted our route. We had thus proceeded in our erratic course for some few miles, when M—— led us down into a low craggy ravine, by whose stream we again moved onwards for a short distance. Here he bade us prepare to enjoy the object of our search. A few yards further, brought us to a point where the ravine made a sudden descent. Standing on the brow of this steep, our delight was not to be described; for, immediately below us, cradled in the depths of the eternal hills, lay a beautiful and broad expanse of water, limpid and green as an emerald. Rocks of a fantastic shape, with here and there a patch of verdant greensward, bounded its margin. Surrounding it in the distance, were jagged ridges and lofty, towering cliffs. A tiny sail, fanned by the breeze, moved gently over the surface of its rippling waters. It seemed as if nature, in an hour of lavish generosity, had expended all her beauties on the scene. Nothing appeared wanting to render its enchantment complete. We literally feasted our eyes on its charms; and had not its reality been too palpable, we could almost have doubted the truthfulness of the beautiful vision.

"Have I fulfilled my promise?" inquired M——, with a smile.

"More than fulfilled it," I replied. "The loveliest sheet of water that England can boast of, may not compare with the beauties of the lake before us. It is a model at once of loveliness and sublimity. Let us descend, and draw nearer to its shores."

"Not yet," replied M——. "The view from the spot we

stand on is by far the most picturesque and interesting. The enchantment of the scene is broken by a nearer approach."

"Broken?"

"Yes; destroyed. Yon magnificent lake will vanish, if you attempt to enter within its precincts. We are now on the very limits of its magic boundary."

"Impossible," cried Moreton, whose words were echoed by the rest; "it cannot be. Let us move onwards."

"Stop!" said M——, with an emphasis that sounded like a determined prohibition; "dare you to incur the anger of the spirits that haunt this enchanted ground?"

"We dare!" responded all with animation.

Turning towards M——, and scrutinizing his countenance, we found it scarcely able to repress a triumphant smile.

"You are deceived," said he; "and yet *not* deceived. But here, like Prospero, I break my magic wand. Yonder lovely lake, seemingly the work of enchantment, is but a section of the river Mawddach, to which, by a circuitous route, I have led you back. So completely do the rocks seem to enclose it on every side, that it requires an experienced eye to detect the openings through which the river flows. The appearance, however, of yonder vessel, will aid to undeceive you."

As M—— spoke, a small but stately craft, gliding before the wind with swelling sails, entered the waters from the parted rock, and skimming across their breadth, disappeared again amidst the cliffs on the opposite side.

The veil was torn from our eyes; and we now recognized the shores of the river, as M—— pointed out to us different objects with which we were familiar. Viewing it, however, from the spot whereon we stood, even with the confirmation we had received, we could scarcely look upon it but as a "magic lake."

Often, during our stay in the neighbourhood, did we revisit the scene, and with as much delight as if we had been gazing on the realities of the classic Loch Katrine, or the beautiful Windermere.

THINGS SEEN AT A DISTANCE.

On the evening of the day upon which our narrative commences, a large party was assembled in the drawing-room of Mrs. Sutherland, a lady residing in one of the midland counties of England. Our readers are requested to picture to themselves a handsomely furnished saloon filled with guests, of whom the greater number were staying on a visit with the mistress of the mansion. There was a cheerful amplitude of wax-lights, —couches and divans of the most approved convenience were placed around the apartment,—the old fashioned appendage of a screen, by contracting to a certain degree the limits of the circle, seemed to add to its sociability; and lastly, a moderate fire burned in the grate, for, although it was near the middle of May, *summer* had (to borrow the humorous words of a late noble writer*) "set in with its *usual severity*."

The group drawn together under the hospitable roof of the lady aforesaid—and presenting the customary preponderance of ladies over gentlemen—were variously distributed in such several occupations as showed that ease or individual inclination, not ceremony, was the order of the evening. One or two ladies worked; a chess-table, placed at the further end of the room, seemed to absorb the attention of its silent votaries; while the lighter amusement of piquet engaged two others; but the principal attraction of the room was a grand piano-forte, on which a young lady was playing with much grace and skill.

"Ah, that waltz is charming! You certainly possess uncommonly good execution; but do, my dear Miss Morland, give us over again that Irish air you sang so sweetly last night; it did so delight me!"

Thus spoke Mrs. Cranstoun, an agreeable-looking fashionably dressed woman of about five and thirty, who, as a professed votary of music, had quitted her seat on the sofa, to range herself among the amateurs usually congregated on such an occasion round an instrument. "Savourneen Deelish" was given with much effect; that is to say, taste was judiciously permitted to preponderate over science in the execution of this beautiful ballad; and then Helena Morland rose from her seat, to yield her place to another.

"Nay, my dear, not yet! You must not expect to be off duty so soon,—*that* I can tell you," said Mrs. Cranstoun, laying a detaining arm on her young friend: "I am so enthusiastically fond of Irish airs—of my national music! After all, nothing can

* Lord Dudley and Ward. Vide his "Letters," &c., lately published.

come up to those charming Irish and Scotch melodies!" the lady went on to say, with an appealing look to the company. Somebody present demurred to this opinion.

"They are undoubtedly very delightful, but one can hardly concur in this exclusiveness of preference. You yourself, dear Madam, force our admiration into an opposite channel; what can be sweeter than those airs of Bellini's, with which you favoured us a little while ago!"

"Oh, my indifferent performance of Italian music!—pray do not speak of it. To be sure, those *morceaux*, when properly given, are exquisite, and at the Opera I feel their 'magic spell steal o'er me;' but still I am a child of Nature—I confess it—and give *me* that music which comes from the heart, which speaks of former times, and tells of deeds of greatness, or legends of love, such as were wont to inspire the minstrelsy of yore."

"Probably it is to this association, with the thoughts of your native land, that your partiality to her national melodies may be attributed?" was the somewhat obvious inference of the gentleman who did duty in turning over the leaves of the music-book.

"Very likely; I am the most national creature in the world! Having some of the oldest Milesian blood flowing in my veins makes me—I believe it is—such a patriot! When absent from home especially, an air—the simplest strain—recalling the thoughts of Ireland, does so overcome me! it is really quite as bad as the Swiss with their 'Ranz de Vaches.' But come, my dear Miss Morland, after this predilection avowed, you will surely not refuse to gratify me with one air more?"

She turned to Helena, who during the last few minutes had been absorbed in admiring contemplation of Mrs. Cranstoun's vivacity, and was met (according to custom) with a counter-request that she would herself so much more worthily occupy the tripod of honour, namely, the piano-stool.

"Indeed, Mrs. Cranstoun," added Helena, "you sing so much better than I do! I really cannot play anything worth listening to."

"Oh, what a little story-teller it is!" cried Mrs. Cranstoun, in whom the exhibition of somewhat over-vivacity on insufficient provocation was, perhaps, the only nationality that would have induced one to pronounce her Irish. "Do but listen to her—how very humble *we* are!"

Miss Morland repeated her assertion with yet more earnestness, and made the usual "breach of promise" complaint against her fellow-vocalist, which ladies are wont to prefer against each other on similar occasions.

"*I* promised!" cried the other, in tones of pretended indignation; "why, yes, when you should have fairly done your part. Now I appeal to any one here, if you are to be let off in this

way. We must have another song or two out of you, my dear Miss Morland, and then—"

But here the amicable controversy was cut short by the entrance of a servant with the supper-tray, and, to the relief of Helena, (perhaps of some others too), the question of whether she had or had not done her devoir in the singing line, was for the present suspended. Seeing a move making in the direction of the refreshment-table, and her hostess at the same time advancing towards her, Mrs. Cranstoun, ever ready to lead the way, rose from her seat, and playfully shaking her finger at Helena, as she said, "Naughty girl, I shall have my revenge another time," and crossed to the other side of the room.

Her husband, who had been playing at cards, now came up to Miss Morland, paid his compliments on her musical performance, and assisted her to refreshments. He was a gentlemanly man, and as he chatted with Helena on the ordinary topics of the day, there was just so much of causticity in his remarks, yet coupled with perfect good-breeding, as served to preserve them from the vapidity of commonplaces; and she consigned him in her own mind to the section of decidedly agreeable, intelligent men.

Some remarks being made at supper on the increased facilities of travelling afforded in the present day, Mr. Cranstoun took up the subject, and, in connexion with it, alluded to the approaching return of himself and his wife to Ireland.

"How soon do you think of crossing the water?" asked some one at table.

"Why, some tiresome law business will oblige me to run up to town first," replied he; "but after a week or ten days spent in London, I hope to be able to get off."

"And I want to induce Mrs. Cranstoun to remain during that time with me," observed the lady of the house. "In returning, Mr. Cranstoun could so easily take Hartlands on his way to Liverpool."

"You are very good, my dear Mrs. Sutherland," broke in the lady in question; "but I have some little matters of my own to transact, which will render it altogether most desirable that I should accompany Mr. C. to town. Amongst other things, I am still unprovided with a governess: a young person whom I had nearly concluded with for this purpose, having disappointed me at the last, after we had arranged every preliminary; 'she had an objection to going out of the country!'"

"In other words," interposed Mr. Cranstoun, sneeringly, "she had had a better offer made her."

"How very annoying!" observed Mrs. Sutherland; "you will hardly have time to do anything."

"I must only diligently study the columns of the *Times*. There is no lack of young ladies 'wanting situations,' but the

difficulty is to get one combining those essentials of mind and manner which I should look for in the person to whom I entrusted the charge of a beloved child," said Mrs. Cranstoun, with an air of pensive reflection.

"'Tis an arduous matter, to be sure," returned Mrs. Sutherland. "Is my friend Harry the same lively creature as ever?"

"Oh, he is a dear little rogue!" exclaimed the mamma; "so full of spirits and drollery!—a little unruly sometimes, as boys will be; but possessed of the finest disposition!"

And Mr. Cranstoun, appealed to by a look from his lady, confirmed her words by saying, in that summary tone which is used in disposing of the merits of any person or thing as an incontrovertible fact—

"Yes, Harry is a fine boy,—a decidedly promising boy; not the worse for a spice of mischief about him."

He had evident pride in his son and heir; as, in fact, Mr. Cranstoun had in everything belonging to himself; and when, some minutes after, his family residence of Cairne Castle came under consideration, it was described by the owner and his lady, —for the benefit of their *English* auditory,—as quite a little paradise in its way; a spot as deliciously combining the requisites of hill and dale, wood and water, as ever was depictured by the skill of a Robins.

"It is delightfully situated near Lough Neagh, of which it commands a full view," observed Mrs. Cranstoun.

"And we have frequent sailing-parties on the lake: I have a capital yacht of my own," said the husband.

"This, you know, is pleasant!" pursued the lady, appealing to those near her; "for we have almost always people stopping in the house, and boating excursions and picnics are quite the fashion of the neighbourhood."

"And a particularly nice neighbourhood it is," chimed in the owner of 'Cairne Castle,' in *antiphonic* response.

"Now I do not suppose we could be in any part of Ireland more agreeably situated! First-rate society—not three miles from the town of Y——, where there are military quartered; balls constantly going forward, and all that sort of thing (for those who like 'em). Beside which, an immense flux of visitors every year; tourists, who have come over to see the Giant's Causeway, usually make a circuit in our direction," subjoined Mrs. Cranstoun.

"A capital pack of hounds in the neighbourhood," resumed HE, "the property of my friend Lord ——, whose estate joins mine. Nice people are the Smithsons (his family you know, Maria); we are particularly intimate with them; so we are with Sir H. and Lady A."

"You must be altogether very enviably situated," observed

those simple-minded members of the company who were most inclined to take this glowing description *au pied de la lettre* (a few wise ones there were who recollected that Cairne Castle, county Tyrone, was, between sea and land, some hundreds of miles off, and a place not very likely to be "hunted up"). And as to be "envied," and deemed persons of consideration, was evidently the chief object the Cranstouns had in view in detailing all their local advantages, their ambition was gratified after the preceding remark had been elicited—and the subject dropped.

* * * * * *

It is now past eleven o'clock, and the party have broken up. Who is it that is seen by the faint light of the lamp suspended in the bedroom-corridor, standing outside Mrs. Cranstoun's chamber-door; her hand upon the lock; irresolution depicted on her countenance, unable to make up her mind whether to enter or not? It is Helena Morland. She knows that Mrs. Cranstoun is alone in her dressing-room, and greatly desires to have a few moments' conversation with her, but, beset by that nervous tremor which will sometimes seize a person about to take a step of which they doubt the propriety, she feels a rising in her throat, which threatened to contend with her powers of utterance, and cannot by any means bring herself to turn the handle of the door.

"After all," said the young girl to herself, "what folly this is! I am about to make no improper request; Mrs. Cranstoun is kindness itself, and has distinguished me by especial regard from the time of our first meeting. I am sure she likes me, and the step I contemplate taking cannot surely lower me in her esteem. I should say quite the contrary. Surprised, of course, she will be—for that I must make up my mind. It is certainly disagreeable confessing * * * hist! Did I not hear a noise? No; it is only the closing of a door. Well, I think I will venture. But before going in, let me see,—what shall I say? how make a beginning? that is the difficulty! It is so awkward to come out with a matter of this kind abruptly, and for a long preamble there is not time. * * * * Oh, this foolish beating of my heart! * * * Well, suppose I defer speaking until to-morrow? it will indeed be best, for how unpleasant it would be should Mr. Cranstoun interrupt us in the middle; and they will soon be breaking up below stairs. Hark, again! yes, I hear the gentlemen's voices; they are separating for the night."

Helena fled with precipitation, and regained the apartment which she occupied in common with her sister just as Mr. Cranstoun, with a light in his hand, appeared at the end of the corridor.

It will not be necessary to enter more minutely into the history of Helena and Diana Morland, than to say that they were the daughters of a widow lady, who had lost her husband, and the proportionate share of income derivable from his professional exertions, some years back. And having premised thus much, it will afford a partial clue to the comprehension of the preceding scene, to put our readers in possession of a conversation which had taken place that very morning between Mrs. M. and her daughters.

She had just communicated to them a letter received from their late father's valued friend Mr. Barnard, in which he had, with due circumlocution, apprised her of the loss of a considerable portion of her income, owing to failure in a quarter in which the principal money she possessed had been placed out to interest. "I am at least glad, my dear girls," continued she, "that this disaster does not affect the sums of £500 a-piece which you severally possess for your fortunes. The money which your poor father intended for your portions he very wisely put into the Funds, where it lies in safety, and will still be a resource to fall back upon in case of any emergency. But this I do not anticipate. By adopting a system of the most rigid economy, and denying ourselves for the time to come many of those little comforts we have hitherto enjoyed, we may manage to make out with the limited income which yet remains to us. We are fortunately unincumbered with debt; it is only when people are pressed down with money-involvements which they cannot shake off that they are afraid to look altered circumstances in the face.

"This is not my case; I have always contrived to keep within the bounds of my stated income, both when your poor father was living—and we had more to spend than we have now—and since (she added with a sigh) I have been the sole responsible manager of my own finances; thus, at the present moment, I do not owe a shilling. Hitherto, although not rich, nor consequently able to indulge in much of the superfluities of life, nor enter into those gayer scenes of enjoyment upon which you have perhaps sometimes cast a longing eye, we have yet—I always felt thankful to acknowledge—been preserved from experiencing the privations imposed by straitened circumstances. Henceforth, I fear it must be different."

A distressful silence of a few minutes succeeded this announcement. Mrs. Morland, a woman of peculiarly quiet and unimpassioned deportment, paused in her discourse, cleared her throat once or twice, then mechanically took up the knitting that lay beside her—her lips yet moving as if in mutual cogitation—dropped a stitch, which she vainly sought to recover, and at last raised her eyes to the faces of her daughters.

Helena and Diana had received the intimation of their

approaching change of prospects at first with surprise, afterwards with an expression of subdued sorrow, instinctively modelled after the example of quiet resignation set them by their parent; any ejaculation of grief or exclamation of impatience would somehow have seemed childish, and almost disrespectful, in the presence of the calm, self-possessed Mrs. Morland. So certain it is that the dignified equanimity shown by another under circumstances of mutual trial, has in it something of a sedative effect, which stills to silence the weak or petulant outburst of less strong minds. Nevertheless, the young ladies felt on this occasion much as girls of nineteen (not being *heroines*) might be expected to feel. There was a flitting before their eyes of the various comforts which they were called upon to renounce; a vision of a smaller house, of contracted housekeeping, diminished attendance, and—though last, not least in female estimation—of shabby and unfashionable garments. Thus the involuntary impression of the moment was a selfish one—for human nature will still assert her rights; and the Miss Morlands were not superior to a tolerably high appreciation of this world's good things: but they were likewise affectionate girls, and their next impulse was to throw themselves into their mother's arms, and assure her, in a breath, of their sympathy in her trial, and their determination to cheerfully conform to whatever change in their mode of living she might deem advisable. And a change must indeed be made. The prophetic fears of the young ladies had not exaggerated the picture. There must needs be a decided retrenchment put in force under each of the foregoing articles. Mrs. Morland spoke of the necessity that would exist for parting with the pretty house and garden they had hitherto occupied. They must remove to London, she said, business of a pecuniary nature rendering it desirable that she should be near her legal adviser; besides which, unsettled as her affairs for some time to come would be, it would be a satisfaction to be in the neighbourhood of such a tried friend and useful counsellor as Mr. Barnard. The young auditors assented with a sigh; for, having lived in the country since childhood, they loved it with that exclusiveness of predilection common to those who have chronicled years of happiness by its innocent and peaceful pursuits.

Neither had the name of London any magical attraction to them; they had visited the metropolis once already; and justly enough conjectured that they were now about to reside in it under auspices far other than those which invest it with such allurements in the eyes of the rich and the gay. No sight-seeing or amusement was in store for them; no shopping or visiting; no intercourse with friends, for they knew none beyond Mr. Barnard's family; and what then was London to the Miss Morlands? * * * *

"Nowhere does the stranger feel himself more lonely than in the densely thronged metropolis!" Helena re-echoed this often-made observation, when some time afterwards alone with her sister; adding, in tones of deepest dejection, "What a prospect! probably up two pair of stairs in some gloomy street in a remote part of the town."

Diana suggested the more cheering possibility that the street might chance not to be a gloomy one, nor the room so unpleasantly elevated; "and as to the situation," observed she, "I do not think mamma would fix on any very out-of-the-way spot; for you know she wants to be near Mr. Barnard, and his residence is in Berners Street."

"Little matter," said Helena, sadly; "we shall be terribly moped, going to live in town, all amidst dust, glare, and noise; —at this season of the year, too."

"The fashionable season of the year, at all events," returned the more light-hearted sister; "though, for my own part, I would never care to set foot upon flags from April to October. But you know it will sound 'quite the thing.'"

A sigh was Helena's response. "Why, yes, no doubt going up to London will cover appearances, and that will be something. Besides, people will not know where we live."

"Little matter," cried Diana, in her turn; "any real friends that may be making inquiries, will be as glad to see us in one part of the town as the other; nay (added she, archly) would not even object to mounting two pair of stairs if needs be. And as to the rest, persons who might be curious as to our 'whereabouts' from motives of vulgar curiosity only, and would shrink from a meeting because of my mother's income being reduced, I would dismiss such individuals from my mind as wholly undeserving consideration."

"I wish I could do the same," returned her sister; "for, undoubtedly you are right, and such summer-friends do not merit a thought. But, alas! the opinion of society has a great hold upon me. I cannot bear to lose *caste*."

"My dear creature, how shall we do so?" exclaimed Diana, in affectionate interrogatory. "We are not about to be sunk so low as that expression of yours would seem to imply. We shall not have to work for our bread. Though even were it so, and we had thus to descend from our position in society, I do not see that we should forfeit the respect of any whose esteem was really worth having: on the contrary, their knowledge of mamma's altered circumstances would rather induce them to give us credit for being desirous to gain by the work of our hands the means of an honourable independence."

"Well, at all events," replied Helena, "I am glad we are going to leave the country, in which we have been known. It

would have been so mortifying to have remained in the same neighbourhood; but to have gone into a smaller house, made shift to do with one servant, and taken to wearing printed cottons and thick shoes."

And Diana did not dissent from this observation, for, without attaching the same importance to externals which her sister did, she certainly thought that it would be just as pleasant to be placed out of the reach of impertinent comment or vapid condolence: so that, on the whole, this very consideration tended not a little (as she remarked to her sister) to reconcile her to the change proposed. "We must only make the best of it," said she, "and for mamma's sake try to put a cheerful face on affairs. I wonder whether we shall stay here much longer, and whether she will communicate her money losses to Mrs. Sutherland."

Helena wondered also; and then observed it was most likely their mother would, for Mrs. S. had always shown herself friendly; "and indeed," added she, "since it must be known sooner or later that our fortune has been greatly injured, there does not seem any use in making a mystery about it. It only remains for us," cried she, "to put (as you say) as cheerful an aspect as possible on affairs, and not allow our changed mien and anxious manners to be the heralds of our misfortunes beforehand. When did people ever gain anything by this sort of pitiful appeal to the sympathy of those around? On the contrary, I would hold my head higher than ever, and not allow my spirits to sink with the occasion."

Prompted by pride, Helena acted her part to perfection, and during that evening—the first on which we have introduced her to the acquaintance of our readers—her spirits never flagged; sallies of sprightliness passed her lips; and her nightly performance on the piano was distinguished by a life and fire which spoke of excitement certainly, but it might be inferred of a pleasurable kind. "That young lady rattles away with as much vivacity as if she had just received *a five thousand a-year offer*," was the vinegar-toned remark of an ancient spinster present, who happened to dislike music. Certainly no one could have surmised the bankrupt state of Helena's fortunes.

Diana, on whom the alteration of their circumstances did in fact sit more lightly than on her sister, sustained her part with less effort, though she assumed less buoyancy. Passionately fond of drawing, and intent at this period on completing the copy of a beautiful engraving in one of her hostess's handsomely-bound Annuals, she continued her occupation at the little table beside which her mother sat; and was soon so carried away by love of the art, that as she went on delicately shading with her pencil the moss upon the "ivy-mantled tower," all recollections of the morning's depressing communication passed for the moment

out of her mind. It was recalled as a sigh from her beloved parent reached her ear, while the saddened expression of Mrs. Morland's countenance—at that moment upturned—seemed to indicate pain; and then the affectionate daughter sought, by whispered words of tenderness, and the pressure of the hand, to secretly convey what assurances lay in her power of her unchanging sympathy and love.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEAD BRIDE'S PICTURE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! how serenely bright that face!
Oh! how divinely fair!
Of grief, or sufferings past, I trace
No lingering record there.
Dear image! let me gaze awhile
On that sweet brow of thine,
And gather, from its radiant smile,
A ray of light divine.

There is no languor in that eye,
No paleness on that cheek;
Those lips, that smile so witchingly,
Are opening now to speak.
Oh! tell me, thou beloved of years,
Of years no more to be,
That thou hast marked the silent tears,
Which I have shed for thee.

Ah me! how still, how mute thou art!
Thou answerest not my sighs;
I press thee to my throbbing heart,
But no fond pulse replies:
And yet my soul, thus tempest-toss'd,
Some comfort still may find,
That though my loved Eliza's lost,
Her shadow stays behind.

Herself, her very self, thou art!
My beautiful! my bright!
Sole star, that lights my lonely heart,
In sorrow's rayless night!
Those melting eyes again I trace;
Those lips still hold the spell,
The magic spell of that sweet face,
When last they breath'd, "Farewell!"

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Studies of Public Men, No. II.—Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Grey, and Lord George Bentinck.

To grasp the mind of a great man, it is necessary to have a mind as elevated and comprehensive. Not that it is requisite to have the same faculties for inventive action, the same resources in difficulties, or the same enthusiasm of purpose; but it is needful to exercise a power of mental jurisprudence, to anticipate ultimate aims, and not to look at mere means as though they were positive ends. The Author of "Public Men" possesses these high qualifications for his office. Undisturbed by party faction, unbiassed by prejudice, searching deep for motives, gazing far-sighted into the future for results, strictly just in weighing intentions, and scrupulous as to the mode of working measures out, no man could have assumed the sceptre of the pen—for after all, the pen is a sceptre, and a powerful one—with qualifications more just and more legitimate.

The second series of this political gallery contains the portraits of Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Grey, and Lord George Bentinck. As in its precursor volume, these manifest not only truth in the broad outline, but the utmost nicety of discrimination in every minutia of detail. The calm spirit of contemplative philosophy has presided over each line, and the impartiality is so exact as almost to keep out of view the author's own leaning to either party. We believe it to be true, that out of opposition of feelings and collusion of purposes, our national interests are best preserved; and though heat and rancour may be elicited, true patriotism rises like the Phœnix out of the fires of discord. Nevertheless, though the stripes of faction may be so overruled as to subserve to the true advantage of a country, yet it is not the less admirable to find pure patriotism standing aloof in all her chaste and simple dignity, like the good genius of the land, ever on the watch to guard and avert from her every threatened evil.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this work possesses a far higher character than one of mere biography. Its field is in a great measure metaphysical. It has to do with the actions of the mind, with the progressions of thought, and the operations of the intellect, elicited, stimulated, and expanded by the most powerful of all human interests—the love of country. If we

were to select the most prominent of its characters, we should pause over that of the Premier, which has commanded a closer detail of delineation, not so much from his present elevation of position as from the political course which has raised him to that eminence. Even here, however, we find not the slightest leaning of favouritism nor the faintest taint of prejudice.

Altogether, these two volumes ought to be treasured in the libraries of the land, as a register of those marked men who have sat at the head of our councils, and piloted our national flag through a hundred storms. In closing our notice, we have but one objection to offer. We are told that the series is now closed. We can only say that those who are most able to perform a worthy task are the least justifiable in declining its fulfilment.

Light in Darkness; or, the Collier's Tale. A true History. Edited by James Bridges, Esq. Edinburgh: John Johnstone. London: R. Groombridge and Sons. 1846.

In these days of no-faith, in which Christianity may be said to have become a vapid formula, almost inoperative, except as a fashion, the transitionary period, it may be, which, like a moral chaos, precedes the light, such works as this, humble and unpretending in character, and religious without cant or affectation, are yet not without effect in enforcing the conviction that a faith in something is a natural want. And, indeed, the proudest sceptic deceives himself if he would affirm that he does not constantly recognize the necessity of believing (and practically acting on this belief) in his own dependence upon some supreme power unknown and unfathomable. But amongst the humbler classes there exists even now a remnant of *Christian* belief, and their faith is full of a sustaining and invigorating power.

The work before us practically exhibits this great fact, and the strength of moral courage and hopeful energy resulting from a trust not merely in Providence, but the Providence of Christianity; and we particularly commend the unsectarian and liberal views of the editor. The "True History" is that of thirteen colliers left in darkness, and in the fetid atmosphere of a coal-mine 360 feet deep, for thirty-six hours of doubt and fear; the pit choked up to within thirty fathoms of the surface, the sides of the pit having given way, and an avalanche of stones and rubbish suddenly enclosed them in the bowels of the earth.

The event occurred near the junction of the Musselburgh and Dalkeith Railways, leading into Edinburgh; and Mr. Bridges personally visited the labourers and their friends before and after the calamity from which they were providentially released. From one of these, a shrewd, and practical, and energetic man,

the narrative is gleaned; and their experiences and changeful feelings are recorded mainly in the homely and honest vernacular of the man himself.

While engaged at their usual work, the woeful tidings are conveyed by one to the rest that the pit is giving way; and with three fearful claps, suddenly every avenue is closed up, and there is the almost certain prospect of a living burial. But there is still a remote chance of escape by a communicating air-gate, or crooked passage of great length, two to six feet high, and three feet wide—an air-passage cut through the rock to another pit. But this also is found to be choked up; hours are occupied in vain attempts to remove the rubbish; but hardly is an opening made, when the foul air puts out the lamps, and destroys their power of working.

In darkness, then, but not in despair, these strong hearts—women and children as well as men—encourage one another, by recalling stories of the ancient deliverances of the Jewish heroes and people, ofttimes at the eleventh hour; of the wandering Israelites, of Moses, Jonah, and the three doomed to the fiery furnace; and by chaunting and reciting the hymns and psalms so identified with Presbyterian religion. Another strenuous effort, even at this period of entire resignation, is made to find the approach to the other pit; and their efforts are at length crowned with success: they are hailed, and released, and rejoin their despairing families.

The second and successful attempt to escape, and the conclusion of the adventure, we cannot do better than quote, as a specimen of the tone of the work:—

"This is an interesting circumstance. These men were habituated to nice observation, particularly in regard to air, in their subterraneous occupations; and on the present occasion, their perception was as correct as it was nice. Previously they had found the air very bad, and judged it insupportable. They were right. On these occasions, the water rose nearly to the rubbish over head, very much excluding all communication of air from without. But in the interval, a change, though unknown to them, had taken place. The Back Dean air-gate had, in fact, during their confinement, become more freely ventilated than at first. This was effected through the prompt and considerate measures taken in the course of the day by Messrs. Stenhouse and Sir John Hope, of Pinkie, who had set on their engines at the different water-pits in the neighbourhood with redoubled power, and by the general draught thereby caused, had lowered the water in the air-gate the necessary number of inches to admit of a flux of air, and of the narrow and precarious passage through it, to be now described.

"'Feeling the improvement,' says Peter, 'we all agreed to return with the tidings, that there was no relief appearing from the Back Dean pit; but that the air was better in the air-gate, and that we proposed to make a trial of it, if they all were agreeable.

"'So we returned and told them. But they were refractory and unbelieving. One, indeed, said, he had made up his mind to die where he was, and if any of us escaped with life, we might give intimation to his friends where they would find his body. It was replied, "That to be sure, if we sat there, it was inevitable death; but here the story of the four lepers occurred to be spoken to. If they stood where they were, it was death; if they entered into the city, it was still death; if they entered into the camp of the Assyrians, it was but death. Therefore they entered. We were bound to use every energy while we had breath, for rescuing our lives from destruction, and then to leave the event with God. To sit still there, was little else than suicide. If we wished to die, it was our part to buy death at the dearest rate; and we had some prospect of life at the end of the proposed trial."

"'It was no wonder, after all, that there was some difficulty about trying; for since then I have seen the place again, and I can truly say, that if we had had light at the time, to see the holes into which we had to creep, I scarcely think we would have ventured to go. But see how good God was! We grieved when our lights went out; but God put them out in mercy, that we might not fear to enter into the narrow places for our life. The loss of our light was just the means of our life.

"'So it was agreed that three should make a trial, and the rest follow half an hour afterwards. The three appointed to go were, Jamieson Bennett, John Reid, and George Pride. But they would not go without me; so of course four were sent away. Half an hour was allowed for removing the obstacles in the way, and making a clear passage. So we four went on till we came to the water's edge. Then we sat down, and prayer was offered to the prayer-hearing God.

"'After this, we went into the water. At our very first entrance, we crept on our bellies for perhaps four or five yards; so low was the roof, and all in the dark. The roof had sitten down where we crept, and the water was floating round our mouths; so that we had to turn the backs of our heads round, to keep our mouths out of the water. We pressed on and on, however, and with a little more comfort, occasionally being able, with tolerable ease, to keep our feet. But soon we came to a broad flag-stone. On this, Bennett and Reid called back, that if they did not get picks, they could proceed no farther, for they had got a stone here which lay across the whole way.'

"And now, let the reader pause an instant for reflection. Here were thirteen human beings buried deep down in the earth, preparing to work their way in the dark, burrowing like moles, through nearly a mile of a close, narrow, winding, and old deserted passage, known to be in disrepair throughout, who were met on their very entrance, and by way of earnest of what might be to follow, by a fallen rock blocking up their way in front."

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAD is the reign of darkness, sad as the thoughts of the fugitive King. In the long years when decrepit man is weary of life, it sometimes happens that he recalls to his mind the smile of his lost youth,—for there is no century of depression which does not contain its minute of joy; then the blood circulates more freely, the pulses beat less languidly, the face glows with a twilight flush; then suddenly, at the mouth of the grave which he is reluctantly approaching, the idea of death assails him more fiercely than ever, and freezes all his hopes. Thus, if the spirit of Manfred, in that memorable night, recurred to some passages of the past, to extract consolation from them, immediately the fulness of the present misfortunes, and the fear of those to come, discouraged him; the Fates had deprived him of even the comfort of delusion! He proceeded in silence; he might have been able to appear cheerful, and even to narrate merry legends, for beyond all other men in the world, he was skilful in dissimulation, resembling, in this particular, the soil of his kingdom, which delights the spectator with the treasures of creation, whilst the volcano prepares its ruin within its own entrails; yet, knowing that the ostentation of cheerfulness could avail him nothing, and that even if it could, no one would believe in it, he surrendered himself to the sway of his own afflictions. His followers, convinced that if there remained any means of preservation, Manfred would have been the first to discover it (for misfortune never subdued him, and he was a man to do all from himself), proceeded also in silence. Without halting a moment, they at length reached San Pietro, a place about eight miles distant from San Germano. They thought to rest there, but the station appeared insecure, and they determined on continuing their course; the horses, though weary, justified the confidence their riders reposed in their good qualities.

"Art thou ill?" inquired Manfred, of the noble Helena, who, benumbed with the biting wind, and suffering from long con-

* Continued from page 255.

straint in the same position, and from the languishing malady which had long undermined her, had uttered a low moan.

"I?—think of saving thyself, of saving my children."

"But thou *art* suffering," insisted Manfred.

"Oh, do not heed it! Who knows but perhaps these my sufferings may be accepted in part as expiation?"

"No, no, the blank is blank, and the wheat does not change the nature of the tares; let every soul take thought for itself: in the valley of Jehoshaphat each mortal will answer for his own sins. Thou oughtest not to suffer for me."

They now found themselves at the skirts of the mountain Cesima, from whose summit the bands of Presenzano may be perceived. Manfred ordered his people to leave the beaten road, and, turning to the right, to enter into the pine wood, which clothes the declivity of the mountain, it being his intention to repose there. The order was a welcome one, for the precipitate flight, and the keen night air, had depressed the most gallant. They advanced for about a hundred paces into the wood, and halted: in a few moments a large fire was kindled to warm their limbs. The royal family had dismounted; Manfred looked round, and saw Helena beside him, and at her side Iole—he missed Manfredino. On returning to their first halting-place, he met the Cavalier, who presented the boy to him, safe and well. The King took him in his arms; the child laughed, and, raising his hands, stroked his cheeks; the paternal countenance could not look sternly on that dear face; he bent to his son's brow, and kissed it affectionately.

"Then we have lost no one?" said Manfred, when he had again looked at his family.

"We have lost Benincasa," replied Iole, with a gentle voice.

"In truth, my daughter, you have spoken wisely."

"Certainly," said the Cavalier, mingling in the conversation, "it cannot be denied that it would be better for us all if the Grand Chancellor survived; nevertheless, he is not to be much lamented, for if he has lost his life he has acquired renown, which is in fact the life of the valiant; it is for this end that noble knights exist, and if they die to obtain it, we must esteem their death happy and auspicious. Perhaps in the evil world—which is more accustomed to remember the deeds of those who cause it affliction, than those who cause it admiration—the fame of this brave man will be preserved but by a few; but the few will be those who do not measure merit by fortune, who, in whatever part of the earth, in whatever era they meet the renown of a valiant man, they salute it fraternally, and erect to it a temple in their own hearts: for the others, with whom eating alone marks the distinction between life and death, I make no account of them. In my prayers I have always implored two things from

heaven—to preserve me from the praise of the weak-minded, and from the censure of the high-minded."

"Well said," rejoined Manfred, approvingly; "thus it is; it seldom happens that the strong arm is united to the weak mind. Cavalier, in courtesy, I crave a boon from you."

"What boon, Sire?"

"That you will reveal to me who you are."

"It is a boon that you bestow upon *me*, Sire, condescending to inquire into the condition of an humble person such as I am; yet my face is not such that I desire to conceal it, nor is my brow such that it cannot bear the eye of the brave without growing pale. Behold, then, my countenance; whether well or ill-favoured, I have it such as nature gave it to me."

He raised his vizor, and the King saw a face such as heaven bestows upon Italians, when it also bestows on them sensibility to feel shame; yet Manfred could not remember that he had ever seen it, and was about to ask his name, when the Cavalier added—"You do not know me personally, nor did I know *you*, though, from your fame, I had become enamoured of your virtues. You see, then, Sire, in me a citizen who—though banished from his country—bears her device upon his crest (and he pointed to the wolf*) in order that she may see what are the deeds of the son she has expelled, and may regret that they are not done for her, and do not redound to her honour. In me you see a man who, persecuted by his fellows, avenges himself by compassionating them, and rendering them good for evil; in fine, I am Ghino di Tacco, of Turrita."

"You Messer Ghino!" repeated the King, astonished; and all the Apulian barons gathered round to contemplate a man who had raised up for himself a fame equalling that of the most illustrious leaders of armies. Ghino remained motionless, in a martial attitude, not assumed for ostentation, but natural to him from long habit. Manfred having satisfied his desire of gazing on him, said, with emotion, "Oh, noble blood, how art thou abased! Oh, glorious soul, to what point art thou reduced? In what situation hast thou endured life? in what situation hast thou guarded it from death—from infamy?"

"Oh, my Sovereign, I have traversed this land, which makes of its ancient glories a cloak for its modern shame, and I have seen it full of crimes; my arm has been stretched out for the innocent, and people have blessed me; and, since the war of injustice against weakness is without ceasing, I have reposed but for a few moments."

"And in those moments?"

Ghino looked down, hesitated, and replied: "The people say that the ancient community of goods should return—man has a

* The arms of Sienna.

right to existence—I have begged a loaf, and I took it by force from him who denied me."

"But why did you not come to my court? Where is the cavalier who, under the wings of Manfred's eagle, could not find refuge from the scourge of fortune? Did you fear that we should be less hospitable with yourself? Ghino, you have done us wrong."

"No, Sire, I have never doubted of your courtesy, though I feared that it would be presumption in me to test it. Report speaks variously of Ghino: those who reduced me to such a state, in order to justify their misdeeds in the eyes of the people, and perhaps to stifle the voice of their own conscience, cry aloud that I am a scape-gallows, a perilous thief;—but so says not he whom I have delivered from the ferocity of the baron; so say not the maidens I have protected, nor those whose castles I have defended against the covetousness of their powerful neighbours: yet evil cries more loudly than good, and my condition testifies against me. Would it, then, be magnanimous to invoke your light to illumine the darkness that human malignity has gathered around my head? Meanwhile, I expected to be enabled to act guiltlessly, and I often said with my lips, men are at length ceasing to be unjust (and yet my spirit did not hope it); and when they shall restore me the name of which they have robbed me (shameful, yet unavoidable, is the fact that the senseless multitude has the power of calling men good or evil), then, I thought, I will repair to the court of the noble Manfred. Perhaps it was pride, perhaps it was veneration for your Majesty, but at all events I believed, and I still believe, it is not every Ghibelline that can be serviceable to the son of Frederick."

"You touched on the truth, valiant Baron, when you said that it is not every man who hates Rome that is worthy to love Manfred; yet you were wrong when you denied us the heart and mind to distinguish you amongst the thousand that cry out they are partizans, in order to silence the laws. We have long desired to behold your person, and now we thank destiny that before it ends our days, it has preserved us for this gratification."

"Noble Manfred! I have heard much of your courtesy, yet however much men may say, I see now that it surpasses even its fame."

"And if heaven vouchsafes that I be not the last of the Swabian kings in the land of Apulia, you shall never leave our side; we will make you the leader of a band of our troops, and you shall have in our kingdom a dwelling, and an honoured existence. The fame of Manfred's court was pronounced perfect throughout Christendom in the glory of the Troubadours; now, with Ghino of Turrita, its fame will also be perfect in the glory of arms. If a calamity has been thus beneficial to us, in truth we will no longer invoke good fortune. But, now we think of it, we saw this night one of your people, Messer Ghino, who

has warned us several times—who slew a traitor at Benevento—yes, certainly it is the same. Iole, where is the cavalier who carried you on his crupper?"

Iole hung down her head, perhaps to conceal a blush, and replied, "He has departed."

"If the Cavalier desires to remain *incognito*, it were discourtesy to seek to know him: yet, not the less, he has our thanks, and we pray you, Messer Ghino, to make them known to him. Tell him also, that if guerdon of honour or of wealth can repay in part the obligation we profess towards him, the wish of Manfred's heart is, to show himself grateful."

The dialogue would have continued till morning surprised them, such delight did each take in the other, if at that moment the Queen—leaning heavily, as wearied, on Manfred's arm—had not reminded him that they had halted there to rest: whereupon he took his mantle, spread it on the ground near the fire, and with a melancholy smile pointed to it, and said to the royal Helena, "Lie down there, Queen! Alas! the day that made thee my royal bride; little didst thou think, unhappy one! that thou shouldst pass a night of pain upon the bare earth. Who could have predicted it to thee!—thy life promised to be a serene sky; and if, among so many images of happiness, the solemn hour that brings peace glanced upon thy mind, surely it appeared to thee splendid as the summer sunset."

"My beloved Consort! from the Lord cometh joy, from the Lord cometh affliction also; and I have always blessed his holy will."

"To endure, is the virtue of the beast of burthen; nevertheless, it would have been great mercy to deal to me either less anguish or more patience: but then, my Queen, tell me how it is that thou canst endure without cursing the hour of thy birth?"

"Remember that Providence is justice; that it is mercy when it comforts thee, and still greater mercy when it afflicts thee. Sorrows endured, form so much of the road which thou wilt find thou hast trodden towards Paradise, and every pang is a step by which thou dost approach to the source of all perfections."

"Repose thyself, Helena! it is now late to teach me such doctrines; affliction weakens faith; at least, in *my* spirit. In more tranquil times I will call some wise ecclesiastic;—you smile, Messer Ghino—do you think a wise ecclesiastic is like the philosopher's stone? My kingdom wants, even now that the times are adverse, more than five thousand; now, will you not grant that this capital may return one for the five thousand? Yes, in truth, I would close with him, and dispute with him about theology."

Manfred had misinterpreted Ghino's smile as satirizing those whom he called his enemies; Ghino replied not a word, but

taking the mantle from his shoulders, he doubled it in several folds, and then leaning over the spot where the Queen was preparing to lie down, he said, "Noble lady! this garment is coarse, and all unfitting for your delicate limbs; nevertheless, if you will deign to make it worthy of so much honour, as to let it bear your person, I swear to you that it belongs to an honoured knight."

"Many thanks, Cavalier," replied Helena, with feminine grace; "no man can deny that when I repose on the mantle of Manfred, and that of valiant Messer Ghino, I lie in the bed of honour. Notwithstanding, I pray you to keep it; the night is cold, and the air is keen, and you may chance to need it."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Ghino, shaking his head, "it is likely that I have waited for this hour to learn to do without it. Royal Lady! from the time that I heard that my enemies had burned the castle wherein my ancestors dwelt, I have had no other bed but the earth, and often no other covering but the heavens. The sky has been stormy, and the lightning has sometimes broken my sleep, and I have sprung up with a start and have seen the last streak inflame the clouds, and my face has been chilled, and my hair matted, and terror has sat heavy on my brow, for vengeance was afar off. Now the sky is serene, vengeance is completed, and the fire is near, and if you have no other excuse for refusing the mantle, I here spread it." Thus saying, he laid his mantle on the ground, saluted the royal family with a respectful air, and as he retired, he said, "May you have a better bed prepared for you to-morrow."

"We hope so," was Manfred's answer; that of the Queen, "The will of heaven be done!"

Ghino took his station at the side opposite to the royal family, unlaced his helmet, hung it upon the branch of a pine, rested his lance against the trunk, and then stretched himself upon the ground; he rested his bare head upon his shield, fixed his sword between his feet, leaned his cheek on his right hand, and in a few minutes fell asleep. And thus did all; Manfred alone remained awake: he lay across the end of the mantles on which his family were reposing, with his face turned towards the fire, and, raising his head, he contemplated the changes of a burning log. It appeared at first sparkling with a golden light; by little and little, as the sap dried up, it became glowing red; then the hue changed to a tint between azure and green—suddenly it became again of a golden light, for all things about to expire burst forth into a last blaze of life, and die; then a smoke began to rise, at first very thick, then less dense—grey—dingy white,—at length even this ceased; a miserable handful of ashes was all that remained of that lucid object late a pleasure to the sight. But why was Manfred considering so attentively a circumstance

which passes unobserved a hundred times in our life? Oh! what a keen observer is misfortune! and it whispers, "It is over; even renown is smoke, oblivion swallows up virtues and crimes; but at least the ashes of the brand remains; and what remains of us?" Sleep weighed down his eyelids. At first he sometimes closed them, and sometimes forced himself to re-open them, as though he would contend with the power of sleep; but who is the man that can prevail against *that?* Manfred lay like a man insensible, or like one called away to different scenes.

Benificent is the solace of sleep to the weary members; it is a precious gift to human labours, a balsam to the wounds of the soul. But were it not better that neither weariness, nor labour, nor wounds, should afflict our unhappy race? that evil should not be sent in order to provide the remedy? Is not that sleep enough that is within the sepulchre? Why conclude every day of life with a night of death? Presumptuous mortal! confine thyself within the sphere of thy imbecility; what can it avail thee to exhaust thy understanding in prying with knowledge which is not revealed to thy comprehension? thy brain has not nerve enough for the attempt, and thou wouldst die like the miser, wasted with hunger amid his hoarded treasures; the more thou shalt labour after knowledge, the more wilt thou be convinced that thou canst know nothing; the laws of the heavens and of the earth are secrets; and thus art thou—for thou art a mystery even to thyself.

But sleep does not lie equally on all; it clothes the aspect that it finds; it appeared alone and unmingled on the face of Manfredino, for there it found neither joy nor sorrow—it found fatigue there, and showed itself under the form of repose; for repose is its essence: sad and solemn it invested the brow of Queen Helena, and (if the expression be allowable), it seemed like an experiment which Death was making on that pallid face. At the moment in which life departs and death begins, its aspect is not repulsive on the countenance of beauty; on the contrary, it notes the last respirations, the last convulsions of the muscles of the lip, and smiles—but with the smile of the serpent—and then it touches the flesh, and the flesh corrupts; it breathes upon the body, and it decomposes. Let us avert our eyes from the image of putrefaction; it is bitter enough to undergo it, we will not pause to meditate upon it. What was the sleep of Ghino? Battle. The contractions of his eye-brows corresponded with the blows of which he dreamed; and he cried, "Forward!" as if in the fury of an attack; "Forward!"—suddenly he grew pale, stretched out his hand in search of his lance, and nearly raised himself up, exclaiming, "Make head, dastards!—to the rescue! to the rescue!—take care of him, he is wounded—I have given him quarter on his parole." He fell back with his hands

unclenched and powerless, and muttered between his teeth, "Bear witness that I die of an arrow in the breast." What words can tell how Manfred slept? His was not sleep, but a continuation of horror; his rigid members were bent as if seized with that dreadful spasm that is called tetanus, his hands were clenched, his hair stood erect, he glared his eyes like one possessed, and contracted the pupils—his attenuated throat seemed as though it would emit a cry; the struggle was terrible, but it ended in a sob. He changed his position, he contracted his limbs as if a circle of fire surrounded him; he uttered lamentable wailings, and with sudden violence clasped both hands over his mouth, with the gesture of one who endeavours to prevent some liquor from gushing forth. Tradition says that he was dreaming of the day of judgment, and that he was standing before the tribunal, and felt his sins crowding to his tongue to accuse him, and that in his terror he guarded his mouth lest they should issue forth. Unhappy man! where was he when he committed them!

Who is he that ventures to approach the royal sleepers? Is it hate or love that guides his steps? He approaches furtively, like the animal whom nature has gifted with craftiness; but is this the first time that virtue has assumed the form of vice? or the first time that innocence has been gibbeted to serve as an example for the people? The cavalier approaches cautiously, quietly, fixes the butt of his lance on the ground, leans the whole weight of his body upon it, and remains to gaze. Oh, beautiful is the face of the beloved when a pleasant dream caresses it with the tip of its wing! beautiful when hope diffuses itself around like an atmosphere of perfume; beautiful when the lips tremble in a thrill of joy; then the poets imagine the breath of the Graces that fans the tresses, which, varying their form with every zephyr, look more lovely; and they feign invisible sylphs that sport in the air, alternating a secret harmony, which corporeal ears cannot distinguish, but which, sinking sweetly into the soul, enamour it with their enchantment. Many still more charming fantasies do the poets dream, yet there is no poetry that is adequate to express the pleasure excited by the aspect of sleeping beauty. When, in a placid summer night, the horizon, serene as the soul of the innocent, covers the earth with a pure transparent azure like an ensign of glory, and myriads of celestial bodies exalt the magnificence of the Creator in the joy of the light, then only may the soul in its emotion find an image that can resemble the face of the pensive beauty in her sleep. Which of these two spectacles is the loveliest, it neither knows, nor can express to itself; both are divine; and, mute and wordless, the soul enjoys the charm of its sensibilities.

Whether it were that the mind of Iole, unaccustomed to joy,

could ill-support any happiness, or that she derived an extraordinarily sensitive emotion from the changes of her dreams, she woke suddenly, uttering, "Rogiero!" Rogiero, leaning on his lance, appeared before her; she rose, approached him, and spoke kindly to him; "Why hast thou fled from us? The King has inquired for the deliverer of his daughter."

"Oh! if he knew that I am he who went even to the banks of the Oglio to urge forward against him the enemies that now invest his kingdom; if he knew that I am a guilty man, certainly he would not inquire after me."

"Thou didst thus under a delusion; and thy mortal enemy himself would deem thee worthy of pity, if not of pardon. But thou hast voluntarily fought for the King's honour in close lists at Benevento; at the risk of thy life thou hast warned him against traitors, thou hast saved him at San Germano; the King's heart is magnanimous."

"And what profits it to discover myself? I ask no wealth for reward; and the son of Frederick would never grant me the recompense that I desire; let me, then, die unknown."

"Ah, thou shalt not die."

"Why should I live? who does not prefer an honourable death to a life of misfortune? have I not endured existence long enough? I will not renew former lamentations, but I swear to thee by thy love. I will lay down my life on the plain of Benevento."

"And if thou wert gone, dost thou think I would remain alone in this desert of sorrow?"

"And do I desire thee? No, Iole, no!—heaven has destined us both to an untimely grave. I abhor vain superstitions, nevertheless, this end has been predicted to me. Die, lovely and unhappy one, since death alone can give thee rest; and if thou wilt promise me that in the hour when thy weeping parents surround thy bed, when they will yield to every wish of the dying, if thou wilt promise me that thou wilt request of them, in token of their affection, to be buried in my tomb, beside my bones,—ah, what a melancholy favour is this I ask thee, Iole! yet it is the only one that I wish to soothe the bitterness of my last days."

"I thought of it before."

"We have, then, the same guardian angel, and he inspires us with the same thoughts. Then, when the tomb wherein the compassion of my brothers in arms have laid me shall be opened, and they shall place thee there to sleep beside me, surely my corpse will open its arms to enfold thee, the ice of the tomb will transfix them, but the embrace will be eternal."

"Eternal! But tell me, beloved, shall I feel it? wilt thou feel it?"

"I have interrogated the tombs, but their only reply was silence and darkness."

"And the future life? the desired existence?"

"Hope! Justice cannot let the traitors rest who slew my mother."

"Thy mother slain! Oh, thou hast never spoken to me of thy mother! Tell me, tell me of thy mother."

"Who has spoken to thee of my mother? Hush, speak it not! Thou knowest we shall live hereafter, then thou shalt know her; who knows but that even now she implores peace for us? She looks down upon us, she weeps over us, if the immortal can weep. Thou shalt know her in Paradise; but now breathe not a word of her—thou wouldst deem the sky accursed beneath which that mystery of perfidy was related; and I almost deem myself degraded, for having, alas! too bitterly learned it."

"I will be silent; I will rejoice, since it is thy will, in the secret desire of seeing her in the region of the blessed. I have often heard of future rewards, of endless life, of joys uninterrupted by sorrows, of serene abodes above all tempests, and I have had faith in them amid all the trouble of my soul."

"Guard that faith as a treasure; it will comfort thee."

"If it were not thus, I should despair: satisfied as we are with our own lot, let us pray for the peace of those whom we leave behind us upon earth,—for my excellent mother—"

"For thy magnanimous father!"—and thus saying, Rogiero cast his eyes towards the spot where Manfred lay. Santa Maria! The king was sitting upright, resting his left hand on the ground, and clasping his right knee with the other hand, as he sat listening with his head elevated. Rogiero turned to fly: Iole leaned against a tree.

"Stop, Rogiero," said Manfred to the fugitive. "You fly in vain: come here, and give me your hand till I stand up."

Rogiero obeyed; Manfred continued: "You love! and it seems happiness to you. Look there" (and he pointed to the royal family stretched upon the earth); "these are the delights of love."

"Oh, if I had them!" replied Rogiero.

"You would curse the day when they saluted you by the name of father;—but advice is fruitless, for we have been condemned, *ab eterno*, to painful experience. Shall I invoke a fierce imprecation on your head? and you will have it—but from whom? You have raised your eyes to the king's daughter; my daughter is of the blood of emperors; and what is your blood? Speak, Rogiero!"

"Mine? I know not!"

"Was no one present at your birth? Did no one nurse you—no one bring you up? Beyond all other animals, the infant abandoned to its necessities must die."

"My mother at the hour of my birth was pierced with a

mortal wound. Oh, for pity's sake, my gracious sovereign, leave the story of my life in the obscurity of the crime. I know nothing of it but some bloody fragments; still I know enough to be able to swear to you that my descent does not contaminate the device you conferred on me at Benevento."

"And your mother's name?"

"Sire, you shall know it whenever it shall be for my honour to remember it."

"You first betrayed me, and then you combated my betrayers; why was it more easy for you to commit a fault than to amend it?"

"I had seen your brother."

"What brother?"

"Henry the Lame; Caserta showed him to me."

"Where did you see him?—is he alive?"

"He died in my arms; worn out by anguish, overthrown in intellect—a miserable monument of persecution worthy of compassion. They told me that I was his son: he acknowledged me, and they swore to me solemnly that you were his destroyer, and he confirmed it; perhaps they had taught him to think so for a long series of years, and I—"

"You flew to avenge him, and you did well; at least in the desire, but not in the means. Had you not your sword at your side? Why did you go for revenge as far as Cremona, to bring the foreigners hither?"

"Can passion reason? If volition had ruled my movements, could I have been so vilely deceived?" Whenever my mind endeavoured to meditate upon the past misfortunes, a voice which seemed to come from heaven rebuked me, crying, 'Remember your father!' Oh, I am more unfortunate than guilty! At the abbey of St. Vittorino, in the Campagna Romana, an ancient vassal of my family, the assassin of my mother, revealed to me the deception."

"Why did they incite you against me? why did they pervert the heart of the faithful? why did they commit my destruction to the arm that defended me? were there not villains enough upon earth? This is an astonishing circumstance, and I am not able to penetrate it.—And what did you do then?"

"I wept with rage, and I hastened to save my good sovereign. I was arrested near Santa Agatha dei Goti, and transported to Benevento, and there cast into a prison, where, through a door, I heard men conspiring your ruin: I was condemned to die there of hunger, and should have perished had I not been succoured;—your royal daughter saved me!"

"And who told it to *you*, Iole?"

"The ways of Heaven are manifold, my father. A spy of Di Caserta's, who was surprised at night in the apartments of

the palace, discovered the crime to me. Then I came to reveal it to your majesty."

"Why not tell me names? what is the use of mystery?"

"Sire, although Rinaldo di Caserta has made me guilty, and has attempted my life several times, still he is related to me by consanguinity; time will clear up this fact. I conducted your sacred person that night to the scene of the conspiracy, because I could think of no better mode of proceeding. I hoped that my fidelity would have purchased the pardon of the conspirator; it pleased Heaven to decree otherwise: then I wished to spare myself his disgrace: I warned him by secret letters to withdraw his foot from the base path. Fool that I was, to believe man capable of amendment. I aimed at the death of Della Cerra; he was the most dangerous of all; thus I hoped to alarm the rest of the conspirators, and to warn you, my sovereign, of the peril."

"And have all the traitors fled?"

"All; at least, all that I knew have fled with Di Caserta to the castles of the frontier."

"You have done good by your own will, and evil only by the fault of others; you have run many risks for us, you deserve a recompense; you shall have it."

"Oh, my gracious master, I have no other desire but to die for you: keep the reward for others, to whom it will be an inducement for action; there is but one recompense I would desire, and that is too high for me, and I dare not ask it. For many years I have loved Iole with a holy love; for her I conquered in the tournament at your coronation; for her sake I became valiant and chivalrous; every act, every thought, was to please her; now I cannot banish her image from my heart, nor can she banish mine; we love, but with a despairing love, and we desire to be united only in the tomb."

"No, be united in life; you have saved her, she is yours. But take heed what you do before you accept her," said Manfred, smiling: "take heed; it is a fatal gift I bestow upon you."

"By the side of Iole, the cries of anguish would sound to me like celestial hymnings."

"In truth, no man can avoid his destiny. Give me your right hand, Rogiero; and you, Iole, yours."

Thus saying, Manfred had taken the hands of the young couple between his to join them: the fire, now ready to die out, was playing lambently round the burnt brands, and emitting an uncertain blue light, such as the superstitious believe appears when a departed spirit glides past a lamp. Already the extremities of their fingers were meeting, already they were clasping, when the flame suddenly blazed up, and cast a light upon Rogiero's face. That countenance expressed melancholy; time

had marked upon his brow the number of years that he had seen elapse; his cheeks had once glowed with a ruddy bloom, but it was pallid now. Manfred saw, or thought he saw, the living image of one long dead, whom he never remembered without a sigh; and if the recollection of her surprised him in the midst of a pleasant lay, the notes died away upon his lips, and his hand wandered over the harp unconscious of what he did—he impetuously separated Rogiero and Iole, and keeping them apart at arm's length, cried:

"I swear to you, by all the saints in Paradise, that you can never be united."

The lovers uttered a cry of dismay, and were about to ask the cause with breathless anxiety, when an increasing sound of the gallop of horses smote their ears, and they perceived a great light coming along the beaten road that surrounded the wood.

"We are pursued!" exclaimed Manfred; and, preparing for a desperate defence, he stood before his family.

"We are pursued!" cried Rogiero, placing himself before Iole. He stirred Ghino, who was sleeping soundly, with the end of his lance. Ghino shook himself, put his hand to his neck, and felt it several times.

"Ah!" he broke forth, between fear and gladness, "then it is not true that they have cut off my head! It was an ugly dream, in which I thought I saw it fixed to a gibbet."

"Ghino; the enemy!" repeated Rogiero.

"Where?"

"There! on the road."

"I see only lights; and by St. Ambrose, lights are not enemies, they may even be friends; it will be well that I should explore." And springing up, he took his helmet from the pine-branch, put it on his head, grasped his lance, and moved towards the wood.

"You shall not go alone," said Manfred; "I will accompany you."

"You shall be welcome, Sire."

"And I will not remain behind," said Rogiero; "are we not brothers in arms, Messer Ghino?"

"You are welcome also; let us go with the help of the saints; walk softly, that the child should not awake and be terrified."

Thus said he as he passed near Manfredino, and he moved a considerable way forwards on tip-toe; Rogiero and the King following imitated his example, and Manfred repressed even a sigh that was rising from the recesses of his heart.

They reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw a great squadron of Saracens, bearing numbers of lighted branches

which spread their light around; they looked at them attentively, and recognized the Emir Sidi Jussuff and Count Giordano d'Angalone, who, mounted on their chargers, were advancing dejectedly without speaking. When they had reached the place where Manfred was concealed—

"My lord Count," said the Emir to Giordano, "look, I pray you, whether the ground be level enough for us to fight upon."

"It seems made on purpose, Jussuff; nevertheless, I pray you, wait till day dawns."

"Did I delay to commit the sin? and shall I delay to amend it? Oh, good Manfred, where shall thy faithful servant rejoin thee?"

"Be it as you will; death cannot be half so bitter to me as was the intelligence that by my fault Manfred has lost San Germano, and perhaps his kingdom."

"Heaven forbid, Count Giordano!"

"But tell me, Emir, do you know if the royal family be safe?"

"Yes; you may die in this assurance."

"Listen to me, Emir; neither you nor I know upon which of our surras death is resting: I do not say it as a menace, but might not you be yourself the slain?"

"I will take care not to be so, if I can help it."

"And then, who will lead to Manfred this your squadron, still almost entire, which would be to him such an opportune aid in his present circumstances? If you love to serve him living, would you injure him dead?"

"Thou hast spoken the words of the wise, Count Giordano; would that thou hadst always spoken thus! Omar, Hussein, Sorak," called Jussuff, turning to the squadron. The persons summoned stepped out of the ranks, and he issued his orders: "By the fidelity which subjects you to me, your Emir, I command you, that if this knight shall slay me, you shall obey him as though he were my son, till he leads you to Manfred. Oh, my son!—recommend him to Zuleika, and tell her to be a good mother to him—and, Sorak! add from me, that she shall take care of Zekim, the dog of my love; and divide her bread with Borak, the companion of my battles, till it please the Prophet to call him to another life. Poor Borak!" he added, stroking his horse's neck, "there will be no place for thee in Paradise, for it is ordained that seven* only are the only animals that shall enter there; truly thou art more comely than the ass of Aazi, or the ox of Sidi Musa, though they were as white as foam. Oh, poor Borak! I shall not see thee again in Paradise; thou art disin-

* The Mahometans believe that seven animals were admitted into Paradise, namely, Mahomet's camel, Jonah's whale, Ezra's ass, the prophet Saleh's camel, Kitmer, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, the ram sacrificed by Abraham for Isaac, and Moses's heifer, whose ashes were used in purification.

herited." After fresh caresses, he drew the bridle, and made the horse leap towards Count Giordano, and said, "My lord, my testament is made; have you nothing to dispose?"

"Nothing, but that you shall tell Manfred that my last sighs were for my Maker and my sovereign."

"Then we may begin." Each unsheathed his sword, and took ground, to rush more precipitately upon his adversary.

"Down with your swords, the King is at hand!"

Such was the shout that issued from the manly chest of Ghino, when the cavaliers were about to strike. They were astonished, and turning round saw Manfred hastening towards them with rapid strides. Both dismounted, and the surrounding Saracens followed their example. Jussuff prostrated himself before Manfred, touching the dust with his beard according to the Oriental custom; and, lamenting with a voice of weeping, said—

"Alas! make me worthy, O king, of being trampled by thee, for my soul is fallen so low that it envies the death of the creeping thing."

Count Giordano, on the other side, in an attitude of respect, took Manfred's hand, and raising it to his lips, kissed it, sighing, "Oh, my good king!"

"I have betrayed thee," resumed Jussuff, "even as Iscariot betrayed the Son of Mariam; and my punishment will not be less terrible than his."

Manfred laid his hand on Jussuff's head, and addressed him—

"The arrow does not wound unless it is shot; the bow does not shoot unless it is bent; thou hast been the arrow, but the wound has not been inflicted with thy will. It is written in the book of the law, that man cannot change one hair of his head black or white, and thus we deem it fruitless to pluck it out when the fates consent not to it. Already, in those ages which are without count, the influence of the stars decreed that which is now fulfilled. Be of good cheer; if the fortunes of Manfred are to be restored, they will be restored; if thou believest thou hast offended us, we pardon thee."

"Magnanimous King! Heaven grant that the banners of thy enemies may form a tent to shelter thee from the summer's sun; may the souls of the prophets exalt thee above the head of Charles."

"We hope it—but from the sword."

"Yes, hope it; for every good work should receive its reward even upon earth, and thou dost surpass many in desiring such rewards. Now let me bring my duel to an end, and then I will place myself at thy side, never to leave thee more. Oh, true believers (he addressed the Saracens), if I die, this is your lord, and every blow ye shall strike in his cause will be the best

obesquies ye can render to my spirit. Come on, D'Angalone!" and he raised his scimitar.

"Stop, Emir, thou dost insult to the presence of the King," exclaimed Manfred, interposing.

"Oh, stand aside, by the head of thy father, Manfred; wouldst thou make me curse the hour in which I saw the face of my mollah?"

"Leave him, Sire," supplicated D'Angalone: "he thirsts for my blood."

"Not for thy blood, Count, but for my own good fame."

"Thou hast lost for us, Jussuff, a fair and well-fortified place; now wouldst thou deprive us of our friend? Learn, Emir, and that without intending thee the least reproach, we would lose two, three, ten cities, nay, our kingdom, rather than the friend of our boyhood."

"I have not been less thy friend than Giordano: it is thy will that infamy should cover me. Well, it shall cover my grave, but not my life:" and, violently affected, he drew forth a crooked poniard, and raised his arm to strike it into his bosom. D'Angalone, who stood beside him, was prompt to seize the weapon as it descended, and said to him in his ear, "So may the prophet help thee, but thou art committing sin."

"Teach me, then, how to avoid committing it."

"*We* will teach thee," said Manfred. "Once more we pray thee to defer this quarrel; to defer is not to relinquish; and thou mayest resume it when he, who gathered on the present storm, shall have dispersed it."

"I would willingly do it to content thee; but I know not any example of it in the stories which my fathers have related to me."

"But there are more than a hundred examples. Mollak," cried Manfred, "is it not true that, in your histories, there are many examples of Emirs who have deferred their quarrels conformably to the will of their lords?"

The Mollaks in the Saracen camps were similar to the military chaplains in ours, but that the former had some more remarkable privileges: such as being consulted in all civil affairs, of sitting next after the Emirs in military assemblies, of having the reputation of sages, and many other advantages, tedious to enumerate. The Mollak now called was about sixty years old, venerable from his white hair, of animated countenance, with small black eyes shining like coals of fire; he smiled often, but his smile was suppressed, and was only perceptible by the trembling of the thick mustachios that covered his lips; and, as this motion might be occasioned by the slightest breath of air, he often laughed in the face of people without their suspecting it: for the rest, he was as fraudulent as a merchant when he sells, as watchful as a Jew

when he buys, and a little less hypocritical than some gentlemen of the nineteenth century; and, moreover, the Saracens reputed him a saint; and, if he told them that his mule had talked metaphysics to him, they would have believed him; if he affirmed that he was one of the Seven Sleepers who slept seven hundred years, seven days, seven hours and a quarter, they would have believed him; if he threatened to pull the sun out of the firmament, they would have thrown themselves at his feet to entreat him for pity's sake not to do it, lest they should be all burned to cinders. Poor Infidels! heaven only knows how many saints of this kind they venerate in their mosques. When the Mollah had heard the question, he crossed his hands over his chest, bowed low, and said, "Allah illuminate the footsteps of thy glory: the examples for which thou inquirest are frequent in story."

"I have never known them," interrupted the Emir.

"Because thou hast not been taught them. The stories of the old times relate, that when Roger, the Norman, deprived us of the dominion of Sicily, one Robert Sorlone, his most intimate comrade, advanced with a band of cavaliers into the district of Gerami, which was then governed by the praised in the faith of the Prophet, Sidi Cheik Ali, father of the beautiful Zulema. Now, Zulema was the beloved of Ibrahim and of Rhedi, young men, the chiefs of their tribes, equals in years, in vigour, and in valour. Both made the quiet night resound with their harmonious harps; both sang under the lattice of the lovely Zulema, and termed her the crown of their life, the apple of their eyes; and compared themselves to the nightingales enamoured of the rose of the valley, and conjured the maiden to look upon them at least in their last sigh, which they purposed to breathe beneath her balcony. The night before the battle with the Normans, there fell from the lattice a ranunculus, which, of all other flowers, most resembles a heart; each of the rivals wished to take it to himself; they came to blows, and if some persons had not hastened to part them, they would have proceeded to bites. Ibrahim broke his harp on the head of Rhedi; and they agreed to have recourse to the sword, to see whose prize the daughter of Sidi Cheik Ali should be. Ali brought them into his dwelling, and called his daughter; she came—the lovely one—with her eye like the gazelle's, her foot like the deer's, and her bloom crimson like the pomegranate: the eyes, the thoughts of all turned to her; they trembled with delight at beholding the mortal Houri. 'This damsel,' said her father, pointing to her, 'shall not be the spouse of him who slays my friend. The husband of my daughter shall be he who slays my enemy in the approaching battle!' Zulema disappeared, and with her the light of the young men's eyes. Near to the rock, which now bears the name of 'The Rock of Sorlone,' the first peep of day

saw two warriors in ambush; the Normans advanced, Robert preceded them, splendid in his golden armour and his crimson plumes; the two ambushed warriors rushed out upon him—the blood of Sorlone gave his name to the rock."

"Which was it that killed him? was it Ibrahim or Rhedi?" asked Jussuff and Ghino (who were listening attentively), both at once.

"They both smote him. Rhedi remained upon the field; Ibrahim, all bleeding, cut off Robert's head, and, without waiting to bind up his wounds, hastened to lay it at Zulema's feet; but there he fell, and went to rest with his fathers: by the learned in warfare, Ibrahim was pronounced victor."

"They were unjust," exclaimed Ghino; "the warriors were equal in courage, equal in prowess: an inch of steel, the more or less bloody, signifies not to distinguish a brave man."

"Thou hast spoken the word of the wise," said Jussuff to Ghino, gazing on him with a look of pleasure. "I am of thy mind."

"I will speak more such words to thee, if thou wilt hear them: if thou art a worthy warrior, as thou affirmest, and as I hold thee, thou oughtest to yield thy quarrel to King Manfred: thou art postponing the welfare of all to thine own. Who, thinkest thou, is a wicked man? even he who purchases his own gratification by the injury of others; and, besides, thou dost sacrifice nothing of moment in deferring the combat; *this* thy Mollah affirms, to thee, and *this* I swear to thee—I, who have often been concerned in duels throughout the Italian States."

"Thou swearest it, stranger?"

"By my faith!" replied Ghino, touching his head. "I would not wish thee dishonoured, not even if thy infamy were my glory."

"I believe thee; thy face is that of an upright man," rejoined the Emir; then, with the point of his poniard, he made a gash, skin-deep, in his left hand, and drew from it some drops of blood: "Preserve for me, O earth! this my blood and my shame: if I shall come, in some future day, to demand it of thee, paying thee in exchange the blood of him who offended me, thou wilt restore it to me uncontaminated; but if I die without redeeming it, then pour it around my brows, and let it be a testimony against me at the last day. Count Giordano D'Angalone, have no distrust of me or mine; we are friends so long as the King has enemies."

"As it pleases you, Jussuff."

"Now let us go to assure our friends, who are distrustful," said Manfred: his command was obeyed. That night no one slept again: the fires were renewed, and conversation was carried on. Manfred sat between Jussuff and D'Angalone, the Queen

treated them with courtesy, Iole received them with a smile, and they deemed themselves repaid. The Emir being interrogated how he met with Count Giordano, related as follows: "Be it known to you, my sovereigns, that after the summons of the King, which took place below my quarters, I threw myself on the ground to weep over the past and present misfortunes; I heard a sound like a footstep on the pavement, and a whispering in my ears: 'The Provençals are burning the Palace; thy insulter is shut up within it; if he dies, who can purify thee from thy reproach? Hast thou forgotten that thy remedy is in the hand of him who smote thee?' I rose at once, and remembered that though I could not combat, my followers could; I bade them assume their arms, and I led them to the Palace. I know not how it was with the enemies, but they were standing still, as if they feared to proceed further. We attacked them, dispersed them, entered the prisons, and took forth the Count Giordano. I informed him of the circumstances on account of which I had hastened to save him; he answered me with tears, that since Manfred was obliged to fly, through the perfidy of his troops, he would not live to bear reproach, he hated life. I observed to him, that what he said was too true, but that I was not able to prevent the fact—I could only avenge it; and after avenging it, to cause the heads of the chiefs who commanded the troops at the Gate Del Rapido, to be buried in a place apart from their bodies; I gave him arms and a horse, and he went forth. The Provençals were already in occupation of the Palace."

"And they have burned it?" inquired Manfred.

"No, they preserved it, that Charles might pass the night in it."

"Oh, Charles! thou dost already enjoy the satisfaction of reposing in the bed of the vanquished; but I attest the world whether it be by the cowardice of the son of Frederick."

"Now that Charles has set foot in the kingdom, what concession ought we to make to him?"

"What hast thou said, Emir? Have such words issued from *thy* lips?"

"Certainly; is he not a Christian? wouldst thou not grant him earth to bury him?"

"May I never be compelled to grant him more! Proceed with thy relation."

"My King, it is finished. We tried our fortune once more; the enemies were on the alert; we slew many; but many of ourselves were slain also. Twice, when I was rushing without a sword through the thick of the affray, to animate the Saracens, D'Angalone covered me with his shield, and defended me from the enemies' weapons. Giordano, I gave thee thanks then, and I thank thee now and ever. Meanwhile, the Provençals surrounded the town, and the first columns of infantry began to

appear through the Gate of Abruzzo; we incurred the danger of being enclosed between two bodies of the enemy; I knew that Manfred was safe, I had D'Angalone along with me, I had accomplished what I had wished; we closed our ranks, and, overthrowing all that opposed our progress, we reached the open country."

In the east, the shades began to clear away, objects resumed their distinct forms and colours, the day was about to dawn. The trumpets announced the march; the King mounted his horse, his troops followed him; they forded the river Volturno, at a little distance from the place where they had passed the night, and taking the road by Telese, they approached Benevento. Tradition reports that Manfred, seeing so many faithful and brave men around him, said: "Even misfortune has its uses; I have proved these men, I may trust to them, as to my own sword; my right hand will sooner maim my left, than these will grudge their lives to save the crown of their Sovereign."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MORNING SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE sunbeam dances o'er the bed
Where evening veil'd a beauteous head!
Beauteous in death!—a lily pluck'd
For heaven, ere ray of sin had suck'd
The honey-drop of innocence
From chalice, stainless of offence.
It is the fresh and early morn,
The sunbeam's *there*—the corse is gone!

The casement is flung open wide,
Admitting a glorious tide
Of lustre,—light with gladness blent,
As if rejoicing seraphs lent
The effulgence of empyrean skies
To dazzle mortal's entranced eyes!
The hum of bee,—the song of bird,
All nature's harmony is heard;
Welcoming in the genial day:
The chill of death to chase away.

It may not be,—the mother there
Is cold in her unsunn'd despair;
She feels not morning's vernal breath:
She *only* feels the blast of death!—

Unconscious of the gorgeous blaze,
Awakening creation's praise,
That now irradiates all space,
And even glows upon her face,
Within she turns her eye,—the gloom
Of her heart's winter clouds the room.

At length, aroused from sorrow's dream,
By the importunate sunbeam,
She gazes on the vacant bed,
In hopeless search of the loved dead;
With what false bliss is memory fraught,
As her quick glance that sunbeam caught!
In fancy, by the sleeper fair,
She pours above her matin prayer!

Again, the kiss is slightly press'd,
Which yet such mighty love express'd!
Again, the chequered radiance breaks
Fantastic o'er his lids, and wakes
Her infant with a start of glee,
Whose arms in buoyant ecstasy
Are flung around her neck,—the while
His lips part with spontaneous smile,
As, half in earnest, half in play,
She chides her lovely pet's delay,
Who coaxes still, from mere idlesse,
Not to precipitate his dress!

Ah! charming wiles of infancy,
Resistless in a mother's eye!
Again, his glittering golden hair
Grows yet more golden, as the air
Uplifts it in the glancing light,
Until it sparkles on the sight!

The mirror is reversed,—she saw
The sunbeam sullenly withdraw,
Enveloping her babe in gloom,
While shadowy spectres haunt the room.
Life's glory in his eye grew dark—
His clasping arms grew rigid-stark—
His animated smile grew set,
As if a lingering joy, Death let
Those pinched and purple lips retain,
To aggravate a mother's pain.
His shining golden hair grew dank—
The golden hair her hands did prank
So proudfully around his brow!
Oh! where its beamy halo now?

His bier she followed,—but saw not,
With her sad, tear-veiled eyes, the spot

Where her sweet new-cropp'd flower was laid
To wither in ungenial shade.
She silent in her hush'd home sate,
Her absent darling to await;
She *listened* for his prattling tongue
That to her heart like young bird sung!
She *heard* his painless burst of glee—
She *felt* his head upon her knee—
Then, from dear habit, his curls sought,
And then the *truth*,—oh, awful thought!
The bosom's agony—the shock
To find that fancy did but mock!

A *laugh*, at first hysterical,
The timid echoes round appal,
Then copious tears,—and then the wail
Of anguish told her mournful tale.

"Oh, wretched mother! he is gone,
Her beautiful! her only one!
Oh, wretched mother! to thy grief
Can aught administer relief?
Aught *here* below? Oh, no! oh, no!
Hers is unmedicable woe!"

O'erwhelmed, upon her knees she sunk,
That little bed her wild tears drunk.
"Would she could pray! would she could pray
To Him who 'd called her babe away!
Would she could pray to share his grave!
But to her roof her parched tongue clave."

The sunbeam, like an angel, stole
With cheering brightness on her soul;
She felt that it was sent in love
A missioned radiance from above,
To teach her in her woe to turn
Where Resignation's lamp doth burn
To light Despair's and Sorrow's gloom,
Dark else as the eternal doom!

To God she looked up through her tears,
To bless her cherub in the spheres.
"Sunbeam supernal! ray divine!
Shine on! still for the mourner shine!
To light her path! to track my way
To regions of unclouded day!"

SIR MONK MOYLE.*

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER IV.

"Home of our love—our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping o'er the foam,
To bear our bark from thee."

It was one of those beautiful mornings in early spring, which cheer the heart, after the long and desolating reign of winter, in this our northern climate, and give promise of bloom and warmer sunshine soon to come, when our little party prepared to embark on board the Dublin packet. All the necessary arrangements being completed, they were soon sailing "over the waters of the deep blue sea," with a favourable gale, for green Erin. To say a single word upon that glorious element, and its startling effects upon those who voyage upon it for the first time, would be worse than superfluous. These have been described in the appropriate and eloquent language of a Marryat, a Howard, a Chamier, a Hall, and others of those nautical heroes (a proud and bright array), that have wedded our hearts to the "boundless ocean," in those stirring and life-like scenes which have immortalized their skill and genius.

There is not, perhaps, any place more likely for persons to become well acquainted with each other, without the preliminary etiquette of a formal introduction, than on board ship. We have even known some lasting friendships arise, out of those casual meetings. The familiar footing on which, owing to sea-sickness and other contingencies, perfect strangers are often obliged to meet, makes a sort of family business of it. The delicate young lady is not ashamed to accept of the attentions of any strange gentleman whom gallantry may bring to her side. The woman of fashion cares not to appear upon deck, if the voyage be a protracted one, in her nightcap; and the first duchess in the land, at the prospect of an impending storm, begins to drop a peg lower than the true aristocratic attitude, and, when the tempest rages, is constrained to acknowledge (to herself, at least) than the chances for life are no greater for *her*

* Continued from page 302

than for the meaner mortals that surround her. In a word, that it is as well to be on somewhat of a friendly footing with those who, in the twinkling of an eye, may go down with us into the deep waters; or join us, in dreadful fellowship together, "in our last humble prayer to the Spirit above."

Amongst the passengers who, on the present occasion, had embarked in the packet for Dublin, was a trio of as strange and dissimilar mortals as perhaps any vessel ever transported to the shores of the sister kingdom.

The Baroness Balderbusch, the widow of some German baron, was a very little woman, very fat, and very fair, but not of the fairness that is agreeable; her complexion being of that fishy white, so peculiar to some parts of Germany. A profusion of what Burns would call, "lint-white locks," shaded two large blue, doll-looking eyes, that appeared as if Nature never meant them to do anything but see with, for no rays of soul ever issued from them, to enlighten those on whom they chanced to fall. Her voice, shrill and complaining, sounded like some dismal ditty on a cracked fife; while her whole appearance bespoke the presence of disease, acting upon a nervous and fretful temperament.

Her shadow, in the shape of a humble companion, Mademoiselle Lippert, was a tall, lean spinster, with a dark, keen eye, sallow complexion, and rather blue-looking lips, which seemed so little accustomed to sport with the loves and graces, that every attempt at a smile was accompanied by a twist of the mouth on the right side, not unlike the contortion a person makes when labouring under an attack of the *mumps*. To this unlovely personage, the little fat Baroness looked for everything. To fold her shawl about her when she was cold—to bring her vinaigrette when she was faint—to pick up her reticule when it had fallen; in short, to do all the thousand and one etceteras which a lady of fanciful brains and ample fortune expects from the poor dependant on her bounty, was the sole occupation of "Ma'mselle," from day to day and hour to hour. It was, possibly, this life of probation, which had led her to commence free-thinker; and thus, by the full latitude she gave her thoughts, indemnify herself, as it were, for the constant restraint to which her body was subjected.

The third person, who made up this charming trio, was an Irish special-pleader, "*Counsellor* O'Fogarty," as he was commonly styled, after the fashion of his country, and as he generally contrived, by the judicious quotation of a little dialogue, *to style himself*, when narrating any anecdote in which he chose to figure as the hero: and truth to say, his string of long stories had mostly himself for that important character. How, or where, he contrived to scrape acquaintance with the Baroness Balder-

busch, must remain a secret, until pretty Mistress Grace shall have picked out of Mistress Wertz (the waiting-woman of the baroness), the important particulars. Possibly, however, during some long vacation, when *touring it* is in, and special pleas and briefs are out of, season, he, for a brief season of the former kind, might bid adieu to law and litigation in the courts at Dublin, and betake himself to the land of waltzing and illumination. Possibly, too, in making the regular pilgrimage "up the Rhine," he might fall in with the widow of the famed Baron Balderbusch; and perceiving her to be well provided with the needful *viaticum*, might so far succeed in insinuating himself into her good graces, as to be honoured with an invitation to her country-seat, a lack-adaisical old castle, not many miles from that in which the infamous Weischaupt, and his crack-brained patron, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, held the infamous orgies of the *Illuminati*.

Whether Mr. Denis O'Fogarty had bewitched the widow, by resorting to some of those dealers in *diablerie* with which Germany abounds, *non liquet*: but, very certain it is, that Nature never intended our lawyer for a gay Lothario. His tall, spare, ungainly-looking figure, and large, mop-like head, presented an appearance very similar to one of those old pollard-trees, that one sometimes sees by the road-side, or near to farm-houses, which the savage axe has despoiled of all its branches, leaving only a bush at the top. His visage was long and ghostly pale, broad towards the chin, but tapering upwards, till it presented the appearance of a cone—the apex, or extreme peak, of which was covered with a crazy display of coarse unmanageable locks, of a ginger-flaxen colour. In his dress, however, he sacrificed to the graces. His long thin throat was carefully enveloped in its many-folded kerchief, of the palest blue, the ends of which were tied fancifully together. His vest, of brown satin, embroidered with flowers, was decorated with a handsome gold guard-chain. And on the little finger of his left hand sparkled a diamond ring, to which, in the pauses of conversation, his eye often reverted with infinite complacency.

Now, to do Mr. Denis O'Fogarty justice, he was no fool: and though his wit was not a diamond of the first water, like that which he sported on his finger, it was quite enough for the every-day business of life. He had besides learned (like a skilful and economical housekeeper) that most useful of all learning, to live *within* the income of his understanding; so that no one could easily make an exact estimate of its real amount. He had studied Lord Bacon quite as much as Coke, or Blackstone; and his admirable Essay, on the "Advantages of *Seeming Wise*," was to O'Fogarty what the Alcoran is to the Faithful, the guide and rule of his life. Thus, when any subject was started, that really posed him, he would give his mouth

a most imposing twist, cast his eyes up to the ceiling, and look the abstracted *philosophe* to admiration. Altogether, he played his part so well, that "He's a clever man!" "A shrewd fellow!" would often follow the mention of his name.

With the ladies, O'Fogarty was a prodigious favourite. He had abundance of small-talk, flattery, and fiddle-faddle attentions, for maid, wife, and widow. He had, moreover, a rich, mellow, manly voice, which he had carefully cultivated; and he sang with taste and feeling the melodies of his native Erin. This last attraction had probably contributed to make an impression on the fair widow's heart; for it is astonishing what powers of fascination lurk in a sweet voice, and how many have lost their hearts to very homely possessors of that magic gift. Of that gift, however, O'Fogarty was not anything like so vain, as he was of those huge bushy whiskers, that hid (like the blinkers of a horse) his eyes from a side view. For, like most gentlemen of the present day, he regarded that near approximation to the brute creation, as the very glory of his manhood.

Such were the three rather remarkable personages who, with many more of the ordinary class of mortals, embarked, on the present occasion, along with the baronet and his party, in the packet for Dublin. A storm, which had been gathering for some time, at last overtook the voyagers. The dark mass of rolling clouds, and the angry chafing of the agitated waves, presented a fearful prospect to Ellen and Fanny; and, clinging closely to Sir Monk's arm, each lovely girl watched the scene with timid and anxious looks. For some time the wind was adverse; the sea ran high, and the aspect of the heavens was threatening in the extreme. The sailors were all busily engaged in preparing for the impending danger, and the fears of the ladies on board were rapidly increasing to a painful height, when suddenly the wind veered, and the storm began to abate. The bosom of the dark element gradually subsided into tranquillity; while the sun, lighting up the separating clouds, opened out a hundred brilliant vistas to the clear blue heavens.

Emerging fron the close confinement of the cabin, in which they had been prevailed upon by the steward to take refuge, our little party soon re-appeared upon deck. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," says the old proverb; and on this occasion it was verified. The storm, brief as was its duration, had enabled O'Sullivan to pay those fitting and delicate attentions to Fanny Moyle, in which he had never before had the opportunity, or the excuse, to indulge; and those attentions had been received by Fanny in a way which showed that they were by no means displeasing. O'Fogarty, too, in the late crisis, had succeeded in raising himself considerably in the estimation of the little nervous baroness. In some one of his Long Vacation

rambles (for he had always been a great traveller), he had been tossed about for a day and a night in the Bay of Biscay. He boasted of the *seasoning* which he had thus received, in no measured terms; told the baroness, laughingly, that this was a mere storm in a wash-hand basin; and succeeded, after a time, in happily persuading her, that *no one* was ever *lost* in the passage from Holyhead to Dublin; and that, even should any perilous emergency happen to arise, he could swim at least a mile or two with her upon his back! All this he expressed with the greatest *sang froid*, coolly adjusting his cravat in the pauses of his consolatory address—for he had crossed between the two countries so often, and in all weathers, that he really neither thought nor cared much about it. The baroness thus actually lost some of her own fears, in the ardent admiration of his cool resolution and bravery; while Ma'mselle Lippert began secretly to wish, that "Heaven had made *her* such a man!" Finally, O'Fogarty assured the baroness, when the storm began to abate, that, in the last and direst extremity, he should have felt a consolation, an honour, and even a melancholy pleasure, in going down with her to the bottom!

"I should then, my dear Baroness," (laying his hand upon his heart, as he conducted her again upon deck,) "I should then have had at least the satisfaction of resting in the same grave with you."

"Oh, Mr. Fogarty! dat would not be good. I should not like de sea for a grave at all."

"Certainly not, my dear Madam! I only meant for want of a better. Of course, I should prefer one on dry land, and to keep as long out of that as possible."

"So I should think, Mr. O'Fogarty," said Ma'mselle Lippert, rather angrily; she having overheard *the Counsellor's* concluding speech to the baroness, although uttered *sotto voce*. "A grave in the sea would surely cool the warmest love."

"Yes, or a grave anywhere," said the baronet, laughing, as with his party he now drew near to the trio. "What do *you* say, Captain?"

"Oh, you must not apply to me, Sir Monk!" said O'Sullivan, slightly colouring. "I am such a mere novice in these matters, that Ma'mselle Lippert, who, before the storm commenced, was kindly explaining to me the beauties of Werter, found me too dull to understand them."

"Why, so, in truth, am I," said Sir Monk. "The beauties of Werter, as it was once the fashion to call them, are a mere compound of *deformities*. A career of vicious and ungovernable passion is closed with suicide! The whole story teems with puerile lamentations and fiddle-faddle incidents. In short, I am altogether of the opinion of Lady Bulwer Lytton, who has truly and happily denominated it, 'A bread and butter story.'"

"Oh, Sir Monk!" cried the little baroness; "de lady is not one good judge. Werter is one very fine tale. I hear no one abuse Goethe before."

"I must entreat your pardon, my dear Madam! It is far from my intention to 'abuse Goethe,' who was a man of undoubted talent, and one of whom Germany may well be proud. But 'Werter' was one of his early productions; and Lady Lytton is by no means singular in her opinion. 'Werter' is a tale of adultery and suicide, without point or moral, for it fails to hold them up to reprobation; and the taste for it in this country has happily passed away. Even our boarding-school misses, who used to devour eagerly every line of it, now hardly know it by name."*

"Well, abroad I never heard much of the lady you speak of,

* As the baronet appears to have stopped short, from politeness to the two German ladies, in what he was about to say of "Werter" and its injudicious author, the deficiency shall be supplied, for the sake of the young and innocent, by the following quotations from Moore's "*Full Inquiry into the Subject of Suicide*," vol. ii., part 7, ch. 1:—

"But suicide apart, are there not many other principles and sentiments in this book ('Charlotte and Werter'), of the most dangerous and destructive tendency? Is it not wholly addressed to the feelings and passions?—to the warmest and most ungovernable passion of the human breast—the most tender of all sensibilities?" p. 147. "Werter undermines the affections of his friend's wife, and yet preposterously avers, that 'his love is *pure*,' and his friendship *sincere*!' Nor have these lovers the common excuse to plead, of an amiable woman neglected by her husband; since, to complete the virtuous group, Albert is represented as adorned with every personal and mental accomplishment, and every affectionate and tender attention to the wife of his bosom. Is there no latent poison in all this? In an age of adulterous intercourse, like the present, will the example of Charlotte and Werter never be pleaded, in behalf of the innocence of these confidential friendships, and attachments to a third person in the married state? But can these attachments themselves possibly be called *virtuous* friendships? Scarcely so. The mind may be polluted, though the body chance to continue pure. But it most rarely happens, that these estrangements of the mind from its proper object of affection and confidence, are not the sources of every other evil," p. 148. "To say that it is a *true* story, as it serves to excite additional curiosity, makes more *against*, than *for*, the propriety of its publication. Delicacy would prevent a mention, to the private connexions, of the self-murderer. Let the public be treated with the same considerate indulgence. Let the offender, and his offence, be consigned, as soon as may be, to their merited oblivion." "For however wisdom may teach, prudence warn, and judgment discriminate, yet the magnetism of example, attracting within the sphere of inclination, will too often prevail over all."—p. 150.

Precisely similar are the sentiments of another excellent writer, the Rev. Herbert Croft; who, in a series of Letters relative to a tragical occurrence, which took place not long after the first introduction of Goethe's work into this country, ascribes that occurrence, in a great measure, to the poison imbibed from Werter's dangerous principles and example; and thus sums up his opinion, both of the hero and the author of the pernicious story:—"Werter was clearly a bad man. Had he not died by his own hand, he did not deserve to live. The writer, who either feigns or relates such a story, is not much better."

It may add weight to Mr. Croft's opinion and authority (*laudato laudari viro*), to give the following extract from the conclusion of a Postscript, subjoined to a later edition of his work:—"To the opinion which the late Dr. Johnson entertained of these Letters, and of the good they might do, the author was indebted for the acquaintance and friendship of that great and good man."

Sir!" said Ma'mselle, resenting this attack on her favourite author. "How far, pray, are we to consider Lady Lytton as an authority?"

"She is a woman of undoubted talent," rejoined the baronet, "as she has already shown by her writings. Her ideas are generally good, and, for one of her age, remarkably so; and her style is natural and lively, and sufficiently epigrammatic, without being too much so."

"I think," said Ma'mselle, "that England is quite as remarkable for suicides and adulteries, as any other country."

"I grieve, Ma'am, that I cannot deny the justice of your remark. But, then, we are obliged to be a little careful in what way we *write* about them. The truth is, that the rapid growth of these vices is the natural result of extreme luxury. Like Rome in her latter days, England, being arrived at the highest pitch of artificial refinement, is becoming, in spite of a purer and holier religion, grossly sensual. The Bible is no longer, as formerly, read and studied by the world of fashion, nor by the world of business. Nay, so great is the mock delicacy of some of our modern fine ladies, that it puts their modesty to the blush, only to hear those passages read in church which the really chaste maids and matrons of the good old times, when suicide and adultery were a novelty and a wonder, listened to with a holy piety, that casteth out shame."

"At this moment, the sun broke out in all the grandeur of his departing glory; and all eyes were suddenly attracted to the beautiful panorama which lay stretched out before them, as the vessel now entered the far-famed Bay of Dublin. As she bounded along, her broad sails dancing to the music of the light evening breeze, the hearts of the two sisters seemed also to bound within them, with that joyous feeling which the thought of new pleasures imparts to the youthful bosom.

"The entrance into the harbour of Dublin," remarked the baronet, "is said to be one of the finest in the world. It has even been compared to the celebrated Bay of Naples; although, as an admirable writer observes, 'the latter has the undoubted superiority, not only from its possessing features of the most extraordinary beauty and classical *contour*, but deriving a terrific grandeur from its vicinity to Mount Vesuvius.'"

"I am exceedingly glad, Sir," said O'Fogarty, "that we had daylight enough left to allow to you and the young ladies, and likewise to *you*, my dear Madam" (turning, and bowing profoundly to the baroness), "a view of this beautiful bay, which I consider to be one of the finest of the many fine scenes that Ireland presents to the notice of a stranger; and I am quite delighted, Sir, that you appear so fully to appreciate it. Ah, my darling country!" (apostrophizing the lovely shores they were now

rapidly approaching,) "though I have often quitted you for a time, it has always been with a sigh of regret; and I am Irishman enough to say, that whenever I get sight of you again, my heart dances within me to a merry tune."

"Ah! just like the ups and downs of life," rejoined Sir Monk. "Partings and meetings, sorrow and joy, alternately succeed each other, in this chequered state."

Here O'Fogarty began to hum to himself the following song, gradually giving greater scope and compass to his voice as he proceeded, on seeing that those who surrounded him were attracted by the display of his vocal ability:—

Good night!—good night! 'tis even so,
And friends that love the best must part:
Life's web is spun of joy and woe;
For every sunbeam of the heart,
An answering tear must flow.—
Good night!

Good night!—good night! our happiest hours
Return but like the aloe's bloom,
That wastes itself away in showers,
Embalming beauty for the tomb:
Yet hope may still be ours.—
Good night!

Good night!—good night! as, hand in hand,
The lovers whisper time away,
The tapers, though by Cupid fanned,
Refuse to shed a lengthened ray;
Then break the rosy band!—
Good night!

When O'Fogarty had concluded, and the last note had died away upon the waters, all were unanimous in their praises of his vocal skill; and the baroness declared to Ma'mselle Lippert, with a suppressed sigh, that Mr. Fogarty had "the sweetest and most bewitching voice" she had ever heard!

As Sir Monk and his party were about to leave the ship, the little baroness expressed so much regret at the parting, that the warm-hearted old baronet politely assured her the regret was mutual; and begged that if she should travel in the direction of Castle Craig, while he was there, she would not pass without paying him a visit. This she promised to do, and with every appearance of intending to be faithful to her word.

"Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!" says the old adage; which, on the present occasion, might have been relieved of a little of its triteness by substituting, for the latter part of it, "'twixt the shore and the ship!" Just as the passengers were

in the act of disembarking, an accident occurred which, but for the timely interposition of a brave tar, might have silenced poor O'Fogarty's melodious notes for ever. As he was tenderly assisting the baroness down the ladder, he, in his anxiety to secure her safe descent, lost his own balance, and tumbled headlong into the water. The ladies screamed, the men shouted, and all was confusion. In a moment a sailor, who could swim like a duck, threw off his jacket, and, plunging in after the luckless lawyer, fortunately succeeded in dragging him, almost dead with fright, to the side of a barge, into which a dozen hands were readily extended to lift him. So strange, however, was the metamorphosis which he had undergone by his brief immersion, that Sir Monk and his grand-daughters could hardly, despite their sympathy, refrain from laughing. When O'Fogarty fell into the faithless element, he had a luxuriant crop of hair on the crown of his head—when he again emerged, it was with a *bald pate.* The fact was, that the legal Adonis, having resorted in vain to those quacks, whose advertisements fill our newspapers and empty our pockets, had at length adopted the last and most effectual expedient, by which middle-aged gentlemen can hope to "hide their diminished heads,"—a well-frizzled *toupet,* the strings of which, being passed behind the ears, were tied under the chin, where a *natural* boa of hair hid them from view. Unfortunately, in the first grapple the gallant tar had with the drowning man, the *toupet* fell off, but not into the water, for the Maltese button of Jack's shirt-sleeve caught in the network upon which the skilful barber had wrought his coronary curls; and thus the *toupet,* like its master, rose again, clinging to the arm of a British sailor—a prouder support of England's glory than the Lord Chancellor, with all the lawyers in his train.

When the baroness saw the bald pate of O'Fogarty, she burst out into a loud lamentation. "Oh, my cootness! See how poor Mr. O'Fogarty has been hurt! All his hair is pulled out by de very roots! Oh, my cootness!"

This sympathetic exclamation seemed at once to recall O'Fogarty's wondering senses, which had necessarily been a little dissipated by his sudden immersion, and the alarm which it had unavoidably occasioned. Instinctively raising his hand to his head, and feeling its denuded state, the first words which he uttered, on finding himself once more in safety, were—"*Where is my hat?*" The hat, however, had by this time floated away to a considerable distance; on learning which, O'Fogarty, with a trembling anxiety to conceal the loss of those surreptitious honours which had so recently crowned him, tied a pocket-handkerchief round his head, by way of a temporary substitute. This tended so little to improve his personal appearance, that the suppressed smiles of some of those who had flocked round

him began, now that he was safe, and evidently not the worse for his ducking, to relax into something like broad grins. From all, however, he received the most hearty congratulations, on his escape from the recent danger.

And now the honest tar, who had happily been the means of saving O'Fogarty's life, having first shaken himself like a water-dog, resumed his jacket, and, with his glazed hat between both hands, advanced at the summons of Sir Monk. Mark Dillon was a young man, stoutly built, with a fine, handsome, ingenuous face, and that bold, but not impudent air, that characterizes the true British seaman.

"You're a fine fellow," said Sir Monk; "and here's something to drink the Queen's health."

"God bless your Honour, and thank you!" said Mark; "I'll drink yours too, and the young ladies', as soon as I gets ashore." And Mark ducked his head, and resuming his hat, was going, when O'Fogarty called to him.

"You must accept this, and my best thanks, for the service you have rendered me,"—offering him at the same time a gratuity.

"No, thank ye, Sir! I don't want to be paid for doing a good turn to a fellow-creatur."

"I shall feel affronted by your refusal, Jack!" said O'Fogarty, forcing the money upon the honest tar; who, as he pocketed it, suddenly exclaimed—

"God bless my soul! I'd clean forgot all about it." And fumbling in his breast, he pulled out what appeared like a bit of sea-weed. "The gentleman's wig, you see, Marm" (addressing the baroness, who stood by), "will do as well as ever, when it's dry. It catched in my shirt-button, or 'twould have been lost, for sartin."

This most unexpected apparition of the *toupet*, quite upset the philosophy of O'Fogarty. It was as bad, if not worse, than the loss of it had been. He turned his eyes, with an expression not quite grateful enough, upon the preserver of both life and wig. Our sailor, who happily knew nothing of those fine feelings which make gentlemen often ashamed of the very things that contribute most to their comfort or inward complacency, continued:—

"I thought I must have given in when it came off; but, by good luck, I catched hold of the right hair at last. If so be as the gentleman had had a whole wig, instead of this bit of a stop-gap, it might 'a gone hard with him; for he warn't good to catch at, being too much frightened to help himself. But you see, Marm, he's got a main bit o' hair behind—so I kept good hold that."

"Thank you—thank you, my good fellow!" said O'Fogarty,

who now longed to be rid of him; "I shall always remember your services with gratitude."

"Thank ye, Sir! you be right welcome."

The baroness now drew out her purse, saying, "Here, my coot man, take dis, for saving de life of Mr. Fogarty."

Mark, bowing his thanks, made his exit; and was soon seen climbing like a squirrel up the side of the ship, to join his merry mates upon deck.

(*To be continued.*)

IRISH SONG.

LOCHLIN.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I LITTLE thought, when last we met,
No more thy face to see;
That tears of deep and fond regret
So soon would flow for thee!
Thy parting words—thy sweet Good-night,
Fell sadly on mine ear;
But oh, I never thought the blight
Of all our hopes so near,
Lochlin!

I weep to see the vacant chair,
Which thou wert wont to grace;
I weep to see another there,
Although some dear one's face!
No more I sing the songs I sung
When thou wert by my side,
For oh, the charm that o'er them hung,
With thee—with thee, has died,
Lochlin!

Though time may soothe my troubled breast,
Yet oft will memory dwell
On one, more loved than all the rest,
More loved than words can tell!
For still the joys of bygone hours—
Of hours how sweet to me,
Will come, like angels wreathed with flowers,
And breathe—and breathe of thee,
Lochlin!

* To the beautiful old Irish melody of "*Donnell.*"

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER IV.

The story of Stephen Wrayle; or, passages in the life of a Sensitive Man.

"'WHAT's in a name?' says the poet, who—however great his foresight and knowledge of human nature—neither could have seen or dreamed anything of the idol of Appearances about to be raised by the tyrant of Taste in the Plains of Dura of the nineteenth century. 'What's in a name?' 'Much,' will intelligent Young England reply, 'as regards a book about to be issued from the publisher's—much in a list of directors of a new company—much in a desired introduction to the world of fashion.' Our business leading us to consider the first of these instances, as applicable to the question we are now discussing, I beg to suggest 'Passages in the Life of a Sensitive Man' as a good heading for my chapter of adventure just ready to be presented to your notice. But I have a few more words of preface, wherewith to trouble you, before entering into a detail of facts.

"Had I ever succeeded in taking my degrees, as well as in being admitted to serve a useless apprenticeship in Literature, I cannot but think that I could, at least, produce as good titles, if not general contents, for my books, as most popular authors of the present day. This can be no very vain assertion for one to make, who admits that the representative of Snake, or Careless, in the 'School for Scandal,' or of Stingo, or Diggory, in 'She Stoops to Conquer'—if but a moderately intelligent performer, fond of his profession—may turn out as good a comedy as, if not a better one, than either Sheridan or Goldsmith—in respect of names only; because, a careful study of playbills, and a little practical theatrical experience, may do more in this department than the most consummate art in dramatic construction. I have been, from my youth, enamoured of the superficial and of the ephemeral in the world of letters: it is so easily acquired—so luxurious—so indolent an occupation to keep pace with the

* Continued from p. 213.

newspaper of the day; and, as for the search into the sepulchre of the Poet, or glance into the glass of the Future—to make these merely dependent on impulse, and not an absolute necessity, has doubtless been the means of saving much labour and anxiety to many, however profitless their adopted pastime in comparison with the neglected employment. Now, on the subject of names, I have always considered that the life of a Snsitive Man would furnish a good ground-work for the plot, as well as the respectable title-page of a book; but the idea that such a theme had been already used (not that I knew anything of its application) was ever present to haunt me, and prevent my undertaking the task of editorship in a memoir of my own heart. Though I beheld visionary chapter after chapter, replete with interest and excitement, I could not make up my mind to page and index a series of sensations, which must have been experienced by others before me; or, if not known to others, who would heed a detail of unintelligible matter, supposed to be the creation of vanity, selfishness, or madness? None, save your kings of pen-and-ink reputation, can act fearlessly in these cases; true, they have thrones to lose—but, once acquired, the loss is more the consequence of their own forgetfulness of their subjects, than that of their subjects towards them; while those who are contending for eminence in a less exalted sphere, must be equally chary of their present pittance of renown, as eager to gain fresh advantages in the field of action. An unintentional plagiarism —an error in dates—a hint, or coarse jest—and, last, but not least, to support my argument, a hastily chosen title, may each and all serve to ruin a small literary speculator; while the old-established capitalist, the monarch, as it were, of the same traffic, is safe, as the firm-seated English merchant,—in his integrity, from suspicion of interference with goods of others—in his accuracy, from fault in calculation—in his good dinners, from utterance of any but the most approved society expressions—in his unerring judgment, from starting a wild scheme which he may fail to carry out. To be plainer, the latter may pilfer, misinterpret, descend to vulgarity—call anybody or anything by whatever names he pleases—so long as he keeps the public, or rather, the critics and reviewers who guide the public, in good humour, and favourably inclined towards him. After all this, you must not expect a well-arranged narrative of my adventures, but take the passages of the sensitive man's life precisely as they occur to his mind, while tracing them for your especial information.

"I was born abroad—I believe in Italy, for my heart has long yearned towards that land, and I never visit it without strange emotions, as though it were in some way connected with my destiny. My uncertainty on this point may be attributed to the little I ever knew of my parents. My mother I can remember

well—she died when I was but six years old; I was at her bedside when she breathed her last, and that face—that expression of a seeming holy gratitude at the release from mortal suffering—that last leave-taking of beauty and intellect from the world they ornamented—are things never to be effaced from my mind; whatever sins she committed, I dare believe she was forgiven, and I feel proud, though unworthy, to be a part of such excellence. My father I scarcely ever saw in my infancy; I understood, so far as a boy can understand such matters, that he was a man of coarse, vulgar tastes, persuaded to marry, in the hope of refining them; in fine, that as regards his connubial considerations, a purchase had been made by the members of a wealthy family from those of a poor one, in the shape of a young creature of refinement and grace—which said purchase was handed over to my father, for his particular benefit. As an only child, I was, of course, after my mother's demise, looked upon with consideration, if not deep parental love. A maiden sister of my father's, however, whom I can recall as 'Good Aunt Anna,' took me under her especial patronage, made me accompany her in her continental tours, of which she was very fond, for two successive years, and actually rented a house in Paris, in the very street in which she had received instructions to put me to an English boarding-school. At this school I remained four years, passing the vacations with my kind patroness. During this time, I made considerable progress in my studies, and, although somewhat easily led astray by naturally wilder playmates, I contrived to keep in high favour with the heads of the establishment. From hence I was removed to a much larger institution in England, still followed by my Aunt Anna, and, on attaining my fifteenth year, I was so well advanced in classics, mathematics, and the branches of polite education generally, that it was thought necessary to call in parental assistance, to know how to dispose of me, preparatory to a training for the University. I shall not easily forget the day fixed upon, as it were, for this singular introduction. My father, it appears, had forgotten his agreement to be in town at two o'clock, and had gone to a fox-hunt in Berkshire. He was but a tolerable rider with hounds, though a capital cricketer, almost a first-rate shot, and a good sportsman on the main; and, if any unforeseen obstruction occurred to the day's gratification, such as may often arise to mar the even tenor of the chase, he would become sulky and disagreeable to a degree. On this occasion, from the vagaries of the fox and nature of the country, very many of the party—and old hands too—failed to get well away with the hounds, nor did they know, until too late, which way they had gone. My father, as one of the number, was terribly aggrieved; he seemed to think the life of that particular Reynard his own decided property, and

that he was beset by unseen enemies, who had unjustly deprived him of his dues. Suddenly, in the midst of his reveries, some phantasma sprang up and carried him off from the horses and hounds to his sister and son. He felt a thrill of conscious neglect run through him, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, determined on making a bold attempt to retrieve his remissness. As it was one of his foibles that he could not himself bear to be kept waiting, so was it one of his good points that he could not bear the idea of keeping others waiting for him. Accordingly, returning instantly to Maidenhead—where he had a charming little property, from which he never stirred for a fortnight together, except on unavoidable business—he ordered a fresh nag to be saddled, and, throwing a great-coat over his hunting-costume, rode to town as hard as his animal's legs would take him. He reached London soon after three; we had waited luncheon for an hour, and had just sat down when he entered the room. The scene that ensued made a deep impression on my mind; and if its effects were not such as to favour the filial sensations I had long sought to cherish, I trust that peculiarities of education and long separation from my parents, may be found to plead a satisfactory argument in mitigation of what might otherwise appear a most unpardonable offence. I was, at least, thankful for the liberality with which I had ever been treated at school—for the various branches of study I was enabled to pursue—for the comforts I was permitted to enjoy there—even on a par with the richest of the boarders; and I knew the hand which bestowed those benefits to be that of my own father. True, he was well supplied with funds, but he was also at liberty to apply them as he thought proper. I am not of those who applaud the hoard for posterity. Let us rather believe that these golden savings are so many poisons, to breed disorder for the son and heir. Let him have but the blessings of a liberal education—then, be he prince, peer, or commoner, launch him into the wide world, from the buffets of which he can return to his home, hardened and healthy, in the glorious knowledge of self-earned independence! Ah! the Preacher of old has many wise precepts on this head; and I recommend them to the study of all who cry out for the undiminished stock of inheritance, accumulated for an heir-loom, to be handed down without fail, till the last link of the chain be reached.

"I felt a conviction that my appearance was not pleasing to my father. I believed that he was disappointed in seeing a pale, delicate boy, instead of the stout, rosy-cheeked creature he must have pictured as the ideal of a son of his. I was nervous in giving my hand to his grasp, and when he kissed me on the forehead, I acknowledged an unnatural shudder of the frame. Was this the early symptom of the dire disease that had found

its way to my heart? was this one of the first blossoms of the tree of sensitiveness which had imperceptibly taken root within me? What, then, would be the climax of the malady? what would be my state, when came the season of the sere and yellow leaf? Some such notion, I am sure, then crossed me; for a vision of a dark future came rapidly before my view, and I could not refrain from tears.

"'What ails the boy?' asked my father, as I thought, angrily.

"Aunt Anna whispered something in her brother's ear, at which he tossed up his head; then starting off, and halting with his back to the fire (for it was a very cold February day), he looked in the direction of the street window, and whistled. I felt confident that I was the innocent cause of his annoyance; nay, more, that he wished me anybody else's child rather than his own. Peculiar notion; but I have suffered for my singularities! My aunt quitted the room, and we were left alone.

"'I suppose you've never been out with the hounds?' asked my father.

"'I don't think I have, Sir,' replied I.

"'I'm quite certain you haven't, now: by the way, didn't they give you a pony from me at Mr.—Mr.—what's his name?'

"'Dr. Parsalyne's; yes, Sir; and I'm very much obliged to you for it; but I never rode it above twice a week, and then only for half an hour at a time.'

"'Why not more often, pray?'

"'My studies prevented me, Sir.'

"'Indeed! how so?'

"'Why, there was Herodotus before breakfast, and French and Mathematics afterwards; Livy and Cicero came after dinner: and latterly, I had Trigonometry till tea; when tea was finished, while the other boys amused themselves as they pleased, the Doctor would give me Terence and Juvenal; or a play of Euripides, Sophocles, or Æschylus. You know the 'Επτα epi Thebas?'

"'Never met him,' quickly interrupted my father. I saw I was taking him to a strange country, and hastened to retrace my steps, swallowing Medea and Œdipus Tyrannus by way of beginning.

"'Then there were days when I had a German lesson; also a drawing lesson; and I learnt a tune on the violin: besides fencing and dancing, and—'

"'Boxing? let's see you spar a bit.'

"'No, Sir; not boxing.'

"My father became absorbed for a time; in my precocious version of his behaviour, he was annoyed at my knowledge of what he never thought it worth his while to acquire, as well as at my seeming disparagement of qualities in which he himself

could excel, and in the possession of which he was proud beyond measure.

"'Neither ride nor box—do you swim?'

"'Not well, Sir.'

"'Cricket, at school, I suppose?'

"'I scarcely ever played at it.'

"'Oh, ah; the studies interfered, eh?'

"This struck me as spoken with a strong tone of sarcasm; and, as may be guessed from what I said above, I was by no means backward in making a display of my abilities; so that my mortification was truly keen. There was a pause; my father broke the silence this time by asking—

"'Can you row a boat?'

"'Never tried, that I remember.'

"'Or skate?'

"'I can slide,' said I sharply.

"'Ha, ha, ha! yes; so can any little boy in the street. Well, can you sing a song?'

"'Not in tune, I'm afraid.'

"My father whistled, and worked about his left knee and foot; then walked towards the window, muttering, 'Nonsense—stuff,' with a strong past participle prefixed to each, he looked out into the street.

"Oh, what would I then have given if that white coat—that red one peeping from beneath it; that fancy kerchief and waistcoat; those leather inexpressibles; that huntsman's cap, and those noisy top-boots, together with the body they tended, had belonged to any one save to him, the real owner!

"My aunt returned in time to prevent any ebullition on my part. She pressed my father to eat, but he would not even sit down; he would take a postchaise and return to Berkshire that very afternoon; nothing should detain him; he had particular business in the country, which must be attended to. I since heard that he was witness to the death of a fine stag on the morning following, though the precise locality of the scene of action I cannot exactly swear to; at all events, it could not have been in the metropolis.

"He did not kiss my forehead at parting, but after shaking me by the hand, beckoned Aunt Anna to follow him outside. I was left quite alone, and sat looking at the fire, lost in thought; the door flew open—my father came back hurriedly; I dreaded to hear him speak; he was searching for his whip, found it, and quitted the room without addressing a word to me. The slam of the outer door soon announced his departure; I felt a strange and, I fear, a somewhat sinful relief at the knowledge that we were no longer under the same roof; but what was in store for the future?

"My kind protectress soon returned: she had tears in her eyes, and was evidently much disturbed at something which had passed between her brother and herself; that it related to me there could be but little doubt, for she said to me on this same afternoon—

"'Stephen, your father thinks it better that you should leave school altogether; of course you will not neglect to improve what you have already acquired there, by constant practice in your closet; besides, remember that you have a college probation to look forward to. Now, choose for the next six months to live with me or at your own home; for remember, this is not your home, my good boy, glad as I am, and ever shall be, for you to think it so.'

"I made up my mind to one thing,—that I was considered a great deal too clever; that I had been wound up to a particular point in learning, and was to be suffered to run down to a lesser mark, before my education could be proceeded with any further. Well, notwithstanding my determination to make more and more progress, the prospect of six months' cessation from school monotony is no bad fun for any boy, be he ever so studiously inclined; I accordingly took the 'goods provided me by the gods,' and accepted an invitation to stay six months with my aunt Anna.

"Six months! ay, and this particular half-dozen—what a change did they effect in Stephen Wrayle! Fond as I was of the classics, and partial to studious habits generally, I wanted the mathematical mind, the algebraic apathy requisite to mock at the Houris of Amusement so numerous in this great metropolitan harem, (for I dare not, even regarding its daughters of beauty, call it a Firdous.*) They lured me, and I fell a victim immediately: the magic world of balls, theatres, glitter, and excitement, from which I had ever before been carefully excluded, opened suddenly upon me, and I was received at once as an inhabitant of this new fairy land. I felt I had reached a shore which I had long been steering for, but of whose latitude and longitude I had, till now, been ignorant: need I say I was superlatively happy? but, alas! at the end of that six months, how few books had been opened or even thought of, in my chamber out of school. True, there was a Medea to be seen there, but this was because I had known Pasta, and a Horace often found a place under my pillow; but, then I fancied something to be forming in my own mind in accordance with the poet's opinions!

"Another six months commenced—progressed—ended; and I was still with my kind relative, as before, nor had I once seen, and scarcely heard of my father. During this period, I grew

* Firdous, paradise.

enamoured of ephemera in literature; and the consequence was, that instead of prosecuting research into history, or any sterling and useful branch of reading, I derived my day's amusement from nothing but newspapers, magazines, and serials of every description—the scientific only had a poor chance of my notice. These two half-year "cycles," as the Persians term their early periods of regal history, made me the wayward, sensitive, ambitious, excitement-loving, superficial creature that you now see me; and I cannot say that, in spite of their many moments of pleasure, I look back to them with any degree of satisfaction. And now I have to record the re-appearance of my father.

"I need not tell you what youth acquires by mixing with the world, both in the ideal and real, that is, in thought and action. I was far more prepared for the meeting than before, but, strange to say, my present 'style' seemed even more disagreeable to him than that which I had lost. I endeavoured to laugh at my former pursuits, and draw the old gentleman, as I had heard him distinguished by one or two of my acquaintance who had never seen him, into a talk about Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Pasta; but this seemed quite a new course to him, quite a different line of country to that of the matter-of-fact sportsman, and I gave up all attempts at conciliation as utterly vain, under existing circumstances. Judge of my astonishment when I was informed that he had determined on taking me to live with him in Berkshire for a time, and that I was to prepare for immediate departure.

"I went, but like an animal to the slaughter-house; like a victim to the sacrifice; and what a night was my first in Maywood! The creaking windows, the wind whistling through the doors, the very mouse struggling for liberty; all these things were torments in their way when contrasted with my vivid impression of the comfortable town apartment. And then, for the first time, I became aware of what intense admiration I entertained for Miss O'Neil, and how much smitten I was with the fascinations of Ellen Trivet, my pretty little partner in many a dance. And it was on that very night, I believe, while tossing in a high, wide bed, luxuriously uncomfortable in its size and fittings, situated in the centre of a spacious, well-furnished room, with a blazing fire to grow contemplative on, that the idea came into my brain, for the first time, 'Why should I not enter the abode of authorship?'

"'Rather kill yourself,' says Worldling Number One.

"'Get a profession first, and then think about it; but never calculate on obtaining a livelihood from this source,' adds Number Two.

"'Juvenile, very!' puts in Number Three, in conclusion.

"But these Worldlings were not meant to sway me, so I conned the matter over and over again, till I came to the conclusion that

it was far better to eat a scanty meal, with a voracious appetite—to receive the buffet of disappointment when craving for the embrace of success—to live in poverty, dependence, anxiety, misery, when possessed of every human faculty to enjoy life, and make it enjoyed by others—in fine, to embark in quest of literary repute, than to live in peace and quietness, and eat and drink without a care: the thin, nervous, ill-dressed man at the corner-table in the eating-house, looking up inquiringly at every new-comer, was my model, the Rustum* of my Oriental dreams; the sleek, wealthily-dressed, oily gentleman in the coach-and-four, was my bugbear. I couldn't abide him, except as a butt to shoot at; and how I *did* long to hit him!

"I resided with my father for about three weeks, and was heartily glad when, at the expiration of that period, he sent me back to my aunt's hospitable roof: he could make nothing of me, and evidently considered me incurable, a hopeless case. I thought I was behaving in the most filial manner towards him, but that, instead of appreciating my conduct, he had entertained an inveterate prejudice against me; and this idea so filled my mind on every recurrence to the subject, that I half resolved to come to an explanation on the matter, and quit the paternal threshold for ever. I had ridden his horses; fagged for him at one or two cricket practices held prior to a match in which he bore a part; nearly blown my fingers off by firing at imaginary rabbits with his gun; and all to please *him;* and had only commenced two sets of verses to popular actresses, an essay, a tale, and a tragedy, on my own account: yet he told me, 'I was so very different from all boys of his acquaintance.' I hoped I did not deserve the irony, however true the fact stated.

"For some reasons which I but guessed at, taking care to colour the surmise with any hue but the roseate, I was sent no more to school, and all talk of my intended college education ceased about this period. I said little, considered myself a staunch predestinarian in the case, and patiently awaited the progress of time. Keenly as I could feel the occasional return of the ambition of my boyhood, injured as it must have become by the consciousness of continued neglect, liberty had such charms for me at my benevolent aunt's, that I had really no actual wish to change my condition; and, with the exception of about six or eight months passed, at intervals, by the seaside and on the continent, a term of nearly three years more in town had just been completed for me, when an occurrence took place which summoned my father to London again. There was a consultation of several members of the family; one of them, a man of considerable influence and interest, promised his assistance; and I found myself, at the age

* The champion of Persian fable.

of eighteen, on board a ship, at Gravesend, bound for the East Indies; having been gifted by the fairy Circumstance, after the approved pantomime and child's-tale fashion, with a commission and an outfit:—

> "This crimson flower secures you florid health,
> The yellow one will yield exhaustless wealth."

Much as we may endure in the world of thought—much as our minds may be racked with perplexity and trouble—much as we may feel of 'hope deferred' which 'maketh the heart sick'—these sensations of inward suffering leave too faint a trace of their dominion, to enable us to gather more than a few dim reminiscences of the time when they held us captive. I can recall, therefore, little of the days which I spent immediately before the commencement of my Indian career; days more of thought than of action, yet days which brought each a host of unseen mental agencies, to unfit me more for the strife without, than could have been effected by a like number of visible vicissitudes of fortune.

"But I must not omit to note the great visitation that came upon me during the last twelve months of my sojourn in Europe: the scourge, the moral scourge of our system of pseudo worldly morality, that rushes across the path of life like a revengeful spirit, hurling firebolts of anger, and emitting pestilential breath—poverty! I am sure it is no cant; no echo of an old accustomed cry to catch the vulgar ear; no wish to vilify what is unattainable, which prompts me now, after viewing mankind, for many long years, in all forms and appearances, to pronounce this the severest test of value of a world-infected heart. Mark yonder sluggard reposing in the heat of the day, beneath a shady tree; yonder shepherd's boy drinking from a clear crystal fountain: I would as soon believe that the one would continue to drink, did the waters become defiled and nauscous, as that the other would seek, for the morrow's slumbers, the same spot as to-day, were the leaves above his head to wither and vanish; and less than either, would I trust in a friend's word, given to me as a man of money, being held by him equally firm and binding in my adverse circumstances. Disinterested friendship! pshaw!—'twill do well enough as pastime for the young; when men take the cards in hand, they must have an object beyond the mere game. There must be a golden stake to play for, or they will scorn to sit down to the table!"

Amble felt for the speaker here: not a doubt existed in his mind but that Stephen Wrayle was disclosing the secret experience of his own heart, and laying bare a wound which had been festering for many a day in his own bosom. He continued:—

"But here was I, at an age when I could be yet ignorant of

these things—and of a disposition far from sordid, though very capable of becoming inoculated with the disease of the mass. I could contemplate a heritage of riches as the gourd raised up in the night—and failure in money and influence as the worm to devour the same; and I could see a thousand Jonahs ready to complain at the loss of what none had attained by his own labour or perseverance. To me, therefore, the shock was of so little moment, that I can scarce remember its first effect. The indirect consequences only I can recall with any degree of clearness and certainty; and, so far as I can now judge of my own boyish imagination, I think that it was rather a sentiment of thankfulness that crossed, a sense of approaching liberation from the thraldom of dependence that welcomed me, when my poor Aunt Anna had to move from her comfortable dwelling into a boarding-house. There was, however, one predominant idea to support me in this change of circumstances—the world should now see what literature would avail to compensate for lack of inheritance. I burned to enter the lists, and encounter the lances and shields of my opponents! Days passed, and very wearisome nights also, on these reflections. At length I succeeded, and was admitted; but, what a competition—what a crowd—what buffets! Had I not been carried out of the *mêlée*, sorely bruised and disfigured, I must have fought my way to one of the hundred houses of distinction, or—and more probably—have died on the field. I am quite certain that there is much still to be revealed in the commencement of an author's career, even though he should boast the true genius to win an easy popularity; and, however painful and distressing to a successful man (a matter on which I am disposed to be sceptical), to cry back to the days of his first outset to attain the desired goal, still am I well convinced that the childhood of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, whatever its subsequent career, will always by found full of interest, and prove that the spirit which can dictate—

> " 'Seu me tranquilla senectus
> Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis,
> Dives, inops, Romæ, fors ita jusserit, exsul,
> Quis sit vitæ, scribam, color'—

is never devoid of romance and some kind of charm. Let those, then, who can afford to look back upon the struggles of their early career, with satisfaction in the knowledge of present attainment of desire—let those, I say, describe the thing. All that I need abstract from my adventures here, may be comprised in a statement of the fact, that I grew very morbid and very sensitive.

" You will doubtless smile when I tell you that, on embarkation for India—which I regarded as a sort of respectable

transportation—I had published a novel in three volumes, six copies of which had been actually sold to parties unknown, and which had called for ten disinterested criticisms—three favourable, four doubtful, and three very severe. I had procured the representation of a melodrama, which met with moderate success at a minore stablishment; and it was rumoured, though I deny all foundation for the falsehood, that I was on the point of offering my hand and heart to a third-rate vocalist, for whom I eagerly anticipated a prima-donnaship at a national theatre. The number of manuscripts of various kinds—for publishers and managers, replies regarding which I was anxiously expecting—was, perhaps, more imposing than pleasing for a tyro to contemplate.

"It will seem almost surprising to you how, from such a beginning, I could ever have been even moderately successful in my Indian career. But, strange results are extracted from strange causes, and here you have a case in point. Novelty and Independence played a brilliant overture. My knowledge of the world gave me a good start, on arrival. A sea-voyage had served to bring to light whatever more generally attractive accomplishments I possessed. Strong introductory letters, by some good fortune, proved of great assistance, where, as in many instances, they might have been worthless altogether; and I dashed at once, on reaching my destination, into the midst of Eastern English life, eager and enthusiastic, well-intentioned and anxious to please; but, alas! under a cloak of humility, too really confident in self, and too forgetful of others, to be thoroughly triumphant. Hence, although progressing rapidly towards honour, emolument, and popularity, this, to others, trifling want of success, became to me a source of misery. My sensibility magnified the little elevation, requisite to enable me to see well over the heads of the mass, into a mountain—unapproachable and inaccessible. My outset in life became, in my estimation, a total failure, and I fancied the greater part of my acquaintance leagued against me. I almost thought to read a prophecy of impossibility of attainment in all my earthly aspirations. After a time, morbidly sensitive from my late associations, I thought it necessary to abandon society—abjure the contemplation of former favourite pursuits—and devote myself entirely to my profession, and a study of the nations among whom my lot had so unexpectedly been cast. The first object became, in due time, an easy matter, of course; the second was engrossing from its novelty, and exciting from its romance. It was, indeed, a lucky chance that brought me to this mode of life, and the old school desire to excel, told admirably towards a favourable issue. Well—to be brief—I passed ten years in India; the first two wereyears of hope, ambition, exultation, and despondency—all

in the extremes. The succeeding five were years of comparatively quiet study and seclusion; and, during the last three years, I held creditable and honourable employ—it may be, a natural consequence of the advantages gained in the former five. One fire was ever within my heart, though hidden and rendered dim by events; this was, the desire to revisit home. I was continually home-sick; and, at the end of ten years, threw up all my lucrative appointments, all my prospects of rapid professional advancement, to come back to England. I had once sworn I would do so, and would not break my oath, whatever change had passed on my condition and opinions, since its utterance. But it was a great sacrifice, in a worldly sense.

"On my return, I found a step-mother, in place of my good Aunt Anna, deceased. This made me even less desirous of seeking shelter at my father's, than I otherwise should have been. Accordingly, I took lodgings in town, and prepared to make the most of my pay, and few savings from staff-salaries brought home—when, suddenly, to my great horror and astonishment, I received a note, or rather, memorandum, couched much as follows:—

"'Mr. Stephen Wrayle is requested to come immediately to Maywood, as his father is dangerously ill, and most anxious to see his only son again.'

"It was in the second Mrs. Wrayle's hand-writing. I had met her at my father's but once, dining there with all formality, and she seemed afraid of addressing me in a more familiar strain. I obeyed the call, and shall never forget the scene that ensued, or the impressions which it left upon my mind. My father was in bed—the room was darkened—the approach of the king of terrors was not to be mistaken—the preparations for his coming were felt as well as seen. I experienced a strange shudder across my frame, knowing the distant terms on which we had lived. We were left alone. I took his proffered hand. He spoke:—

"'Stephen! we have not been as we should have been—not like father and son. Perhaps I am to blame. We never understood one another, I fear; but I have loved you, and been proud of you since childhood. I have spoken of you very often, and the mention of your name on my lips—if bearing pain to myself from our estrangement—has been ever, to others, as a proud boast of paternity. The world have, doubtless, thought me rich. I am glad, very glad, that your independence precludes disappointment to yourself on this score. Stephen, of myself, I am worth little; a mere nothing. I had long suspected failure in speculations into which I had foolishly been led, when you were first removed from school. Those suspicions were strictly realized, and I could not afford you a College education. Your aunt assisted me with her little stock. I was selfish enough to

keep Maywood. I married, as you know, a person with some property; but my marriage, although making me less dependent in my own life, gives me nothing additional to leave to my son. Stephen, heaven bless you! The little pittance I can give you, is yours. Would I could have made you a wealthier man; but Destiny has willed it thus!'

"And those soft words—that bland tone of voice—were my father's! It seemed a wonderful—an inexplicable dream.

"I knelt down by the side of the bed, and tears flowed upon the hand which I held to my lips; the door opened; I was disturbed; I had no opportunity of pouring out a confession into the ear of the dying man—my father's last moments came; there was a funeral—the usual mourning ceremonies were gone through, and I found myself in London again, alone in the populous city. Here, then, was an occurrence which, from its melancholy truth, should have taught me to be more cautious in forming opinions through over-sensitiveness; but my feelings in this respect had gained such strength, and so deeply was this notion of injury from without rooted in my heart, that two failures in my career some time after this period, actually sent me back to India one full year before my time of furlough had expired. I did not even revert once to my old favourite pursuit of pamphlet-scribbling. I could not stem the tide of opposition set against me in my own land!

"The first failure was in ambition; the second in love! I will run over each in a very few words; they are lessons, true though dull, and may you profit by them, should you be one yet requiring instruction in your walk.

"I had, in my studious time in the East, not only occupied myself with the Oriental tongues in connexion with my profession, but as a means of mental recreation. I had wandered in the flower-gardens of the Persian poets, and felt that, notwithstanding their, to us, strange notions of morality, there is a charming spirit of brotherhood and attachment to mankind acknowledged in their writings, which wins the heart even as the Dilferibs* of their veneration. I could not say that I looked upon the effusions of Hafiz to bear the allegorical sense which so many are found to assign to them: to me, the wine was real liquid; the goblet, the substantial holder of the same; and the Sakee† and Mashukah‡ were very human in their embodiments;§ but I could command more even than the old exploded zest after Horace, in prosecuting my inquiries in the arcana of this new region. The old Moonshee, a staid, grey-bearded Mahomedan

* A term for a mistress: literally, heart-ensnaring.
† Cup-bearer. ‡ Mistress, beloved one.
§ It is a favourite idea with the Musulman literati of India, that the allusions, in Hafiz, to wine and women, are allegorical, in support of religion and morality.

Indian, dimly discerned across the table, amid the tobacco-smoke which curled placidly over the dingy but glossy pages of two open volumes—his and mine respectively—would sit shaking his turbaned head as I read and translated the Zuleikha or Bostan,* beautifully set forth in black and red characters, and tempting to a European student as a Polka to a dancer from the backwoods; occasionally he would break the silence by a suggested new version of a passage, or by an exclamation such as "Subhan Allah!" in token of the admiration entertained for his author; and I can well remember seeing his old knees wag together—a favourite impulse with him, of sheer, nervous delight at the terseness and melody of some superior points! How many hours glided rapidly away in such society, and how much more of happiness I experienced so employed, than amid the din of falsely called companionship and sociability. My mind became more composed, more settled, and a wish to do good to my poorer brethren seemed to grow within me. I thought with Sadee—

> "'The blest Feridoon was no angel to see,
> No creature of musk or of ambergris, he—
> Thro' justice and kindness, good ends were his boon—
> Be just and be kind—*you'll* become Feridoon.'†

It may readily be believed that with this fondness for my task, and with the many opportunities I had for prosecuting it, I soon acquired a considerable mastery over the difficulties in my way; in course of time, I became, as times go, an apt Orientalist—Persian and Arabic being my favourite languages. This, combined with subsequent employment, gave me the idea of applying for an appointment, which, shortly after my return to England, I understood to have become vacant in the East—in the gift of the Ministry. I did so, but with an effort: how many consultations with friends, and private meditations on the subject, took place before I made up my mind to the step! and when done, how did I long to undo the deed! I thought I had ventured too far. What claims could I urge that would be attended to by those who, till now, were ignorant of my existence? Here I was partly right in one respect—as to the result; though the cause I know not: my application was not even acknowledged. I never sent a second; too bitterly did I rue the first. What an immense havoc may be made by men in power among the hearts of the sensitive; what an Aden do they

* Favourite Persian works.

† I can answer, from my own experience, for the correctness of the above sketch of a sitting with the Moonshee, or teacher of India; the smoke over whose illuminated editions of the poets comes and goes tranquilly and unobserved, even as the workings of fatality in his enlightened mind.

hold whence to jeer at all assailants; whence to crush the powerless—the climbing!

"With regard to my second trial, can it be wondered at, that a nature so sensitive, so susceptible of almost every emotion, as mine, should give ready admittance to the all-pervading influence of love? and yet how peculiar was my adoration—some might allege, how uncertain, how little to be trusted; for I was personally unacquainted with its object. I had seen one who appeared to realize my dreams of woman; that was sufficient for me; I did not ask for a word, for a look; I dreaded an introduction, but I felt that I loved. Naturally enough this sentiment was born in the days of my youth, before I had ever left Europe; I had first seen the beautiful Mary Manville, no matter where; but the first glance was enough; I ascertained who she was; her name, position in society, residence. This achieved, I loved to watch her, unseen, unknown; to worship in the distance an idol, the charm of which, I feared, might deteriorate from proximity; to love where I felt I *could* love, and to prolong the sentiment as we would prolong a happy vision in the night; and I quitted England without even making one effort to know the object of my affections. Perhaps the poverty I have adverted to was, after all, the great cause of restraint; for those fascinations of feature, that form of elegance and grace, were owned by one wealthy and allied to the aristocracy of the land: she might have proved for me as the Peri with Hafiz—

"'I turn'd my face towards her path, but ne'er look'd she on me.'

On my return I saw her again; she was still unmarried. I felt the passion return, intense, undefined as of old. I was now in a position to become acquainted with her. I would obtain an introduction; but from whom? I knew twenty who could effect this for me, but could not ask one; the subject seemed too sacred for the tattle of my friends, and I entertained a conviction that they would see through my object at once, without the necessity of disclosure on my part. And yet, notwithstanding that I had been her devoted admirer for years; notwithstanding that her image had been paramount in my thoughts whenever and wherever the charms of the fair sex led me to reflection on the tender sentiment, she became, in course of time, lost to me for ever, as the bride of a happier man. I was in the church at the wedding; and fancied a smile of mingled pity and contempt on her features, as she saw me watching the ceremony; well, soon after, I left England again."

"Are you sure that she knew of your attachment, or had ever noticed you, to know who you were?" innocently asked Amble, who could not refrain from the interruption.

"Oh, she could not avoid knowing me; impossible: as for proofs, I have none; but—but—in fact, the whole chain of circumstances; the—no matter—it is over now."

Amble asked nothing further, but fancied it probable that the fair lady knew as little of the love of her silent follower as the minister of his letter; for a beauty, and a pair of eyes which gaze constantly on her, may be as void of a sympathetic link as the man in office and one of the hangers on in his hall; in short, to use an Irishism, the reciprocity would be all on one side. Wrayle continued:—

"On my again setting foot in India, a new Government had been established in the Presidency to which I belonged. A few of its members were my intimates, and those few seemed little disposed to serve me; at all events, I would ask for nothing; promotion had attained me, however, and I joined my regiment as captain; but I could not apply myself to study as before; the home trip had completely unsettled me; I sighed after London and Paris, and the amusements of a life in cities. Some few years ago, we met—I had then fallen sick, and was returning homeward. One year subsequent to this, I took a moiety of the pay of my rank, and retired from the service altogether.

"And what, think you, is the profession which I have now adopted? Why, the first love of my boyhood—literature! by which I have expected to attain wealth and palaces; by which I have gained nothing but bitter experience. My stock of money expended, I would have sooner starved than become dependent on my connexions: if they wished to see me, they could have written long since; but it was plain, they cared not what became of me. I would be indebted for maintenance to my own exertions only. Alas! how vain was the dream cherished! I set up a battery of lines in albums, voluntary and unpaid contributions to magazines, poems for a circle of friends, charades, and so forth, by which I had once earned *éclat;* against the strong walls of reputations protected by the public at large; and my child's work was soon reduced to a pitiable state indeed. Occasionally, I have obtained a few pieces of gold; occasionally, a trifle in silver. I am now too old to look forward to the moral recompense of my labour: the joy or grief-throbs are not so easily wakened as of old; they become more deadened every day: this very morning—" and a wild expression came over the speaker's countenance as he said this, which Amble could not fail to remark.

"I had been trying, before you came in, to complete a tale, for which I was promised a small sum. I believe I worked at its commencement under the influence of the old unfailing stimulant—the mental aspiration; and this enabled me to progress, as I thought, well; but in the course of the undertaking my

ideas grew confused, all trace of pleasurable labour disappeared; the healthy pastime of love became a loathsome toil for money. I sank under it last night; rose from a restless couch with the same feelings, and—but you saw me, and can judge of the effect produced by this miserable consciousness of decline."

A thousand vague thoughts came into the mind of the young East Indian, as he scanned the care-worn features and earnestness of manner of his friend, who thus concluded his narrative:—

"I told you that my story would suit you, inasmuch as you had neglected to make an idol of some worldly Juggurnauth. I have shown you, at least, the ill effects of a slavish regard of the opinion of mankind, which you should strenuously avoid, if you do not desire to do as I have done—sacrifice the best of all your abilities and energies in pursuit of fifty bubbles of reputation, and obtain, for your pains, the reward of a vacant yearning for better days—despondency—wretchedness—perhaps, a wish for death!"

Here was a sad case of a man who, in prosperous circumstances, would have grown into a philanthropist; but, from having to contend against fortune—from being baffled and disappointed in his every intercourse with the world—had become morose, sensitive, restless. And he had himself supplied the weapons, if not the very enemies, whereby he had been defeated! Here was a man of naturally great and commanding abilities—calculated to lead him to honours in almost any path he chose to select—but, who, in default of a few concluding years, almost months, of education, had been unprepared to fix with confidence upon any; who had, however, come within sight of so much of the fairy lands in which the more fortunate are permitted to tread, that the brain became affected with the constant vain desire of crossing the gulph which divided him from them. Alas, that the bridge was wanting, and but few mortals are gifted with wings, to become independent of such substantial earthly aids! Here was a man, who, without being selfish, lived in his own ideal world, the sombre atmosphere of which caused its inhabitants to wear any but a becoming garb or aspect. He may be said to have known no man. It was only with *sentiments* that he seemed to seek acquaintance; and, although the average adventure of his life was perhaps fully as romantic and interesting as that of his fellows, he neglected to record almost one particular, and contented himself with writing vividly on the tablets of his memory the inward events of his career only.

Poor Stephen Wrayle! we may speak of you as we knew you, though the sketch may seem unnatural and disproportionate; and we cannot help confessing admiration, if mingled even with regret, at a man, who, on his stage of life, preferred, under any circumstances, the applause, to the money of his audience—and

to whom success in his intellectual vocation was far more acceptable than would have been a baronetcy, a fortune, or a coronet! The narrative that you have given us of your "mind" adventures, (if we may so designate them), shows what advantage the illiterate, matter-of-fact 'Squire Bantum has over you. To him, these would have been unheeded as very nothings. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and enjoys himself in a spirited out-door and noisy in-door life. His malt is his Pierian spring, and his grog tumbler his fountain of inspiration. He got a very decent wife by the asking for; and, in time, a good berth for his son, by constantly working the hinges of the doors at the Foreign Office, and worrying a minister's private secretary. Why did you not follow his example?

Amble was not a sufficiently thoughtful character to weigh all these matters in his mind, but he acknowledged a strange suspicion, from the last words of Stephen Wrayle, that he might have come in, on that very morning, to save him from the commission of a fearful crime—and that the sound he had heard, on entering the room, was that of a pistol hurriedly turned from its intended use.

Yet, was it possible that such a course as that described, could be one affecting life itself? Certes, much of apparent madness may work under the influence of the "malignant star."

(*To be continued.*)

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

NO. XIII.

PARNASSUS.

But westward journeying still by mount and stream,
Where nameless ruins 'mid green foliage gleam;
Treading famed battle-fields where wild-flowers wave,
And trees of ages shade the hero's grave;
We reach a grander scene, a holier spot,
Than mouldering town, or Heliconian grot.

Mountain! where ruin sits, yet sits to twine
Her haggard brow with flowers, and gadding vine,
For ne'er she looked so fair, so full of pride,
As, glorious Mount! upon thy living side:

What though, Parnassus! sorrowing thou look'st down
On mud-walled huts for Delphi's sacred town;*
Though stands no pillar now of Phœbus' fane,
And each bright haunt hath long in darkness lain;
Though dreary silence, save when thunders swell,
For ever hushes Pythia's awful cell;
Yet grandly beautiful thou towerest still
O'er Time's dim wreck, defying change and ill.
The green pines bending o'er thy giant rocks,
The fearful hollows cleft by earthquake-shocks;
Torrents that leap and gush through laurel bowers,
Or fall from crag to crag in diamond showers;
Groves half-way up to laughing Bacchus given,
Where the rich clusters hang 'tween earth and heaven;
Thy peak of snow so purely, softly bright,
To gain whose summit tasks the eagle's flight,
Where he may sit, his weary journey done,
Behold half Greece, and gaze upon the sun—
Oh! these, Parnassus! know no dark decay,
These, Nature's glories, have not passed away!†

Famed Mount! that bards have hailed in every age,
And millions sought in hopeful pilgrimage!
Bright seat of Inspiration! whose grey caves
Sent forth those oracles o'er land and waves,
Which made Kings tremble, empires rise or fall,
So fearful Superstition's iron thrall;
Dear art thou to youth's dreams, a haunted scene,
In beauty wild, in majesty serene!
Warm with romance, how classic fancies cling
To thy dark waving wood, and murmuring spring!
And some few relics still of glory's hour
Live on thy side, and gleam in grot and bower.
But fraught with mystic interest ne'er to die,
Charm of the scene, Castalia's fount draw nigh;
Yes, that small spring, which years nor crush nor dim,
Still bubbling forth, o'erflows its basin's rim:
The temple falls, the gods forsake their cave,
Creeds pass away, but lo! that gushing wave!
Peace-breathing scene! the tall rocks frown above,
A fig-tree bends close by, as if in love,
Chequering with shade the fountain's silver face,
Where the blue skies and jutting crags ye trace,
While flowers that hang their petals 'mid the calm,
Rise banked in moss, and fill the air with balm.
Drop—drop—soft gurgling, forth the crystal flows,
Lulling the sense, inviting to repose,

* The little village of Castri now occupies a part of the site of ancient Delphi.

† Parnassus, called in the present day Liakura, is the most celelebrated of all the mountains of the classic world. It is situated in Phocis, north-west of Helicon, and south-east of Mount Pindus.

Then forms a stream, whose pale blue waters creep
Through flags and lilies toward the neighbouring deep:
No scene to which enchantment e'er gave birth,
In beauty rivalled this small spot of earth.*

'Twas here, while quaffing the celestial dew,
Bright legends tell, inspired the poet grew;
'Twas here, before prophetic madness came,
And stirred the Pythia's soul, and shook her frame,
The lovely priestess bathed her radiant limb,
While rang from rocks above the Delphian hymn.†
Say, do bright fancies cheat my dazzled eyes,
Or airy forms e'en now before me rise?
There by the brink the Pythia musing stands,
Fall to her feet her black hair's silken bands,
Her arching swan-like neck is forward leant,
Her small heel raised, her dark eyes downward bent,
As if she'd view the wave ere zephyrs pass,
And blot her image from that watery glass.
Now in the bath her glowing form appears,
Like a white lily steeped in morning's tears:
The waters round her dance, and sparkle bright,
But 'tis from her they borrow all their light.
Upward she springs, and showers of drops, like pearls,
Fall from her neck, and loosely-waving curls.
A name—it is the God's perchance she sighs,
For love must never light those vestal eyes;
In cold dim loneliness that heart must pine,
Or only burn before the Delphian shrine.
The ablution past, her handmaids wring her hair,
Clothe her in white, and laurel-wreaths prepare;
And priests conduct her to the temple now,
Religious fervour brightening on her brow.
There stands the tripod, and while round her steals
Th' entrancing mist, his will the God reveals;
Futurity's dark portals backward roll,
Prophetic gleamings bursting on the soul!
Then pours the oracle in passion given,
And beauty's lips seem touched by fire from heaven—
The oracle which kings from empire hurled,
Sent armies forth, and shook a subject world.

* At the foot of a perpendicular precipice one hundred feet high, east of the village of Castri, there is a large square basin with steps cut out of the rock; opposite is a stone seat, perhaps three thousand years old, where Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar may have sat. The basin is usually full of the purest water, and in addition to moss and wild flowers growing thickly around it, an aged fig-tree bends over the cistern. Such is the famous Castalian fountain, as seen by travellers in the present day.

† The Pythia, in the early ages of Greece, was a young and beautiful virgin, although subsequently it was thought proper that she should be a person of mature age.

THE VEGETARIAN;

OR,

A VISIT TO AUNT PRIMITIVE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

COMPANION TO A " A SKETCH OF A CHARACTER" IN NUMBER CLXXX. OF THE " METROPOLITAN" FOR APRIL, 1846.

" A vegetable diet affords the same support as animal food, with the important advantage of preventing plethora."—*Dr. Reece's Medical Guide.*

" Now I do entreat, Walter," said my mother, as I was taking my departure for a gay sojourn in London,—" I do beg and entreat, that you will not leave town without paying a visit to your Aunt Primitive. She does not live exactly in the metropolis, to be sure: she is still at her pretty little retirement, Evergreen Lodge. Only do make a point of calling upon her, my dear boy."

" Oh, yes! to dine upon cold cabbages and water-gruel," was my jocose reply. " I dare say, indeed."

" Nay, nay," chimed in my father, " you may find yourself mistaken there, Wal. Mrs. Primitive's hospitality has never been questioned, I believe: and though, from choice, she has for many years been a vegetarian, she does not insist upon her visitors following her example."

" Well, Sir," I replied, " that's fortunate for both parties; for really, I don't think that she would have many, if she did. I, for one, should most undoubtedly petition for ' leave of absence.' "

" Well, well," returned my father, " only call upon her, that's all. I assure you, she made me half a convert."

" Only *half* a one, Sir?" I replied, laughing.

" Why, as to that Wal, custom, you know, and at my time of life—"

" Yet you appear to approve of her system," said I.

" Well—I don't know—your aunt lives very secluded: she has, besides, become habituated to the diet she has adopted. She left off animal food, and all exciting drinks, many years ago; for she is now far upwards of seventy years of age."

" Bless me! Sir," I exclaimed, " she must be dreadfully attenuated; or, if otherwise, really quite a curiosity."

" You'll see, you'll see," replied my father smiling; " only don't forget to pay her a visit. She is your mother's favourite

sister, Wal, and we both entertain for her the regard she merits: so be the bearer of our best remembrances."

"I promise to devote a day expressly to her, and her anchorite fare," I replied, waving my hand gaily, as I repeated my adieux. I was soon cantering along the high road to the Metropolis; and, like the generality of young military men, determined on making the most of my "leave," and on deferring the banian-day in prospectus, to the very last. Ferreting out one or two old school-mates, and falling in with some brother officers, bound on the same holiday expedition as myself, we exchanged mutual congratulations, as paying flying visits upon merry wing, to the many gilded cages of Pleasure's willing captives, or, to cut short my metaphor, (for I foresee I shall entangle myself,) we visited nearly all the gay places of resort with which gay London abounds, lightening our purses and our spirits in very agreeable proportion. At length, however, my term drew near its close; and the day was at hand, of which I had, by a previous note, apprised my aunt Primitive, as being devoted to her. I had intimated my engagement to my lively companions; telling them, with burlesqued melancholy expression, that I was on the eve of a day's pleasure with a venerable relative who lived upon cabbage-leaves. This declaration of mine of course elicited a burst of merriment, at the old lady's expense: some of my "jolly companions" advising me to "pick a crow" with her instead, and be off: with many sallies of a similar grade, which they meant for wit, and imagined *was* wit, for that matter; and in the midst of their raillery, I departed for Evergreen Lodge. It was a mild morning early in the spring, and as I alighted before the trim gravel walk, and inhaled the fresh breeze, over the green budding hedges around, I confess that the idea of "living on flowers," or fruits and vegetables, did not at the moment seem quite so awful or impossible as I had imagined: nevertheless, I once or twice detected myself advancing almost on tip-toe, and preparing to speak under my breath, lest I should prove too overpowering for the spirits of one whom imagination already pictured as dozing in a comfortable arm-chair, or just awaking, amidst sighs of lassitude, to the sipping of slops. My cautious ring at the garden-gate was acknowledged by a rosy-faced maid-servant. "How is Mrs. Primitive to-day?" I inquired, with that air of pensive solicitude, with which one speaks of an invalid. "Will you say that her nephew Walter, from London, has arrived to pay his respects."

"Oh la! yes, Sir," replied the buxom-looking lass; "Missus expects you for certain: cos she bid me prepare accordingly."

"Umph!" thought I, rather dolorously I confess; "an additional bunch of greens, I suppose, and two messes of water-gruel, instead of one."

"Pray walk in, Sir," continued the Hebe-handmaiden. "Missus will be so pleased! she's only stept out for the fine air of the hill, and left word for you to amuse yourself with a book till she comed back, Sir. She won't be long, I know."

The day being not very propitious for pedestrian exercise, even for the young and hardy, I remarked on the circumstance with some surprise.

"Oh! dear me," replied the girl, "Missus wouldn't miss her walk for ever so much: and she never cares a button about weather, not she."

"Indeed?" I replied, "that's rather strange, too, at her time of life, and living as she does. And do you, my dear," I added, in my anxiety to obtain information upon this (to me) strange point—"do you also live upon only vegetables?"

"Why, Sir," replied the rosy-cheeked one, "when first I comed here, I said I couldn't on no account: and Missus said, very well, I warn't obligated to live as she did, if so be I didn't like it: but lor! Sir, when I didn't *see* the meat about, and a cooking, I soon forgot all about it, and thought Missus's pies and puddings much better: only, to be sure, I did say for a long time, as I could *not* do without my *tea:* and Missus laughed, and said I was but young, and didn't know what I could do till I tried. But lor! there's Missus at the gate, I must run."

Looking after this communicative damsel, I beheld advancing along the gravel walk a slight well-formed woman, whose light, elastic step, and animated deportment, seemed more properly to herald five and twenty, than upwards of seventy years. In a few moments she was in the apartment, and,—

"Dear nephew Walter, I'm so happy to see you!" pronounced in a clear musical voice, announced the welcome of my aunt Primitive. We were yet engaged with the usual family inquiries, and I was meanwhile regarding the lively eye and blooming complexion of my in reality venerable relative, when refreshments were introduced. I gazed with something like bewilderment, on the contents of the tray before me; as I beheld among the biscuits, oranges, and preserved fruits, a dish of sandwiches, and two sorts of wine. I saw that my aunt observed my surprise, for she smiled. "Come, Walter," said she, "I like to be sociable; so I hope you'll take a glass of wine with me." All amazement, I immediately inquired which she took. She laughed outright, as replying, "Oh! I have always my wine at hand; so never mind me. You know I asked you to take wine with me; I didn't say I was going to take it with you. I can drink your health notwithstanding," added she, as she returned my salutation over a glass of spring water. On the arrival of the dinner hour I was agreeably surprised, and my water-gruel apprehensions entirely dissipated, on greeting a delicate fore-quarter of

lamb, at the bottom of the table: its *vis à vis* of asparagus before the lady of the house, together with a profusion of spinach, early peas, cauliflowers, and such vegetables as were in season, I considered a matter of course: and these were succeeded by a gooseberry tart and sago pudding. My worthy aunt, notwithstanding her restrictive diet, officiated with a graceful hospitality, that scarcely rendered it perceptible. I observed also, during the repast, that she did not partake of the various sauces and condiments on the table, but confined herself to one or two of the simplest vegetables and the sago pudding; yet with that apparent zest that leaves nothing for regret, and cheerfully conversing all the while. It being yet early in the season, the dessert consisted of oranges, and a variety of dried fruits, as also some preserves; while the wine standing before me, reminded me of the readiness with which my calls for ale and porter had been complied with, during dinner. Recollecting, at that moment, the custom sometimes indulged by persons of her years, I allude to what is termed the "*forty winks*," or, to speak plainer, the cozy nap after dinner, I delicately hinted the subject; respectfully adding, that I should be happy if permitted to look into one of the many volumes in the apartment; and requesting that she would for a few minutes forget my presence. My aunt replied with a merry laugh. "Thank you, my dear Walter," said she, "but that is the custom only of those who have oppressed their digestive powers, not only with flesh-food, but strange unnatural compounds, piquant sauces, and strong drinks; the fumes of which, rising to the brain, induce that torpor, that is believed to be the result of old age: this can never befall me, as I frequently, when on my long pedestrian excursions, take my slight repast at a pastry-shop with a glass of water, and pursue my walk with the same light active step as before. My sleep is all for night; the *season* of sleep, which renders it the most healthful." My aunt paused somewhat abruptly. "Pray go on, Aunt," said I. "No, no," she replied smiling, and shaking her head; "you are drawing me into behaving myself very bad, and very ill-bred." "How so, Aunt?" I exclaimed, laughing. "Well then, my dear boy," she replied, laughing also, "I must say, that I do not think it quite good *tact*, or hospitable behaviour, to preach upon the subject of temperance and self-denial, to the guest of one's own roof." "Dear aunt Primitive," said I, "such considerations can bear no sort of analogy to your feelings or mine, I am certain: oblige me, therefore, and indulge my curiosity, by disclosing your sentiments, and the reasons which influence you, in adopting a course of diet so different from the generality of the world." "Well then, Walter," she replied, "if you will promise to exonerate me from all egotistical display upon the subject, I will commence by

stating the most rational, and I think you will admit, the most cogent reason, namely, the general improvement of my health." I apologized for the interruption, as I exclaimed, "*Your* health; but, dear aunt, are you then of opinion that such would be the result to others, if a vegetable diet were to be universally adopted?" "In the aggregate I think it would," she replied, "though I will candidly admit, that there might be found many abstract instances of total failure where the constitution, *previously* debilitated by an unnaturally stimulative diet, having induced the disorders erroneously attributed to old age, might render a change hazardous: such must submit to the penalty wrought by ill custom too blindly followed; and doubtless originating in the sacrifices of the early ages. I shall startle you not a little perhaps, when I declare it as my firm opinion, that few—very few are there, who die a natural death: but from *poison!* Yes, I repeat, poison from the habitual use of flesh diet, spicery, and all those pungent condiments, stimulating a desire for that most destructive and insidious poison, *strong drink*. These combined evils induce a febrile irritation of the nervous system, rendering it susceptible to the casual assaults on Nature; for which the calmer temperament of the vegetarian and water-drinker is no recipient. I dare also to affirm, that perfect health would result, and (by divine permission) life be considerably prolonged, by the *universal* adoption of a vegetable, fruit, and farina diet; of which there is sufficient variety to gratify even the most fastidious palate. I think, also, that the *moral* character would be benefited by the change wrought in the human temperament; in which opinion I find myself encouraged by the Jewish historian Josephus, who observes* that 'their food was then the fitter for the prolongation of life so great a number of years; and besides, God afforded them a longer term of life on account of their virtue.' Sir William Temple also, in his 'Essays on Health and Longevity,' offers the following intelligent remarks:† 'Of what passed before the flood, we know little from Scripture itself, besides the length of their lives. So as I shall only observe upon that period of time, that men are thought neither to have eat flesh nor drunk wine before it ended; for to Noah first seems to have been given the liberty of feeding upon living creatures, and the prerogative of planting the vine.'

"Now, in corroboration of the reasoning of these two authorities, it may not have occurred to you, with many others perhaps, how essentially the divine ordinance in the *first* instance differs from that *after* man's great dereliction. In the first days of creation, we read, that 'every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the

* Antiquities of the Jews. Book i., chap. iv., p. 35. † Vol. iii., p. 112.

fruit of a tree yielding seed, *to you it shall be for meat.*'* We also find it decreed that man shall 'have dominion over the beast of the field;' but not as in the days of offence, that 'the fear of you, and the dread of you,'† was to be a part of that dominion; and this command of 'every herb bearing seed,' &c., extending even to the inferior part of creation, appears evidently to *preclude* the dire necessity of any living creature devouring another. The works of our God are creation, preservation, and his beneficent will, that all creatures he hath made capable of enjoying life, should enjoy it freely. I confess that, to me, the feeding upon creatures that in common with ourselves are susceptible of pain and pleasure, of kind treatment, as awakening grateful attachment, together with the occasional exhibition of qualities that are as lessons to the human race, I confess that the proceeding seems to be little short of cannibalism. How slender is the link defining the *animal* and the *intellectual* being! In some parts of the earth, monkeys are served up as food; the Chinese are, we all know, the most unscrupulous feeders; yet who among the enlightened and rightly feeling could endure a repast off his faithful dog, or, indeed, any animal whose nature had reciprocated his kindness?"

"But, dear Aunt," said I, "you just now quoted Scripture; pardon me, but am I to conclude that you are influenced by religious tenets in the diet you have adopted?" "Do me the justice of believing me to be more liberal in my sentiments, and more consistent with the true principles of Christianity," she replied; "for even were I so influenced, the divine creed that 'regardeth not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which proceedeth from the heart,' must unquestionably refute all that could be advanced on the *religious* importance of diet. The Bible is a history—a history of mankind in the present fallen state; and as many passages might be adduced by the feaster on the 'fatted calf,' as by the ascetic in confirmation of their individual opinions: 'in many things we offend,' but He who knoweth our infirmities, in mercy condescends to the imperfections of men, that he may raise men to the perfection of angels. However, it is not my intention, neither do I arrogate to myself the ability, to enter into theological disquisitions; and I think that arguments either for or against the vegetarian system of diet should never be adduced from sacred authority, as involving doctrinal points. I would reply to your queries simply on the score of vegetable diet, with its powerful adjuncts, pure spring-water, pure air, and, to crown all, that grand corroborant of human strength, sound unbroken sleep; rarely the result of flesh food, strong drink, and spices; which diminish bodily

* Genesis, chap. i., verses 29, 30. † Chap. ix., ver. 3.

strength, by clogging the vessels, and stimulating the system, beyond the operations of nature."

"There may be some truth in your latter assertion," said I, "and yet there are many who have enjoyed uninterrupted health, to what is termed a good old age, upon a diet very dissimilar to that of the vegetarian, and also in opposition to the principles of the teetotaller."

"The escape of a comparative few, does not lessen the risk incurred," replied my aunt. "In wars, pestilences, and other public calamities, there have always been some who have escaped under the most threatening circumstances."

"Still," said I, "do you not think that with the declining powers of life—"

"A proportionate system of diet is then decidedly required," interrupted she. "Do we not anticipate the change of seasons, by appropriate clothing and similar precautions? and ought we to be less vigilant with regard to the changing seasons of human life, and rather spare the worn wheels of the machine if we would arrive pleasantly to our journey's end?

"To such as have always lived simply, the mutations attending old age will scarcely be felt: as (by the blessing of Providence), in my own experience, for though, as you are aware, much past seventy, I am unconscious of indigestion, headache, or indications of any of the frightful list of disorders, that, generally speaking, are the companions of life's decline. No, no, my dear Walter, time brings years undoubtedly; but individuals are in a great measure the authors of their own ailments."

"By a flesh diet?" queried I.

"By a flesh diet, fermented liquors, much—much aggravated by silly customs; eating and drinking from complaisance, and permitting the idle solicitations of the palate to supersede those of the stomach."

"But, Aunt," said I, somewhat hesitating, "do you not think that by your abstinence you deprive yourself of many comforts, and indulgences of the table?"

"My dear boy," she replied, "I have only *changed* them: believe me, our individual preferences on this subject are but the result of early prejudice. People eat flesh from infancy, and therefore imagine that they cannot subsist without it; but we may accustom our palates to any diet; as in the instance of olives, which are generally so disliked on the first trial."

"That is true," said I; "and as regards animal strength, then, you think—"

"Considering the animal system *only*," she continued, "let me ask if the man possesses the strength of the horse? or if the elephant, an animal purely herbivorous and granivorous, does not exceed all others in that particular?"

"Nay, but my dear Aunt," I exclaimed, "you must make allowance for the wear of *mind* in the intellectual being."

"The wear and undue empire of the *passions*, Walter," she replied; "the exercise of a well-regulated *mind* must tend rather to strengthen the human frame, by elevating the soul."

Tea and coffee being now announced, we adjourned to the drawing-room.

"I conclude that you take tea, notwithstanding," said I, as my Aunt Primitive handed me a cup.

She laughed as she replied, "I consider tea as a *dram*."

"A dram!" I exclaimed, "why, bless me! my dear Aunt, how shocked some of our fine ladies would be if they thought as you do."

"Fine ladies," observed she, archly, "and a great many others would be shocked, perhaps, if they were to *think* sufficiently of many of their doings; and, to confess the truth, I found leaving off tea to be the most difficult task of all; and, for *that very reason*, became convinced of the *necessity* for so doing. I first took alarm upon hearing some of my acquaintance, expressing their anxiety for their tea, declare that they *could not possibly go without it*; this assertion, it not being an article of *food*, seemed plainly to evince its properties of stimulating, and of course proportionably debilitating the nervous system: as such, I abandoned it; classing it, as also coffee, with tobacco, snuff, and other strong operatives, that by degrees obtain such powerful ascendancy, as to render their unfortunate votaries comparative invalids, as being dependent on their influence; the faintness, or as it is termed 'sinking' at the stomach, I am of opinion is relaxation of that organ, occasioned by the habitual use of one or other of these pernicious articles, for which reason I class them with spirituous liquors, and term them *drams*."

During the foregoing speech, my Aunt Primitive had been very sociably sipping some new milk, to which she added bread and butter.

"Well," said I, rather languidly, "I really don't know how I shall ever bring myself to change—"

My aunt interrupted me, smiling; "Never mind, my dear boy," said she. "You are yet but young, and whatever change you may have in contemplation, heed well the lessons afforded throughout all nature; and to do so with safety to your constitution, remember it should be made by imperceptible degrees."

"I am very glad to hear that, however," I replied, smiling also, as I handed my tea-cup for the purpose of replenishment.

"And now," said she, rising gaily from her seat, and opening the piano, "what say you to a little music? You have not heard me sing since you were quite a child?"

I knew my aunt Primitive to have been considered highly accomplished in her palmy days, and was not therefore much

surprised; nevertheless, I prepared for the tremulous tone of three-score and ten. I think she guessed my thoughts, for she smiled as she turned to the instrument, and equally surprised as delighted me, by her perfect command of voice, in one or two arias of Italian composition, in which her *roulades* were distinct, and her *sostenuto* (that most difficult triumph of vocal attainment) still unimpaired. She concluded by giving, with characteristic sweetness and simplicity, Dr. Arne's "Hymn of Eve," in which her intonation was clear and steady, as in early youth;* while, as she sat with her back towards me, I could not help remarking with admiration, how much her slender form still retained its symmetry, and that, in her graceful "green old age," there appeared very little to justify regret for what she *had* been.

The evening was mild, and, as I beheld the moon rising in full radiance over the smooth lawn before the glass doors opening thereunto, I arose, and stepped out. My aunt, with light active step, followed me, but without the precautionary shawl, usually adopted by many much her juniors: and, as I beheld her tripping by my side, so gay, so fresh, and fairy-like, I really began to doubt if my respected relative were actually seventy or seventeen! and to indulge (Heaven help me!) in pretty little fantastic visions of "doing the agreeable" perhaps in some as yet unsuspected centre of fashion, of figuring gaily in some future charming Polka, a blooming youth, and acknowledged lady-killer of a hundred years' preservation! We had strolled but a very short distance, when we encountered a little party, that (aware of my worthy aunt's predilection) by no means surprised me: two canine favourites, the same number of cats, together with a few garrulous fowls, were feeding quite *en famille*, from one large dish. This harmonious blending of contrary natures, was certainly pleasing to witness, and the more surprising, as divers small birds fluttered round, to occasionally appropriate to themselves a portion of the meal, with a saucy peck close by the cats, that took no notice of the intrusion.

"And these, also, are vegetarians, I suppose, Aunt," said I, smiling.

* Mrs. Wesley, mother of those two musical geniuses, so celebrated in their day, Samuel and Charles Wesley, sang "Pious Orgies" when upwards of seventy years of age, with such impressive sweetness, as to elicit commendation from her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. This lady, it seems, lived to upwards of a hundred; but not with the absolute possession of human faculties Mrs. Primitive appears to think possible: however, she was *not* a vegetarian in her diet. An instance more immediate in point, might perhaps be adduced in the example of the learned Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a member of Parliament, and well known in the fashionable circles of about fifty years ago. This gentleman was for many years a vegetarian; and, at the age of ninety-five, was an active, lively, and intelligent companion. There are some now living, who may remember Mr. Halhed at that advanced age, dancing in the playful good humour of his excellent heart, with all the grace and agility of early youth.

"As far as my providing, you may be sure they are," she replied.

"Then I should think that the feline portion of your establishment do not shine greatly as mousers, my dear Aunt," I observed.

"With my consent, they never should," was her reply.

"Yet it is their nature," added I.

"All Nature has received a *wound*," said she; "a wound, that ONE alone can heal, and who will do so in his own good time. I cannot believe it to be pleasing to the beneficial Creator of all things, that any of his creatures should destroy another. Let us, then, even in the humblest instance, strive to be 'workers with him,' who delighteth in mercy."

"Still, dear Aunt," said I, "it has often occurred to me, as I believe to many others, that if animals were not to be consumed as food, we might risk their abounding to an unpleasant, and even alarming degree; to say nothing of the poverty, and in some cases total ruin, that of necessity must ensue to such as are dependent upon that consumption."

"Should an entire vegetable diet ever become universal," she replied, "it will work so total a revolution in the world at large, that society will be differently constituted, and the moral as well as physical temperament be influenced to the infinite advantage of both; but, in accordance with an observation of mine a short time ago, the change must be progressive. As to the *necessity* for destroying the creatures themselves, you must remember that their breed is encouraged for the avowed purpose of food. Yet it is not the custom in this country to feed upon all animals; many continue to increase and decrease, without being so appropriated, and I regard the slaying of animals as, in the first instance, taking a life that God has bestowed for its own enjoyment; in the second, as being a food injurious to the human constitution, tending to brutalize the mind, and cloud the understanding. I am aware that many would urge that I 'considered too curiously' on the subject, and would perhaps sneer at my highly-wrought sensibility, if I were to assign, that the sight of a heart, swimming in its red gravy, first occasioned my resolve to abstain from flesh diet; and that the recollection of every mouthful, however pleasing to my palate, was obtained by the sufferings of God's unoffending creature, was sufficient to cause me to forswear it for ever."

How far I reciprocated the sentiments of my worthy relative, or whether I acquiesced in her quotation of "considering too curiously" on the subject, imports not to state; but, as she spoke, many charming traits of the innate kindness of her nature rose to my remembrance, and taught me to respect the amiable weakness that owned humanity for its sacred source.

The hour of leave-taking had arrived, and I expressed the regret that I really experienced.

"Farewell, dear Walter," said my aunt, kindly pressing my hand. "I have said a great deal upon the subject of a vegetarian diet, and, had it not been in compliance with your own request, should fear that I had said too much. It is a somewhat humiliating truth, that *diet* should so influence the nobler attributes of our nature; but, rely upon it, that the simple and natural food, provided in the numerous fruits of the earth, together with pure water, offers advantages more important than even bodily health, in the clearness and serenity of the mind. By allaying the passions, it permits the free exercise of the judgment, and renders human conflict less formidable. Death, the result only of nature's decay, steals on as a gentle sleep, with the unimpaired perception, glancing back on life, like the last bright sun-beam of a long unclouded day."

'Twas thus we parted, and I soon again found myself cantering along in the pleasant moon-light towards the noisy centre of bustle and business, luxury and idleness—pleasure-seekers, that are not always all treasure-seekers, or treasure-finders, unless in dearly-bought experience that proves a valuable lesson through life. I have since encountered some other vegetarians. Their motives for adopting the course of diet, I did not feel justified in so minutely questioning, as I had my worthy relative; but I observed that they invariably professed—and, indeed, appeared to enjoy—unbroken health, together with a most enviable buoyancy of spirits, and were certainly very agreeable living illustrations of the efficacy of their system. As to my own ultimate conversion, I think time must determine. At all events, I remembered my good aunt's advice respecting the prudence of doing so by *degrees;* and plead guilty, after my ride, to a repast somewhat exceeding vegetables and pure water, certainly. Nevertheless, I often review with pleasure the day I spent with my Aunt Primitive, the amiable Vegetarian of Evergreen Lodge.

THE HAUNTED HALLS OF ROSLIN.

A thousand tapers shone 'mid the ancient bannered halls;
A thousand trophies hung on the dark and sculptured walls:
Whilst proud and noble warriors, in rich and grand array—
With followers unnumbered—met on a festal day.

For the lord of Roslin Castle—victorious o'er his foes—
Had sought his own wide fair domains, for peace and soft repose:
He feasted at the glittering board; and music's joyous swell
Now rose in festive chorus—now, softly thrilling, fell.

And Roslin's lovely lady rested by the man of strife,
More like a drooping lily, than a young, rejoicing wife:
Her downcast eye, her pallid cheek, her forced and tearful smile,
Too surely told of hidden grief, no efforts could beguile.

And the revelry grew louder; the wassail bowl went round;
And the lofty halls re-echoed with many a boisterous sound:
The minstrel harps were wildly struck; the fires more fiercely burned;
And many a hard and stalwart head that night was strangely turned.

The peerless gem of Roslin Hall had glided to her bower—
Lone in her tapestried chamber, at the solemn midnight hour:
Her fair hands lay all listlessly—her face by cushions hidden;
It seemed she slept; but, now and then, a sob arose, unbidden.

Of th' olden time was the chamber gear—the garniture rich and rare—
And faintly perfumed lights diffused their dreary influence there:
Illumined missals, fragrant flowers, of many a by-gone name,
With lutes and virginals, were there, and a golden broidery frame.

A step drew near; she heard it not: the wine-cup was not done;
And often the first dawn of day had found her there, alone;
For her lord quaffed wine-cups deeply, with the wildest in the hall:
She heeded not—she listened not—for any footstep fall.

Alas! a tear falls on her hand; a sigh and word revealing
The young, the beautiful beloved, who by her side is kneeling;
The minstrel page—the troubadour—accomplished in his art—
To whom proud Roslin's lady had vowed away her heart.

Reproaches for his rash return—and woman's boding fears—
Were mingled—as they ever are—with smiles, and sighs, and tears:
The rapture of that meeting all other thoughts o'ercame;
They both forgot the terrors that await on guilt and shame.

The gay carousers, in the hall, their revelry held high:
When hushed was every jocund voice, an awful sound thrilled by:
Trembled the brave and warlike guests, and every cheek grew pale—
When, again arose that dismal shriek—that wild unearthly wail.

Lord Roslin rushes in the midst—with dagger raised on high—
With blood upon his garments, and frenzy in his eye!
With words of dreadful menace, and deeds of furious power,
He bade th' assembled nobles to his faithless lady's bower.

Oh, wo! for Roslin's glory—oh, wo! for Roslin's pride—
The young and gallant troubadour by Roslin's hand had died!
And, with a long convulsive clasp—the deep death-gash to hide—
In that last passionate embrace, the lady sank and died.

Oh, wo! for those deserted halls!—for that grey ruined tower!
Where nightly still the lute is heard in Lady Roslin's bower;
And softly on the breeze is borne—such is the peasant's tale—
The troubadour's sweet ancient song, and woman's mournful wail.

C. A. M. W.

A TOUR AMONG THE THEATRES.*

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER VII.

A Peep at the very Minors.

WHEN we speak of the "minors" after Astley's and the Victoria, we, assuredly, in the spirit of the old school standard of comparison, must come to the "minimuses." Taking all, however, which we had failed to report upon up to the conclusion of our last chapter, we see things much as when we last remember these localities, viz., a certain number of potentates ruling over a certain number of realms—reigns, natural as the monsoons in India (and let those who know the meaning of this term, excuse us for punning, if they please), and a certain genus of entertainment, which has scarcely lost an iota of its old characteristics. Surely the names of Davidge, Batty, Johnson, Lee, Honner, James, are not of yesterday in the annals of their respective theatrical worlds; and, surely, the pistol in the belt, the dagger in the hand, the scar on the forehead, the mustachio above the lip, the cloak to conceal all, save the slouched hat and boots—are not new attributes of the hero of the play-bill, the successful claimant for the privilege of genius to large print and a line to itself: nor are the lisp of loveliness, the charming timidity of injured innocence, and the magic boldness of a suddenly roused sense of honour, new to the heroine of hits and striking effects; while the rapid changes from rapture to rage, from mirth to madness, of lovers—individually or in pairs —the uncommon stupidity or amazing ferocity of a father, and perpetual tenderness of a mother, the praiseworthy efforts of the low comedian to mould a fat, melancholy face into a laugh-propeller, and to shake fun out of his corpulent person and heavy limbs, the plausible decoying in use with the respectable villain, and the "Ha, ha! I've found you, my lad!" of the unquestionably disreputable one—come back to us as a song, the burthen of which we used to acknowledge "long, long ago." We do not hear of your great dramatic capitalist speculating in a minor theatre, no half-ruined lessee of a National house endeavouring to retrieve his fortunes by investment in a less exalted establishment—the descent appears too great. And, to resume the classical vein of our opening, we could almost imagine that

* Continued from p. 288.

these dignitaries had taken a superficial view of the two lines of Horace below quoted, and mistranslated it, as applicable to themselves :—

> " Si neque *majorem* feci malâ ratione rem,
> ' Nec cum facturus vitio culpâve *minorem*—"

something, perhaps, in this style :—

> " If I've not done the thing, by wrong design, or
> An adverse fortune—I'm too old a stager
> To let the faults or vices of a *minor*
> Be added to my failure in the *major*."

Well, to show that we do know something of the less fashionable places of resort—to prove that we have ventured, in the cause of philandering, into spots where the eyes which gaze listlessly, from the ease-inviting stalls, upon the Rachels, Chéris, and Clarisses of the French boards, would not dare bestow a hurried look, even through an opera-glass. We have to record a visit to the Queen's Theatre, in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, preceded by one to the " Circus," not far from Homer Street and Lisson Grove. Although the former may have been heard of by the aristocracy of play-goers, we question much whether the latter is familiar even to their democracy generally. The Queen's presented us with an entertaining account of a lost will, which goes from A to B, and a long way through the alphabet, till handed back—somewhere about H—to the letter representing the rightful owner. It was intended as a melodrama, we believe. Perhaps the following may give some notion of the libretto :—

" *A.* You refuse to give up that document?
" *B.* I do!
" *A.* Then look here *(presents a pistol)*; what say you now?
" *B.* Ha, ha, ha!—see here *(shows a smaller pistol)*; mine is loaded —yours is not!!!

* * * * * *

" *B.* Now the will is safely my own! *(Enter three ruffians. C, D, and E at the back. They seize B, who struggles with them, but they possess themselves of the Will.)*"

We cannot answer as to the exact wording and arrangement of the above, but we do recollect something of the kind; also, seeing a stout, merry-looking damsel, playing the part of a lieutenant in the navy—a smart-enough Newgate vagabond, and a new Mrs. Gamp. At all events, pistols were presented a great many times, while one gentleman wrote a cheque for—we think—£25,000, and, by some strange forgetfulness, left it on the table as a cruel temptation for the scene-shifter, call-boy, or any starving passer-by, whose moral scruples had diminished with his physical supplies!

The Circus is a branch of the Yorkshire Stingo. Here you pay a shilling, (that is, if you wish to go in,) and take your seat in the boxes. One or two signors in spangles, and mesdemoiselles in muslin, a mimic Napoleon, a very facetious clown, and the stern disciplinarian of the ring, with the well-trained stud—whose numbers shall not be reckoned too minutely—make up a total for one evening's entertainment in the equestrian line; while, in support of the interests of the more legitimate drama, we have to note the representation of a grand business under the denomination of "The Wandering Jew." In this, Eugène Sue's characters are portrayed to the Circus-frequenter, with a niceness and accuracy of conception that would, doubtless, be immensely gratifying to the novelist, whose "Mystères de Paris"-interpreting mind must lead him to admit of second-class images of his creations for those readers who never trouble themselves with the interior of sentiment, being quite contented with the rough exterior only. For instance, tell an ordinary school-boy to draw you Queen Elizabeth on a slate, and ask yourself whether his idea of the royal lady coincides with your own? We shall say, very likely not; yet both have the same model in view: there is, or, rather, has been only one actual Queen Bess. We should like to know what would have been Jack Sheppard's idea of Lucretia; or, reversing the condition, as it were, and calling fiction to our aid only, how would Pelham's refined mother depict an individual like Jaques—the colleague of the renowned Robert Macaire in the "Auberge des Adrets"? Accordingly, as the audience would have understood the book of Eugène Sue—if they have it so acted before them—we must allow a fair share of applause for the artists who embody the conceptions. We beg, however, to suggest that the old soldier, Dagobert, as well as the mysterious Hebrew wanderer, be replaced by—physically speaking—smaller actors; that is, if equally available ones can be found of lesser corporeal dimensions, and if the arena for display be not enlarged —because much of the interest of the performance is enhanced by a view of the speakers, and it has quite a strange and singular appearance to those accustomed to see all the characters in a drama (perhaps prejudice on our part, after all), to meet with scenes where none but the chief actor is visible, owing to his bulk and importance shutting out the, in every way, minor luminaries—especially if there be ladies in the question. Seriously speaking, the Circus has a good shilling's-worth of amusement to boast of; aye, much more, some might deem, than the seventh part of the nightly quota furnished at our *one* National Theatre; and we bid it, and the rest of the Taverns and Saloons of its species, farewell, with every good wish for advancement—that is, in the cause of the Drama.

CHAPTER VIII.

Completion of the Tour by a visit to the French Plays. Consultation with the "Docteur Noir."

I was sitting with Tippoo Khan the Elder, after dinner, one evening, during the second month of the present year—long after the completion of my last narrated excursion—when it occurred to me that I had yet omitted to wind up the rather unconnected series. "I have it," thought I; "there is yet the St. James's! I have been, for many days, a prey to *ennui*; perhaps the Docteur Noir may furnish me with a remedy for the complaint: at all hazards, a consultation is worth the trying." I got up, and left the room on tiptoe, for fear of waking my respected relative, who had made it a point—at least three nights a week since Christmas—to dine at half-past five, smoke his hookha at a quarter-past six, and fall asleep at the half hour. Since his expressed determination before-mentioned, he had not once accompanied me to any theatre; although he knew how constant a visitor I still remained—that I had cried up "The Invisible Prince" (after witnessing it some five times), as a very superior burlesque—and had promised him abundance of interest and mirth at the "Round of Wrong," and "Who's your Friend?" Poor, wayward spirit—England is evidently not for such as you! What enjoyment have you in this matter-of-fact, business-teeming day life, or what is the glitter and parade of a night theatre or ball-room? Far better have tarried with your poets of Iran, in the East, than have ventured forth to such an uncongenial soil, to so unsympathizing an atmosphere as that of London and its environs. What are Baron Nicholson and the Garrick's Head to the Royal Rajah and his retinue? What is Putney to Teheran, Stratford to Shiraz, New-Cross to Ispahan, or the Rosherville Gardens to the Vale of Cashmere? With thoughts like these, and a sigh upon them, I sought the street, walked to the Club, read the last Indian news, and then set off for the St. James's Theatre.

An economical fit came across me, as I reached my destination: it was only in this "vanity fair" of the metropolis of Great Britain, that I cared which part of the house I went to, so long as I procured a seat favourable to seeing and hearing the performance; while I had frequented stalls and boxes at other theatres, I could be contented here with the "parterre"—besides, there is no occasion for dress in the pit, and a half sovereign saved is a half sovereign gained—something, in a small income, at all events.

After all, there was something in this selection which accorded with our feelings—the mixture of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen—the conversation—the manner—all, savoured strongly of the

continental theatre: we wondered that we had not been more frequently—and resolved to behave more civilly to the pleasant Muse of our neighbours, for the future. All this before the curtain drew up; then began "Le Docteur Noir."

The seven acts of this lengthy and tedious melodrama may be described as follows. We are introduced, in the commencement, to the family of the Governor of the Isle of Bourbon, consisting of his lady the Countess Aurélie de Keradeuc, her brother the Chevalier de Sainte Luce, her cousin Pauline, and her cousin's mamma, Madame la Marquise de la Reynerie: the head of the establishment is said, at the outset, to be at the "Hôtel du Gouvernement"—and a very pleasant place he must find it, for we see nothing whatever of him throughout the piece. The first is a lively, coquettish lady, who delights in the contrast between Bourbon and Versailles, but admits a sort of preference for the latter! the second, an indolent young gentleman, exiled for a youthful indiscretion, which is hinted at as having originated in a breach of the seventh commandment, and terminated with murder!! the third, a young gentlewoman, acknowledging a secret, silent passion for a Black Doctor!!! and the fourth, a pompous, elderly dame, dotingly fond of her daughter, yet so proud of worldly position, that she had rather see her die before her eyes, than that a dire, deathly disease under which she writhes, should be removed by the dark personage aforesaid, simply on account of his complexion and condition!!!! Well—it is the celebration of Pauline's Fête at Bourbon; her two suitors, Sainte Luce and Barbantane (a rich Creole, and a comical fellow enough in his limited way), with a large party, are in attendance upon her, when the sportive Aurélie spreads terror and dismay in the whole assemblage, by stating that she has invited thither a certain *renommé* native doctor of the settlement, named Fabien. After a time, this mysterious personage appears; the haughty old marchioness becomes vehemently excited, and requests M. Barbantane to turn him out of the house: Pauline, however, contrives to glide into the room before this consummation can be effected, and tells the unwilling intruder that he must run and visit a sick patient immediately (a man has, just prior to this, been seen, from the window, to go into convulsions for the occasion)—endeavouring, as much as possible, by an unaccountable blandness of manner towards the individual in question, to reconcile the anomaly of "no compulsion—but you must." But Maître Fabien is a knowing fellow; he soon discovers the true state of the case; and, without stopping to inquire why on earth he was ever asked to the entertainment at all, finds an early opportunity of making himself scarce: "Je crois qu'il s'est mis à la porte lui-même," says the astonished Creole suitor, impatient for action. At any rate, his absence

gives very general satisfaction, and the amusements of the day are continued; when, suddenly, Pauline is attacked with the prevailing epidemic—what, we are not told; no orthodox medical aid is procurable; in bounds the Black Doctor again—seizes the maiden with intent to cure—begs that his "turn-out" be deferred till the morrow—and the curtain falls on a picture.

In the second act we find the Countess Aurélie, accompanied by M. Barbantane, visiting the hut of our melodrama hero; and we gather, from their conversation, that a period of above fifteen ideal months has elapsed since the downfall of the curtain about fifteen actual minutes before—that Madame la Marquise had been lost at sea while proceeding to France to refute a charge against her late husband regarding some money transactions with the East India Company* (it may be a mercantile matter, or it may be the matter of a cadetship)—and that Pauline, who had quite recovered from her above-mentioned illness, under the treatment of M. Fabien, had felt the loss of her parent so severely, that she became compelled to resort once more to the skill of the swarthy Galen, who, after restoring her a second time to health, had taken his leave. Then we have an interview between Pauline and Fabien in the hut, occasioned by the young lady bringing her native servant, Lia, to be prescribed for in a case of unknown malady; the discovery of which to be hidden love, gives rise to the expression of a few liberal sentiments, showing that if black love white, why the colours should not be amalgamated: Lia loves a white man, and her mistress's disposal of the attachment proves amply what may be achieved by Doctor Fabien himself with a "Buffalo Gal," if he only likes to try—we leave to those who have seen the piece to pardon our lack of sentiment here. Then we have another interview in the same place between Sainte Luce and Fabien, caused by the islander rescuing the Parisian from the fangs of a "serpent"—probably, a cobra capel—the result of which is anything but satisfactory, for the Black Doctor learns that he is talking to the man selected to be the husband of Pauline—of her whom we now see that he loves to madness, and no mistake. What can he do under the circumstances? Kill his rival? no: his mother's picture (oh! sensibility of natives of Bourbon!) will not suffer this—no: he has it—he will die himself, and Pauline shall die with him!

The third act is brief, but very mysterious. Fabien and his lady-love were to meet on Lia's business at three o'clock; they do so, but instead of allowing Mademoiselle to return quietly home, the evil-meditating medico guides her among some unin-

* Vide "Le Docteur Noir," page 12 of the edition at M. Delaporte's, in Regent Street.

viting-looking rocks by the sea coast, and amuses her with a legend setting forth his own circumstances, until the waters of the ocean rise and surround them. She is amazed—terrified; but, on being informed by her companion that there is no hope of escape, confesses that she loves him! On hearing this unexpected avowal, he becomes a prey to strange sensations; an effort shall be made to save her from the fate he himself had invoked; accordingly, he takes off his coat, waves his handkerchief, and the curtain falls: had Messrs. Bourgeois and Dumanoir drowned the fond couple here, they might have been saved the trouble of adding four tableaux to this extraordinary affair of "a hundred successive nights."

A month passes, and the fourth act introduces us to Pauline again; who had been rescued, in her late perilous position, by Lia's white husband; just on the point of selling her property in Bourbon, to M. Brabantane, preparatory to a start, after a private marriage with the Doctor; who, we have to presume, had taken advantage of his beloved one's means of preservation to save himself also. Well—the sale has been effected, and the marriage ceremony performed, when the Countess Aurélie brings intelligence of the old Marchioness being still alive: a letter has come to hand, not merely to prove that she was found, but that she had never been lost at all! The daughter's rapture knows no bounds; suddenly, Fabien enters, of all bridegrooms the most dejected and queer-looking; she flies to him to communicate the news, he shudders—the natives are all astonished—the wretched bride says, aside, "I had forgotten all"—and the curtain falls on the fourth section.

In the fifth act, we are transported to Paris; to the abode of the resuscitated Marquise. Here we find not alone the old lady, but her daughter, Sainte Luce, the Countess Aurélie, and the Black Doctor, all lately arrived from Bourbon. The latter's aspect continues as dangerous to contemplated matrimonies as ever; true, that his marriage is kept secret, and he remains a sort of upper servant in the establishment; but we see no rapture in the stolen interviews, no clandestine love-making (perhaps the most charming of all), with the object of affection, to induce others to imitate his career in this department. He appears to have exercised his skill as a medico, however, with wonderful effect in "la grande ville," and a young man, named André, is introduced to us as tendering him his gratitude for the restoration to salubrity of an aged mother, knocked down by a fashionable carriage. A scene now ensues, which leads to the disclosure of the union, and is, perhaps, the best in the melodrama. Fabien is sent for, as a lion, to amuse a party of curious ladies, headed by the Countess Aurélie: Sainte Luce, half suspecting that Pauline is partial to him, tests the affections of the

young lady by an ill-bred sneering, before all the assembled company, at the Black Doctor; this latter, burning to return the insult offered, is only restrained from bursting out into a storm of rage and revenge, by the imploring looks of his wife. At length, matters run hard for the climax; Pauline rushes forward, procures the exit of all save Fabien and her mother, and proclaims the secret of her marriage to the astonished parent: this personification of antiquated haughtiness receives the information in a fine spirit of motherly malediction, hears her black son-in-law make a magnanimous release of his claim to the title, sees him take his leave with apparent stoical indifference, and rings the bell violently. "She will save him from suicide; for he must intend to kill himself, after that;" thinks the unhappy girl, when the domestic responds to the call, and is told to secure the flying husband. But the curtain falls on an awful doubt, for what can Madame la Marquise imply by "Je sauverai l'honneur de ma maison"?

The sixth act takes us to the Bastille, where Sainte Luce is perceived luxuriating in an upper apartment, while the sight of a miserable dungeon below, denotes that our hero may be expected to spring up shortly: this "Jonathan Bradford" arrangement of things of course heightens the interest of the story, the present section of which may be disposed of in a very few words. A dispute at a café had lodged the nobleman in prison; the pull at the bell before named had worked a like effect with the Black Doctor; the Revolution has broken out in Paris most opportunely before the commencement of this act, and the siege of the Bastille comes on in due course. The place being taken, the mob give Sainte Luce a speedy liberty, while by the exertions of young André, now one of the victors, Fabien is discovered: the laugh of the poor mulatto, on being set free after the specimen of horrors he has had to endure, exhibited to the audience, tells too plainly that he is now, in one sense at least, a legal M. D. to the letter, for a madder doctor could not well exist in republican France!

In act the seventh, and last, we come to the Castle of Keradeuc, in Brittany. Having premised that our first four acts have taken place in 1788, and the fifth and sixth in 1789, we have to bring our readers to the year 1793. The Marquise is now really dead. Sainte Luce, Aurélie, and Pauline are on the point of escaping to England for safety from a still infuriated and dangerous rabble. André's brother is the man engaged to conduct them by sea, as far as Noirmoutier. The tribunal at Nantes requiring the presence of their expected conductor, André himself offers his services in the boat, and says he can bring a poor, mad comrade to his aid, who is fond of a seafaring life, and will be most useful. We need scarcely take off the mask, and show

our hero's face again, after this description. Well, he is warming himself at the fire, when the respective parties enter, anticipating instant departure. André calls him to the task required of him. He does not answer. There is no time to be lost. The people are heard approaching the castle; they seek Madame de la Reynerie. Suddenly an idea strikes André: La Reynerie—that is the name of the woman who, he has always understood, had wronged his benefactor—he sees her before him; he will not be the means of *her* preservation; no, rather shall she meet the just reward of such perfidy; and he points to the idiot at the fire-place as her victim. Then comes the meeting between the old lovers: she owns him as her husband; but Fabien persists in disclaiming the marriage—it is all a falsehood—she is not his wife! The mob are present at this juncture, and one of the men indignantly fires at Pauline. Fabien receives the ball; it is a death-wound. Reason returns for the dying moment. He acknowledges his marriage with Mademoiselle de la Reynerie, and, in proof, produces the contract. She is spared; but he dies—*et voilà!*

We consider the above-described melodrama to be so absurd, so inconceivably ridiculous and improbable, that had we a hundred-and-fifty single daughters, or as many young, unmarried sisters, we would let them all go and see it as often as inclination and private boxes were ready to tempt them. Should any of them be going out to India or the colonies, we would almost make it compulsory on them to attend the performance, in order that they might see, by comparing the originals with the copies, the glaring dissimilarity between the two. Would Miss Smith, or Miss Brown, or Miss Jones, were she ever so desirous of a husband, accept your portly Baboo Doorga Doss, or your 'millionaire' Parsee Kissenjee Cursetjee, or your potent Mussulman Sheikh Shabash, though they were rolling in cash and cashmeres? No; not even with the extra inducement of having taken out diplomas in medicine, in every language in the world, including, also, a successful practice in Paris: old religion or caste being, of course, thrown aside with the change of state, to make our cases applicable, where is there an instance to be found?—one, perhaps two—but how, bearing upon that of Monsieur Fabien and Pauline? we do not think it has its parallel in real life—we cannot believe it possible. We are unable, it is true, to speak of Bourbon from actual experience; but we can confidently, from personal knowledge of our 'amiable' neighbours at Pondicherry, refuse, on the part of each and every moderately-educated demoiselle of the settlement, be she Creole or Europe-born, without fear of the consequence on her susceptibilities—an offer of marriage from any wealthy Monsieur Ramasami Pillay or Veerasami Modelay whatever! And now let us consider the acting.

Frederic Le Maître has given us, in his actor's conception of Fabien, a clever, artistical portrait—and one as like life as an author's conception of a character not in life can possibly be rendered. Extremes are said to meet, and the refinement of the performer's art would have reached nature, only the scribe who ruled him forbade the junction. We believe he has fulfilled entirely what was expected of him; and it would seem that almost any deviation from the track laid down, would have made the part preposterous and unbearable. As a whole, therefore, faults would seem hard to find; and as for the bye-play, exits, entrances, and attention to the filling-up of the sketch, all was executed in the spirit of true melodramatic genius—but then, it *was* only melodrama. To particularize, we admire most his "vous me chasserez demain," at the conclusion of Act I.; his declaration of deep love, "Comme l'orphelin aime le souvenir de sa mère," in Act IV.; the concluding part of Act V., and his madness in Act VII.; although we cannot applaud so vehemently his grand "explosion," or soliloquy, in Act II. The warming of his hands before the candle-flame in the dungeon, and the first laugh of madness in the same scene, were perhaps more artistical than pleasing points; and his great attention to the harmony of the performance, with the occasional music, was so correct as to become nearly tedious. He was nobly seconded by Mademoiselle Clarisse. Her Pauline was a display of stage-genius, from first to last. We never remember to have seen intense feelings so naturally exhibited by any actress on the boards before; nor do we know of anything more truthful (ay, truthful is the word for these Frenchwomen) than her transitions of passion, in the best moments of any female artiste of late years. Her shriek and fall, at the conclusion of Act I., was, perhaps, the least bit too natural to suit the taste of a public aspiring more after the name of propriety than consistency; but her "Oh! je suis lâche et infame!" in Act V., was magical. In fact, perhaps the best compliment we can pay her in the whole of of the scene in which these words occur, is to say that her acting is on a par with Le Maître's; her bye-play was positively superb, and, as she sat enduring the torture of hearing her husband—the man whom she loved so dearly—trampled upon by a would-be rival, she became quite a subject to stimulate an artist's ambition. Cartigny's M. Barbantane, made us regret that we saw so little of him. Pascal's André was forcible and good; *au reste*, perhaps the *tout ensemble* was rather below than above average. And now we have to ask one simple question: would the nobility, gentry, and public flock to the St. James's Theatre, urged by the great whipper-in of fashion, to witness anything like "a grand, romantic drama, in seven acts, entitled—

"THE MULATTO'S MOTHER:"

The Mulatto . . . Mr. Wallack;
His Mother . . . . . Mrs. Warner—

or even one, in nine acts, entitled—

"THE CREOLE'S COUSIN:"

The Creole . . . . . Mr. T. P. Cooke;
His Cousin . . . Mrs. Keeley—

however good the acting, beautiful the scenery, and elegant and expensive the dresses and appointments? No: yet Le Maître is a mixture of the two styles of actors above-named; and, clever as we admit Clarisse to be, Mrs. Warner is also clever, in a much superior walk of the Drama, and the other actress is clever in every walk thereof. Certainly, we have answered our own query; but we should like to hear any tourist answer differently.

We prepared to start homeward, but, ere leaving the theatre, turned towards the stalls, to observe an individual whom we had noticed among a host of fashionables, between the sixth and seventh acts of our melodrama. He was then standing with his back against the partition between two of the lower private boxes on the right, and looking through an opera-glass towards the tiers fronting him above. He was dressed much as those about him, and his kid-gloves and boots were unexceptionable. Something made us wish to see his face, but the curtain drew up, and we became lost in contemplation of the stage prospect, before we could achieve our purpose. Now, however, our curiosity was renewed, and we watched our man narrowly. He turned sharply to the spot where we were standing; our eyes met; it was Tippoo Khan the Elder! What would he have given to have been in bed, in his lodgings, at that moment!

I saw through the whole business at once: he was in love, or Fashion had bitten him; and he had been at the French plays, when I thought him asleep at home, regularly for the last six weeks or so. He had been making a dupe of me. He thought *I* never went to the French Plays! I waited his exit, however, and pounced upon him; an explanation ensued.

* * * * * *

"Never persuade me you went to see Clarisse and Le Maître; what, *Sahib*, would you tuck your beard under that white neck-cloth, and look like an English *ameer*, at the sacrifice of your old notions, for such a purpose as this? My dear sir, to be English with you, I think you want to get married."

"Hasha kih—well, well—as regards marriage, what says the poet?—

"She who, with blandness, will devotion bring,*
Exalts a lowly derveesh to a king:
What matters it, the livelong day, to bend
Beneath a load of weariness and grief,
If night but welcome thee to such a friend,
Whose fond embrace ne'er fails to give relief?
With piety and goodly speech combin'd,
Beauty or ugliness care not to find."

"Yes, sir," said I, delighted to be able to continue the poem, "and you remember—

"Ill-natur'd woman, tho' possess'd of charms,
Most beautiful and ravishing to see;
With all her wiles, inviting open arms,
Owns not a place within her heart for thee:
Nor gaze upon her as of houri's hue,
Blest with one form of Paradise alone;
She boasts another—which, exposed to view,
Is in the guise of evil spirit shown.
Better in cazee's† prison-house to lie,
Than see, at home, part even, part awry.
Better be satisfied with naked feet,
Than in a pinching shoe to walk the street.
Travel, tho' peril find us as we roam,
Is better far than civil war at home:
To shut the door of pleasure were more wise,
Than hear dissension from the harem rise:

and so on; there is a great deal more on the subject: but I suspect you have been looking all round the house to-night, and have seen—"

"*Khamosh*—Be silent," said my uncle, "our business at the playhouse is with nothing but the stage: what have we to do with extraneous matters in—"

"In what, *amoo sahib?*"

"Why, in what I believe you to be inditing, viz.:

"A Tour among the Theatres."

* I have versified as literally as I could from the original, which Orientalists may remember as commencing—
"Zan-ay khub farmân, bar o parsâ," &c.

† *Cazee*—the magistrate.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844—5.*

CHAPTER VI.

"The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song."

POPE.

THE climate of Madeira has been often described, and its characteristics have long rendered it, in common parlance, the finest in the world.

It is, however, a mistake to talk about *the* climate: there are half a dozen. That of Funçhal has become our criterion, because it happens to suit, in a peculiarly beneficial manner, those who are most likely to write about it—the invalids. Its equability, and moderate heat during the winter months, so desirable for people who can bear neither sudden changes nor extremes of temperature; its softness, so luxurious to those who are incapable of much physical exertion; and its extraordinary brightness, so cheering to drooping and desponding spirits, have made Funçhal the home—alas! too often the last resting-place on the road to

"The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns"—

of confirmed invalidism.

In a word, the climate of Funçhal is a fine one for bad constitutions, and a bad one for fine constitutions. It has a lazy, enervating effect, both physically and intellectually; pleasant enough, I admit, but pernicious to a man in good health, whose nature, however robust, will not long resist its relaxing tendency. I hold it has much to do with the degraded condition of the pale-faced Portuguese who habitually reside in Funçhal; and even the sturdy Englishman who braces his nerves in the strong atmosphere of the hills, complains, with a listless air, of his die-away sensations. But the fact is, Funçhal is the exception to the general state of climate in Madeira. By ascending the hills you may meet with almost any degree of temperature you desire; half an hour's ride from town will place you in an atmosphere 10 degrees colder, and in double that time you may arrive at an elevation where the very feel is English, autumnal, with the thermometer ranging from 45 degrees to 50 degrees. Again, the climate of the north is distinct from that of

* Continued from page 327.

the south, and Santa Cruz, which is only ten miles distant from Funçhal, and on the same coast, is materially different. I think Madeira should be celebrated for something better than the climate of Funçhal, where one can neither read, nor think, nor do anything, in fact, but *feel* that you can do nothing. It should be celebrated for its glorious scenery, some of the most remarkable in the world; and, for the climate of the mountains, pure, strong, and exhilarating, but so clear, that it is at first almost dazzling to an eye accustomed to the dull, leaden atmosphere of England. Subject to changes, these districts are no worse than all mountainous countries; and in fine weather (which, after all, continues the greater part of the year), under a cloudless sky, and two or three thousand feet above the sea, the climate of Madeira is—perfect!

I shall not stay to discuss scientifically the nature of these things. I simply state my own feeling on the subject: to those who wish to know more, is it not all written in the book of the Chronicles of Sir James Clark upon climate?*

For my own part, I began to hate the mildness of Funçhal very shortly after I landed there, and having no reason to climatize myself in that town, I soon learned to forsake billiards, and lounging, and gossiping, to listen to the murmurs of a distant torrent in preference to the puny voices of envy and stupidity; to hear the loud breeze sweeping over the mountain peaks, rather than the harsh tongue of slander; and to feel myself free as all the noble scenes around me, from the factious and unpleasing interference of Puseyism, and Scandalism, and Donkeyism, with which Funçhal was teeming. The worst of it was, I never could get a companion; no entreaties will induce an invalid to stir out of town unless the weather is perfectly settled; and the residents appreciate the wine of Madeira better than the wonders of its "visible world." I spent whole days in the hills; and at night, when more agreeable amusements put an end to the gossip of the morning, I sought society under its most favourable aspect.

But before making our way to the hills, we will first glance at the grape country of the south, which is the finest in the island, and lies between the range of hills I have so often mentioned,

* I beg leave to say, that I am not advertising for Sir James; and in proof of my sincerity, I may add, for the benefit of those who do not wish the trouble of referring to his climate book, that the average winter temperature of Funçhal is 62 degrees Fahr., the summer about 72 degrees Fahr.; so, it will be seen that it is not the mere height of temperature, but the *nature of the climate*, which renders it enervating to strong people. By the bye, clothes are hung in the open air, exposed to the sun, as the only means of drying, all the winter, which looks as if it was somewhat temperate. But, I repeat, for dews, and damps, and Fahrenheit, and all that, I refer my readers to the stastistics of those wandering *savans* who have made the thing their study.

and the coast. The rides to the westward of Funçhal are best for obtaining an idea of the profuse fertility of this side of Madeira. I have before spoken of the vast, sloping, hill-bound amphitheatre stretching down to the bay of Funçhal. The town is placed on the extreme eastern end of this fertile country, whose productive soil extends for miles to the westward; in fact, with the exception of an insignificant range of hills, which crosses it at the Saint Antonio Point, it reaches to the village of Câma do Lobos, some seven or eight miles from Funchal. Thus, while the roads to the villages of Santa Cruz, and Machico, to the eastward, run along a barren and uninteresting coast, the routes to Câma do Lobos, Campanario, Cabo Geráo, and the western portion of the island, passing through this highly cultivated and productive basin, exhibit evidence of extraordinary vegetable growth.

Nothing can exceed the luxuriant vegetation of the hill sides. Looking from any elevation over this extensive tract of country, the vine is seen in every direction planted upon artificial terraces, or upon the natural slopes of the hill, if the declivity is not too great, spreading its tortuous stems over trellis-work of cane, which, visible amongst the leaves, gives an appearance of ragged fertility to the whole not at all consonant with the idea of neat and careful cultivation. Often in the midst of the vine itself, but wherever its tendrils cease to cling, spring up the gigantic-leaved, wide-spreading banana, with its bunches of yellow fruit; in large patches the green blades of the sugar cane; clusters of the bushy, well-rounded orange tree, its golden fruit contrasting so well with the dark foliage; the grotesquely branching fig; the small-leaved coffee; the graceful lime, the lemon, the guava, the peach, the pear, and the walnut; here and there a dark cedar, or a waving plantation of chesnuts, and occasionally beds of the light-green foliaged yam. Sometimes the enormous pumpkin peers from its thick overgrowth, or the luscious melon; and various kinds of cacti, but chiefly the prickly pear, cling to the walls, and overspread every available morsel of ground.

Myriads of harmless lizards creep about the walls, basking and gambolling in the sun, and rustle away on the slightest disturbance. Bright-winged insects and twittering birds flit across your path, and give life and lightness to the scene. The effect of all is that of an overgrown and deserted garden, which had once been exquisitely stocked, looking brilliant in its disorder, and finely contrasted by the dark deep shades of the mountain gorges.

One beautiful morning (the mornings are all beautiful at Funçhal!) I rode through this country on my way to the Great Cape. The road goes past the village of Camera, or Câma do Lobos. Never had I seen the Little Wolf Den looking more

picturesque. Its romantic situation is worthy of the name it bears—Câma do Lobos—*the bed of the wolves*. It lies at the head of a small creek, scarcely a stone's throw across, indented on the bold coast; on either side the cliffs rise to a stupendous height. Some of those sharp black rocks so common on the Madeira coast spring up at the entrance, the surf and spray dashing far above their sharp heads. On the beach are strewn many gaudy-coloured, clumsy, but picturesque country boats; one or two rock lazily on the water; groups of ragged boatmen loll about. The ground rises abruptly above the village, whose few white and green balconied houses, with their bright roofs, are completely imbedded in this wild recess. Approaching the little town by sea, you would think that the only way it could be reached. And a giant's hand would cover the whole—church spire—creek—boats—houses—fishermen, and all: it was the prettiest picture!

The vine, the vine, nothing but the vine, twists and spreads over the country. The land is valuable, and its cultivation seems more cared for: the varied vegetation almost ceases in this district where the Malmsey grape is grown, the finest that the island produces. Some gigantic cacti, whose stems are like the trunks of large trees, are the only vegetable curiosities. What a spot to grow rich in and sip one's Madeira wine! Well, the single street of the village was soon passed; the excitement caused by my arrival among groups of ragamuffins soon subsided; and one or two dark pairs of eyes, and amazingly nice faces, whose fair owners had been beguiled to the balconies by the sound of a horse's foot, vanished to my extreme mortification, as I turned round in my saddle for the third time of asking. I determined to apply to the bishop for an injunction, or a bull, or something, to restrain such unpardonable coquetry, and I remember taking particular notice of those identical balconies for that purpose. Whether it was that I found his lordship was no *ladies' man*, or whether I changed my mind the next time I rode through Câma do Lobos, I shall not pretend to say; but I never confided these matters in that very agreeable and accomplished Father, the Right Reverend Senhor Bispo of Funçhal.

I peeped into the church (I never miss the churches), which was preparing for a festival. How glad I was to escape from its faint and perfumed atmosphere, and unnatural light, into the pure air without, and pursue my way and thoughts to Cape Giram. Never mind the thoughts, but the way. One or two fine valleys have to be crossed after leaving Câma do Lobos, but they struck me as being less fertile, and possess no distinctive or remarkable beauty. On we went, and wound round, and down, and up again, many a stiff hill, till a regular *cul de sac*, in the form of a considerable ascent, and a narrow goat tract on one

side of it, brought me to a halt. I had little time for reflection; a troop of shirted young ruffians, holding an apology for a *carapuça* in their hands, because, consisting only of the tail, it could not of course be kept in its proper position on their heads, informed me by frightful gestures that I must dismount, which I eventually did, more to gratify their young minds than to satisfy my own inclination. My foot was no sooner out of the stirrup than the shouting, vociferating, and scrambling for the horse was exceedingly startling; but as I knew the vagabonds well, I made a dispersing onslaught among them, and giving the bridle to one who, in addition to the shirt costume, boasted a pair of *quercas*, and a single boot, a distant approach to respectability, I made signs, in which the whip bore a prominent part, that if the beast went out of his hands, I should certainly kill him (the holder) on my return. Then choosing the fattest and least ravenous-looking of the young wolves, I gave him a small basket of provisions to carry, and after a terrific descent upon a third, making myself master of his pole, I commenced my march. First, however, as I could not speak one word of Portuguese, beyond making the fellows believe that they were incorrigible thieves, and had not the remotest chance of being saved from eternal condemnation, I endeavoured to tell them by signs what fearful vengeance I should take upon all those, except the one I had chosen, who attempted to follow me. Now, the path these juvenile delinquents pointed out, seemed to lead to the lower part of the coast, while the steep hill, whose pathless ascent first stopped my progress, was evidently the way to some more elevated position; but to all my attempted questions relative to the route, the only answer I could get, was "*Sim, Senhor!*" So, I hoped I was going to the Cape, and trudged on.

After a mile of rough walking, the sea opened on us; then the outlined coast, and by and by, we were evidently on the edge of the cliff. I rushed forward to gaze over the awful crag, reached the place, and—to my disappointment and vexation—I looked over a crumbling, sloping, sliding cliff. Grand enough—it ought perhaps to have satisfied me; but where was the *highest perpendicular cliff in the world?** Casting my eye upwards, to my left, about a quarter of a mile off, I saw the brow of the great Cape, beetling some hundred feet above me, with a perpendicular fall, whose depth—seen from where I stood—was wonderful, and wonderfully great. In my admiration, I almost forgave the cheating young vagabond, who had brought me, by an easy path, to the lower crag; I hardly noticed three other delinquents, whom even my fearful threats had not restrained from following; but, to gain the cliff was the next thought. To

* So it is said to be. The fall is upwards of 1,900 feet.

go back was impossible; the delinquents hesitated, and declined information; so I began rapidly to ascend, keeping as near the edge as I could—soon losing sight of the headland, however, and steering by my organ of locality. The route was none of the easiest, across rents, and ridges, and rocks; through plantations, and prickly pears—loose stones, and slippery defiles—it was tough work. Praised be *Nossa Senhora!*—for preserving her faithful worshipper—that boy with the provisions. Oh! what a renewing sight to a dead-beaten man, was my shirted esquire, when we gained the Point at last, and I stood upon the summit of Cape Giram! Great Geráo! I would have endured twice the fatigue to have gazed over thy surpassing precipice. There was one thing wanting, as I leaned over the dizzy height, to complete the effect; and that was some object to

"Wing the midway air."

And presently, sweeping along, it came—"chough, or crow," I know not, nor care—but it answered the purpose. Resting on so small an object—itself far below—the eye glanced on to the beach, and at once took in the idea of immensity of depth!

Shakspeare has described his own immortal cliff; so, why should I attempt Cabo Geráo?

I remember, though, that the sea was rough, and I could but just hear it, like a distant hum; and the heavy breakers, which incessantly fall on that western shore, appeared but a "murmuring surge" indeed. It was not alone the magnificent promontory upon whose overhanging top I stood, which was so striking, but all around similar heights arose out of the line of coast; that line itself bold and gigantic in the extreme.

Shivering, at some distance, stood my faithful follower of the shirt. Surely he remained there out of respect. "Come on, Sir!" I shouted; "here's the place; stand still!" And *stand still* he did; nor could all my entreaties induce him to approach within ten yards of the brink. But, when he saw me leaning over, and really enjoying the scene, he begged and prayed of Senhor, *por amôr de Dêos!* to come away; so I sat down a little way from the brow, and began to think of cold chicken and Madeira.

And, now, one word on the general character of Madeira scenery, and then we will ride to the mountains. As well as I understand its nature, it is this:—From east to west of Madeira runs a chain of mountains, whose summits rise sometimes into lofty peaks and ridges, and at others are *flattened*—if I may use the expression—into large tracts of table-land. This range is not uninterrupted; it is split and rent by huge chasms, probably of volcanic origin, which, springing from the base of one of the mountain peaks or ridges, open to the coast like great rivers receiving in their course several tributaries whose

source is in less elevated spots. Either they spread away and widen gradually to the coast, or belch out suddenly from the mountain's foot into hollow basins, and contract into narrow defiles as they approach the sea. This operation has taken place on the north, as well as south side of the island. Thus, while the valley of the Mêyametada, opening from the Pico dos Arriéiros, and the ravines of the Boâventura and Saint Vimcente, crowned by the Encomiáda, terminate respectively at Fayal, Pónte d'Algarda, and the village of Saint Vimcente—all on the north coast of Madeira; the Great Coural rent, as it were, from the inmost recesses of Pico Ruivo, and the Serra d'Agoa—a beautiful offspring of the Encomiáda ridge—pursue their giant paths to Câma do Lobos and Ribeira-Brava, on the south. These ravines constitute the principal characteristic of the scenery. Their dimensions are enormous. Looking down on the Coural from the Gardin, you stand on the border of a precipice 1,600 feet deep, while opposite heights tower far above, between whose brow and the torrent below, three and four thousand feet must intervene. I can form no nearer estimate of their breadth than an idea of vastness; but their wonderful course spreads on for many miles. Their general aspect is that of huge deserted craters, in which volcanic fire has long ceased to rage, leaving the traces of its fierce workings in the rock-riven sides and shivered pinnacles, and in the shattered blocks of basalt, which, detached from the mountains, have fallen in wild confusion into the torrent. Among these terrific evidences of violent convulsion, arise the spontaneous productions of a mighty vegetation—gigantic, dark, and terrible. Masses of cloud hang about the crags, hiding and exhibiting them by turns, and, anon, fill the entire chasm; but occasionally a deep blue sky is the only canopy, and the scene is revealed with curious distinctness, in an atmosphere refined and transparent beyond conception. The appearance of these craters is varied. While the rugged sides of some scarcely permit the mountain-goat to scramble from crag to crag, much less the peasant's foot to tread in pursuit of cultivation; in others arise great forests of noble trees, the scanty remains of those boundless woods, which gave to the island, when first discovered, the name it still bears. Most of them become less savage as they approach their termination; the acclivities are frequently vine and shrub-grown, and the valley besprinkled with cottages and cultivation along the margin of the small torrent that dashes rapidly down the bottom.

One of my favourite rides was to the Pico dos Arriéiros, a mountain, the second in elevation in the island.* The usual

* Literally, the *Peak of the Muleteers*. It is 5,400 feet above the level of the sea.

route is by the Mount road, and a very pretty one it is, too. Like all the *caminhos* immediately out of Funçhal, it exhibits but little adaptation to the inequalities of the surface; instead of twisting and turning by easy ascents, they rise perpendicularly to their destination. Seeing these roads at a distance—from the sea, for instance—you would say directly, "Why, if one may judge by the economy of their road-making, what a resolute people these Portuguese must be!—there is no swerving about them! Even in so simple a thing as the public highways, how much to the point!!" They can't construct roads, though, for all that. These causeways seldom skim along the surface of the ground, but are sunk four or five feet into it; so that they look, for all the world, like those inclined planes from the upper chambers of dock warehouses, over whose slippery descents various commodities are shot, with fearful velocity, into carts below. They are tolerably broad and well-paved, but decidedly unsatisfactory; particularly so whilst ascending, because you see nothing before you but the steep stone ascent. Right and left, stone walls just rise to the level of your hat, and the only view is being occasionally left behind. Be it understood, roads of this kind do not extend far; once on the hills, and they assume a very different aspect. Yet the Mount road has saving excellencies. There are so many pretty *quintas* by the wayside; balconies and verandahs surmounting the stone walls—nearly hidden under a profusion of vine and graceful creepers, and overhung with the green banana and various warm-looking fruits and shrubs; the chaste flowers of the *camella japonica*, not unfrequently appearing side-by-side with the bright fruits of the orange and lemon; the curious dragon-tree, here and there a dark cedar, and the white bells of the tulip-tree mingling in the brown foliage of the coffee. And such pretty faces peering from amongst all this beautiful stuff, as you gallop by (you always gallop up hill). Oh! what dreams had I of love and loveliness, when those dark Portuguese eyes and roguish faces caught my glance, as I hurried along! Ah! never was a sly look thrown away upon the Senhoras—and from an *Ingleze*, too!—when was it unacceptable? They must hate their own countrymen; in fact, they often told me that they did.

Then, the flowers growing on the walls, or on the banks, wherever they intervene, (not the exquisite exotics which fill the terraces, and to enumerate which would be to name half the plants that adorn an English hot-house, but the mere homely flowers of Madeira-production—the hedge-row beauties,) are remarkably lovely on the Mount road. These are the flowers which we at home consider, if not precious, at least under the denomination of *green-house plants*. The geranium, chiefly the bright, beautiful, old-fashioned scarlet, and one that I only know

by the unscientific and unsounding name of the *oak-leaf* geranium; the fuchsia, our own gracefully hanging, long petalled species; roses, of the most exquisite form and smell; the delicious heliotrope, violets, and many a fragrant flower besides, grow on the walls and banks, in the midst of aloes, and moss, and lichens, as commonly as dog-roses and blackberries in England. The heliotrope, with its cherry-pie-smelling blossom, grows in the form of a graceful shrub—often ten feet high—and the geranium, in particular, is unboundedly luxuriant. The perfume from this continued *bouquet* of flowers is almost overpowering, and it is long before you can restrain a kind of Cockney impulse to pluck them as you ride past.

Moreover, there is a great comfort on this road. Fewer lean curs than one sees on the Saint Antonio, and other *caminhos*, run barking furiously to the tops of the walls, to have their brains dashed out with your whip as you speed by, which you must endeavour to do on the score of public convenience rather than that of humanity.

The Mount, and its beautiful groves of chesnut passed, and the brow of the mountain range gained, I generally turned to cast one look behind, often a lingering one; I was never tired of viewing Funçhal from a great elevation; and then pursued the rough uneven path at a rapid pace, for the first mile or two are through a country said to be the coldest in the island. I doubt that very much; but it is *cold-looking* enough, and not the place to dwell in, or to dwell upon. A succession of barren hills, and inconsiderable valleys scattered with scanty herbage, and innumerable blocks of stone, show the unproductive nature of the soil beneath. Not a tree is to be seen; a few furze bushes and evergreen shrubs are the only dwellers in this bleak and desert spot. Riding on this dreary road you meet strings of miserable donkeys trembling under loads of country produce, wood, or kegs of wine; the hardy peasant woman, often barefooted, coming bravely along under a perfect stack of wood; sometimes in rank and file, half a dozen of them approach like a grove of young forest trees moving down upon you. They have many a weary mile to go to town. Alas! for the poor pittance that rewards these more than womanly labours! Alas! for the poverty which brings the ill-clad creature from her spindle, and little hut in the mountains, to follow such burdensome and unfeminine occupations! A more wholesome picture is the sturdy Northman, known by his neglected dress and one-booted leg, who comes swaggering along bending under the weight of a huge animal thrown across his shoulders, which you might suppose he had just hunted down in the chase. Poor devil! No such luck. It is only a skin of wine he is carrying to Funçhal, probably from the town of Fayal, some twenty miles off; and most infallibly it

will reach its destination if he is not tempted to rest, and "suck the monkey" on his way. I remember once finding one of these fellows, quite a lad, drunk and asleep in the very district I am speaking of, on my return one afternoon with a party of men to town. It was a bitterly cold evening. In a few hours, had he remained there, he must inevitably have perished. We awoke him with some difficulty, made him shoulder his wine-skin, and by dint of threats and cracks of the whip, induced him to move forward.

The poor wretch begged and prayed to no purpose; it was his only chance of life; and we had determined that he should not become a stiff and frozen body so soon as he seemed to desire; so on we drove him before us till we reached the Mount Church, and conceiving that to be a temperature where he might sleep under the chesnuts without losing his toes or his nose, we left him to his fate. These are the only living objects met on this part of the road. Even the groups of gaily-dressed country-people going to or returning from market, who are constantly pouring in and out of the cultivated districts about Funçhal with their various loads of poultry, vegetables, and fruit, and fish, do not bend their steps hitherward. No joyous chorus of voices, no gay *machette* resounds far and wide; all is still, drear, and desolate. How glad I used to feel when arrived at that point where the road divides, one branch going to Ribeiro Frio and Santa Anna, and the other to Fayal and Porta da Cruz.

Then forsaking both roads, I struck across the hills in another direction. There is no longer any path, often not a track, and a good knowledge of the country is absolutely necessary to enable you to reach your destination, and sometimes for safety if the weather becomes thick. The extreme wildness is the only attraction. For miles extends a wide table land, the ground is rough and uneven; a little fresh-coloured herbage, a few laurels, and arborescent heaths, springing up amid the large stones and blocks of basalt which lay scattered over it. Now and then, the plain sinks to a lower surface, a deep *façade* of rock intervening, whose precipitous sides have to be descended with what success you may. I have seen people dismount at these places, and, sending their horses on before with a crack of the whip, follow on foot, invariably getting a bad purl to the bottom. I found it best policy not to forsake my gallant steed, and I never had reason to regret the confidence I placed in him; for however impracticable the descents may look, give them a loose rein, and the horses tread the almost perpendicular face of the rock with wonderful dexterity and firmness. Then away, far distant runs the drear stony plain again; not a hill, scarcely a trifling undulation to be seen. But look to the right, where that dense mist

seems gathering up: what can it be? The day is bright and beautiful; there is not a cloud above to shade the intense brilliancy of the sky. By heavens! it must be the sea! Nonsense; the coast is ten miles distant. Look! it rolls upwards, more dense than ever; we gallop in the direction, and stop suddenly on the edge of a precipice whose depth we cannot imagine, since almost at our very feet, above, beneath, and before us, curl vapoury clouds too thick for eye to penetrate.

But immediately, even whilst we are wondering what beauties the misty curtain veils from us, the depth rapidly increases; we shudder, and hang back from the brow, as the clouds sink into and exhibit the dizzy chasm beneath. Now they retreat—back, backwarder they go—and depth, and distance, and savage grandeur open on the view; they roll, and boil, round the half-developed rocks and ridges; they curl upwards, till the wild sides of a huge crater, all unclouded, hang beetling over the torrent below: still higher, and they rest awhile on the broken outline of the topmost crags, ere they float gracefully away in fantastic shapes on the clear atmosphere above. The whole ravine is before us; its precipitous and rocky sides; its powerfully-marked peaks and ridges; its rock-rooted trees and tangled foliage; its uncertain depths; its windings; its varying proportions as the toppling cliffs close over the abyss; the mighty shadows and vivid lights; the grey pyramids of basalt torn from their foundations, which bestrew the valley; the rapid torrent foaming through the midst; we see it all so green, and grey, and shadowy, under the bluest sky of heaven; and, aye! for half a score of miles to where the sea rolls four thousand feet below, and the wild "Eagles' Nest"* closes its very mouth; the ravine of the Mêyametada pursues its giant course.

The clouds, collecting and folding one over the other, are again, too soon, dropping into the gorge; the vasty cauldron is again simmering; let us on to the peak. The table land swells into acclivities as barren and unproductive as itself, and the hills descend into plains yet more dreary than ever. Who that has been there remembers the unbroken solitude? Who has seen the large falcons come swooping over the plain, hovering aloft, as if afraid to disturb the silence of the scene: then dart away, and disappear in the misty valley? Who remembers the little gurgling stream, so often frozen in winter, and past which, if you know your way, you ought to go; whose waters seem to have

* The *Penna d'Aguia*, the *Nest of the Eagle*, or, more strictly speaking, the *Plume of the Eagle*, is a magnificent isolated headland on the north coast, situated as I have described. I forget its exact height; about 1500 feet, I think. I ascended to its summit after some heavy showers of rain, which made the sides awfully slippery, and I had one of the toughest days' work I ever remember to have experienced.

congealed rather than murmur a tone to mar the consistency of the spell? And who remembers, or rather who can forget, their enthusiasm when the last steep stumbling ascent was over, and they stood on the sharp ridge of stones that crowns the summit of Pico dos Arriéiros, in the heart of the glories of Madeira? Didst not thou feel, thou, who hast looked upon these surpassing wonders, as if thine was the only step that had ever broken the stillness of the place?

Strange mountain shapes spring up around; shivered and blasted rocks; fearful and wonderful chasms, half hidden, half revealed in the driving mists; great caverns rent in the dark mountain's base, where the bright sun seems loath to penetrate; while over the gloomy fissures, black shrubs, and mighty trees rooted in the rocks, hang in disordered stateliness. Basaltic towers lay splintered in the bed, turning the rapid torrent into a thousand bewildered motions. How far below! What distance undiscovered beyond those massy clouds! What gleams of light! What bold distinctness marked on the bluest of all dark blue skies over all! Such is the source of the Great Coural. Lost in a sea of cloud, the Mêyametada is behind; and all around, the grim pinnacled Turrinhas;* the tufted summit of Pico Ruivo;† and such heights and overhanging ridges—oh! for a pencil that *could* paint the stupendous beauties of this glorious scene!

How I loved thee, old Burroqueros!‡ as we used irreverently to call thee; when, from thy sharp and curious peak, I have beheld thy brothers tipped and gilded in a glorious sunshine, their outlines shadowed on some distant hills; and the shadow of thy own familiar form driving back the clouds till it fell, shaped upon the very crags they had but just enveloped. Who has not felt sad as he bent him over the Coural, whose deep abyss yawns yet an unfilled grave of the Genius of the place?

Who has not had wild imaginings of some giant Power, slumbering beneath these traces of his strife with the Spirit of Nature, and seen his resurrection in a future fiery volcano, which shall again convulse and alter the whole face of the dark ravine, till not a semblance of what is, shall then remain?§

Enough! while we muse, and undigested fantasies hover in our brain, the cloudy shroud, in many a graceful bend, drops

* The Turrinhas, or Towers, three singularly bold and curious peaks.

† While the summits of nearly all the mountains in Madeira present a rocky, greyish aspect, that of P. Ruivo is crowned with a verdant tuft.

‡ Burroqueros and Arrieiros mean the same thing—a muleteer.

§ This is not a mere fanciful idea. While Vesuvius is constantly convulsed with new eruptions, why should not Madeira, if (and there seems but little reason to doubt it) it was once in a state of volcanic action, be again the scene of similar convulsions?

over all: who would say what shall appear when next it rises, for what things non-existent do we not fancy beneath its vapoury fabric!

Leave it, then, in uncertainty, and so look on it with more joy next time. Let us back to town, and rest awhile before we take another expedition to Great Arriéiros.

> "One would as soon
> Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
> Believe a woman, or an epitaph,"

as expect to find snow in Madeira. Nevertheless, the hills are sometimes covered with snow to the depth of some inches. I had heard of this, and long had been anxiously watching for it. One rather dull morning (which means a lovely English day) soon after Christmas, I looked towards the range of hills, and beheld a fleecy, whitish appearance on the tops. I looked again; surely it could not be. I ran my eye along the line till it rested on the Turrinhas, and their funny conical heads, instead of the usual greyish blue appearance, were white as an old gentleman's or lady's (if you like it better) particular nightcap.

I was mounted in a trice; in less than half an hour I had passed Santa Clara;* gave one thought on poor Maria Clementina, and one reflection on time and change, as I remembered how old and ugly she had grown since the days when Henry Nelson Coleridge dreamed dreams of love, and tried to carry her off to the West Indies, and dashed up the Achada, fearful lest in the increasing brilliancy of the day my anticipations should all melt away with the snow.

"Where in the world are you going to?" was more than once shouted after me by some chilly mortal on his way to billiards. "We shall have rain in town before many hours are over, and the hills will be knee-deep in snow."

I only waited to say, "So much the better; it's just what I have been looking out for all the winter;" and pushed on, longing to see a country I knew so well in its russet green and grey, in its new garb of white. I soon passed the Alegria, a pretty little *quinta* all alone in its chesnuts and glory, and found myself once more among the hills. The route was new to me,

* The Convent of Santa Clara. Everybody knows the story of Maria Clementina, who has read Coleridge's clever and entertaining little book, called "Six Months in the West Indies." It is all very fine, though, for him to talk about carrying Maria off as being a "thing perfectly easy." "Loo Rock," "half charges of powder," "impotent attempts of artillery," "lovely girl," "hands full," and all that. The fact was, he could not do it, or he would have been glad enough, and so would she too. "Infinitely sweet and unfortunate Madeiran," as Coleridge called her; and infinitely plain, and happy-looking nun—fair, fat, and forty! as I found her. If Mr. C. is still in the land of the living, and his eye fell upon this humble paper, what a comfort it would be to him, in his old age, to see so bewitching a description of "Poor Maria!"

and I had consequently taken a *burroquero*, who looked blue at the very idea of the cold he was going to encounter. What will not a Portuguese do for money? For a mere dollar he braved all this frigidity when his comrades were smoking their cigarettes in the musty, fusty alleys of Funçhal! My object was to get as near as possible to the aforesaid conical ridges, where I was sure of finding snow, fight my way across the hills to the Pico dos Arriéiros, and so home. The ascent was somewhat difficult; the track formed by loose stones, usually skirted the edge of perpendicular banks; sometimes we came upon masses of basaltic rocks, between which we threaded our way over large stones and crumbling soil; at others, ascended places whose whole surface was covered with moveable substances, passing over which my horse with the greatest difficulty kept his footing, and as he gained every fresh hold the stones rattled down behind like the noise a horse makes when galloping on shingle. The scenery was similar to that I have described in the first portion of the ride to Arriéiros, bleak, barren, and uninteresting; having no extensive views to tell you that you were travelling onward three or four thousand feet above the sea. Still there was no snow. At last, after winding down a most impossible-looking descent, we came upon a kind of glade, the hills on each side sloping gently down to the centre. It was, probably, on ordinary occasions, a quiet, peaceful, soft, warm-looking place among the cold, rough districts I had traversed; a sort of spot where, on a hot Madeira day, you would choose the shady side, and leaving your horse to graze at his will, throw yourself on the turf, light a cigar, and banish every care and anxiety. It was now a bed of pure, untrodden snow.

We came nearer,—the *burroquero* shivered at the sight; we were within a stone's cast, when there really remained no longer doubt as to its being snow, and he absolutely shook. I did not observe how devoutly he crossed himself, and how many prayers he prayed to Nossa Senhora when my horse plunged up to his fetlocks in it. I was too much pleased, and anxious to advance. But the animal, unused to such travelling, could not get on fast enough. We were soon out of the track,—he plunged deeper and deeper,—so I jumped off,—sank up to my knees; floundered on; managed to get into a shallower bed; and ran along like mad. I know not how it was, but I never felt in such spirits in my life; I snowballed the *burroquero;* made him turn his back in despair; shouted out "Ingleterra!" and tried (successfully, by the blessing of Providence rather than my own persuasiveness, in the Portuguese tongue) to make him understand how like it all looked to the country where the wild Englishmen, who inhabited Funçhal, originally came from.

The glade rose gradually for about half a mile to where there

appeared to be a ridge that most probably would separate me from the dark windings of some ravine. There I should see the Peaks; possibly the Coural, covered with a snowy mantle. On! on! I ran along, and reached the edge, as, sure enough, it proved to be; and I was right; there *was* the head of the Coural; its peaks, and clefts, and pinnacles, and fantastic towering masses, all covered with snow. A single white cloud rested on Pico Ruivo, but all the others—there they were—snow-capped; clad, and covered; and away right down the Coural to where the ravine bursts into one broad, magnificent crater; it was all snow, snow, snow!

The cold was intense; a strong wind swept up the gorge, carrying with it small particles of snow, that nearly blinded my sun-burnt *burroquero*. In pity I could not stand to see him frozen to death, as he would infallibly have been had I remained there five minutes longer; so I gave him another terrific snow-balling, and again mounted.

How we toiled, and sank, and got out again; and plunged, and stumbled, and stuck! By and by we reached the *tableau* near P. dos Arriéiros; the snow was less deep, and the *burroquero* ceased to argue on the folly of the enterprise, and only cursed and prayed alternately. He implored me, however, not to ascend his great namesake; spoke with a shudder of the cutting wind and threatening storm. But I had seen one splendid valley snow-laid, and now I wanted to have on either hand Coural and Mêyametada. I left him my horse; took his pole, and pushed forward on foot. The wind nearly forced me to beat a retreat, but I reached the stony summit at last, and gazed upon a scene whose sublimity I could not contemplate without awe, while I felt a singularly satisfactory sensation in knowing that mine was probably the only human eye that was at that moment scanning its glories. That one feathery cloud still hung over the Coural, and lightly sat upon the Great Peak. The heavens were black and lowering; what a contrast to the blue sky, and ravine of ordinary days! and dazzling white every wild object came out yet more distinctly, and in more striking proportions than in their usual bright and many-coloured garb. In the Mêyametada the snow-capped crags were struggling to appear in a troubled sea of cloud, in which they sank and rose, and sank again, as it fitfully rolled about them. I would I could think of all I saw on that glorious day! let it pass; at this moment the most distinct recollection I have (it shows how matter of fact is human nature!) is of a storm of snow driving me from my exalted position and transcendentalism to seek the shivering *burroquero*, and learn practical humility in the shape of tongue-sandwiches and brandy. Later, I remember, we fell in with a fog so dense as to defy the guide's efforts to keep the

track; we were in real danger of spending the night (the night of death) in the mountains. Last of all, my horse slipped his fore-shoe in the snow, where it could not be found, and I had to walk seven or eight miles into town, all down-hill, and shaking like a jelly-bag. So ended my excursion in the snow, one which gave me an opportunity of beholding Madeira scenery under a very unusual and noble aspect.

They said it was imprudent to rise suddenly from a temperature above sixty degrees to one about the freezing point; I don't know. It was all the effect of longing for something strong, fresh, revivifying, after Funçhal enervation.

(To be continued.)

"YES! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Yes! she was beautiful, when first we met
In life's young hours, when lovers all forget,
Save the bright fantasies deep feeling weaves
Around the trusting heart, that *all* believes.

She was the guardian angel of my dreams;
She gave my waking thoughts their brightest themes;
And time, that blighted other things to me,
Left my lone heart its deep fidelity.

Yes! she was beautiful, when first we met,
And still, and still to me, she seems so yet;
My soul's devotion time can ne'er impair
Nor mar her image, deeply graven there:

Oh! I have loved her through the changing years,
For her in secret wept my saddest tears;
And though all other things have changed to me,
My heart still keeps its deep fidelity.

THINGS SEEN AT A DISTANCE.*

THE next morning, Helena suspended, on the entrance of her sister, the employment on which she had been for some time back earnestly engaged.

"What is it?" asked the latter carelessly; "are you writing, Helen?"

"Yes,—no; that is to say, nothing particular;" returned the young girl in some confusion, drawing over a sheet of blotting-paper, to conceal several pieces of written paper, on which were scribbled what looked like the varied commencements of a letter. It was, in fact, the rough draft of one; but it would seem as if Helena had been unable to please herself in the way of a suitable preamble.

The several fragments were conceived as follows:—

"Dear Madam,—I trust to the kindness of your disposition excusing the liberty I am about to take, and which, believe me, has not been ventured upon without much hesitation," &c., &c.

"My dear Madam,—The kind notice with which you have favoured me during our short acquaintance, seems to justify me in abridging the common forms of ceremony, and coming at once to the purport of this letter, which is," &c., &c.

"Dear Mrs. Cranstoun,—There are some subjects on which it is easier to speak than to write; yet, uncertain of the light in which you may regard the present application, I prefer making use of the medium of a pen to impart my wishes"—

And here the writer had evidently come to a stand, embarrassed how best to broach the plan with which her brain was teeming. Helena had sat for some time *whittling* her pens and biting her nails, when, as we have said, her sister came into the room. Prying inquisitiveness into the affairs of others formed no part of Diana's character, so that Helena's secret, whatever it might be, would have remained long enough unmeddled with for her, had it not so chanced that her eye fell upon the half-begun sketch of a summer-house, which she had mislaid since the preceding day. Darting upon her property with an exclamation of pleasure, she held the paper in her hand, and had moreover turned it round to see what could be all the scribbling on the back, ere her sister could arrest the movement.

"I am very sorry, my dear Diana," said this latter; "it was most stupid in me; but I never perceived that there was a drawing of yours on the other side, and now I have spoilt it for you! What can be done?"

* Continued from p. 344.

"Oh, I can easily copy it over again!" returned the other good-humouredly. "The subject is such a pretty one that I would not wish to lose my sketch—so just leave the paper with me as it is." But perceiving, from the embarrassed air of Helena, and the wistful eye with which she regarded the document in question, that there was some secret connected with it which she cared not should be subjected to the inspection of another, Diana presented the paper to her, saying, "Though I would not read what you've written, yet perhaps you would sooner have it in your own keeping."

But Helena—the little nervous impulse of the moment over—had made up her mind to have no reserve with the affectionate sister, between whom and herself unbounded confidence had hitherto subsisted; and she therefore replied, "By no means. You are welcome to keep the paper, but let the writing meet no eye but your own, and destroy it as soon as read." After a moment's pause, Helena added, "You noticed, I suppose, that it was the beginning of a letter?"

"Yes," answered the other; "without meaning to look, I could not help observing that it was."

"Did you remark any name?"

"No; only that it was addressed to a lady."

"Well, fortunately, there is no scandal in that," resumed Helena with a smile; "but you do not know to whom it is addressed, nor what it is about, and you would *never* guess!"

Diana assented to this surmise as highly probable.

"The lady to whom it is addressed is Mrs. Cranstoun, and the subject of it is——will you give a guess?"

"I was ever the worst person in the world at reading riddles," cried Diana; "and now you have excited my curiosity so much, you must not delay to gratify it."

"Well, my dear, I must tell you, I have been meditating a scheme—a plan which has occurred to me since yesterday."

"Since yesterday!" repeated her sister.

"Yes, since the conversation we had with my mother upon the unfortunate state of our affairs."

"And how does Mrs. Cranstoun come to be concerned in the matter?"

"I am going to tell you. But first of all, I should be glad to have your opinion of that lady—do you like her?"

"I! I like her very well," returned Diana, surprised at the apparent irrelevance of the inquiry,—"very well indeed—what I have seen of her." She added in a qualified tone, "She seems good-natured, polite, and agreeable."

"Just so—'tis what she is. I have not been so taken with any person for a long time back. She has so much the manners of an *agreeable* woman of the world. I am sure she is good-tempered."

"Yes—I should say that she was," returned Diana, after giving the implied question a moment's consideration.

"I am glad that you agree with me; for, of course, a merely good-humoured *manner*, such as one puts on in company, is quite a different thing. But I do think Mrs. C. has a really kind heart."

"Very likely," returned the other, drily, not feeling any particularly vivid interest in the character of a person they had known so recently, and from whom they were about to part so shortly.

"Oh, yes! it shows itself in her pleasant lively manner to all around." (Diana was disposed to deny the inference.) "She is quite the life of the room—always ready to talk, sing, or walk out, just as you ask her. She has certainly taken a great deal of notice of me since the first moment of her coming here—has treated me as something more than a mere acquaintance."

"Undoubtedly," returned the party appealed to, "Mrs. C. *has* distinguished you by superior attention."

"And I am sure she is a person who would improve on yet closer intimacy; one, too, who is very sincere—who would not profess a regard she did not really feel."

"I do not know how that may be," was the response of her slightly-wearied companion; "absence of *profession* is not among the most ordinary characteristics of a 'woman of the world.' But what has all this to do with the subject upon which you were about to speak to me? Mrs. Cranstoun's praises did not, I presume, form the theme of your epistle to herself?"

"You are laughing at me, Diana; nevertheless, it *has* something to do with it. It is essential to establish the point of that lady's good qualities, in order to rescue from the charge of rashness the step I am about to take."

Miss Morland listened with a more serious aspect while her sister went on:

"You know Mamma has told us that we shall for the future have a sadly-reduced income to live on. Now, the idea has occurred to me—I have taken no step as yet—but it has crossed my mind, would it not be better to accept of some situation,—something which, while it would not lessen a gentlewoman to take, would yet enlarge our finances, and ensure our independence. There are such situations, you know, as governesses, for instance, or companions to ladies."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Diana, "and they often receive very handsome salaries. I perceive you wish, my dear sister, no longer to be a burthen to our mother with her contracted income. How considerate is your forethought; why did it not sooner occur to myself?"

Helena blushed a little at this undeserved praise, and, with a frankness which was part of her character, replied, "You give undue commendation to my motives. Certainly, to be the means of aiding Mamma's resources *would* be very desirable: but I candidly own that consideration for her was less my actuating principle than the abhorrence with which I regard the sort of life that is evidently before us! I am aware," Helena went on with a deepening flush on her cheek and a slight petulance of manner,—"I am aware that it is highly foolish—some would say, sinful—to talk so; but the idea of a family struggling on together on a very small income, hopeless of change, has in it, to me, something inexpressibly melancholy! Apart from the friends one had known in better days,—precluded society, for want of means to keep it up,—obliged to perform twenty little things for oneself, that one had never thought of being called upon to do,—and still seeking, by dint of sheer economy, to make one guinea do the work of five! Ah, it is the many little shabbinesses and curtailments at every turn, the necessary appendages of poverty, which invest the future with such horrors in my eyes! And this is by no means a fancy picture. I see it all too clearly in perspective! But we talked over this subject yesterday; and I am aware you do not at all enter into my feelings."

"To a certain degree I do," returned Diana, mournfully; "but brooding over these things in imagination, invests them with an unreal power to affect our happiness. To grapple boldly with the shadowy illusions which alarm us in the dark, is to convince ourselves of their unsubstantial existence; and, in like manner, the mental phantoms which low spirits have conjured up to be our tormentors are dispelled so soon as reason is permitted to assert her sway. But, if I rightly conjecture from your preface, you have formed some plan to emancipate yourself from a prospect so repulsive to you."

"It is exactly as you surmise," was the reply of Helena. "I cannot help owning there is something apparently selfish in thus devising means to procure my own exemption from the evils which are set before us in common. But, Diana, I am not fitted for adversity. I cannot control the feelings which I have now exhibited before you, how weak and unworthy soever they may be. I know that I should be of little use or solace at home, and that (considerations of affection apart) my mother and you would hardly miss me; consequently my withdrawal would be no sort of injury to our common interests, while it might essentially serve my own."

"Well, and what then?" asked her sister, with an involuntary sigh.

"I was thinking of taking such a situation as we were

speaking of. Mrs. Cranstoun, you know, wants a governess; she was telling us but last night how anxious she was to get a person to suit her. Now, certainly, it is no vanity to believe that, with the education and general advantages we have had, the office of tutoress is one which you or I could fill, with at least as much credit as half the persons that advertise. My idea was, to propose to her to take the situation myself. Salary, I should observe, would be no object, (indeed, between ourselves, could I at all manage without it, I should prefer not receiving any,) my wishes being limited to being received as a member of the family, and having, as a matter of course, the continuance of all those little comforts, to the use of which we have been brought up. Then, in return, I would undertake the education of the boy—a sweet child, from her account—and gladly make myself useful by any way in my power. Mrs. C. would, I think, be well pleased at this arrangement.

"I do not doubt she would," said Diana; "the only question is, whether it would be equally agreeable to yourself, accompanying her to another country!"

"Of course it is what I should like, otherwise I should not propose it. As to going to Ireland, to say the truth, that is not the part of the business I the least like. My earnest desire is to travel. I want to see something of the world, instead of remaining stupified at home, or taking a governess's situation in my own country, where, of course, all our connexions would soon hear of it."

"So, then, pride has something to say to your choice of a scene of action, and love of novelty still more! Well, my dear Helen, if you would take my advice, you would think twice before you embarked in such a hastily-formed project; especially I would have you talk the matter over with my mother, before you sound Mrs. Cranstoun on the subject."

"I would undoubtedly consult my mother's wishes in the matter," said Helena, "but I consider that it would be premature to do so in the first instance, since the negotiation might end in nothing. I do not anticipate that Mrs. C. will start any objection, but yet I would first wish to hear what she has to say. Besides, my time for doing anything is very short, for she and her husband will depart in a couple of days. I was going to write when you came into the room; but I do not know; it might be better—"

The conversation was here cut short by a summons, which Helena was ready to interpret as an omen for good. It was a message from Mrs. Cranstoun, who had not made her appearance at the breakfast table that morning, to request the favour of her young friend's attendance in her dressing-room. Helena swept unfinished notes and memorandums into her writing-desk,

adjusted her appearance, and hastened, with an air of self-confident triumph, to obey the call. She tapped briskly at the dressing-room door, before which she had stood so long hesitating the preceding night.

"Come in, my love!" responded Mrs. Cranstoun, in her high-pitched soft treble accents; "*entrez toujours*," she gaily added, as, half rising from her seat, she proffered the morning's salutation to Helen. "You see, I am only just rising; but the fact is, I awoke with a shocking bad head-ache, which obliged me to keep my bed till past twelve."

Miss Morland replied with the customary expressions of regret, and hoped that "she now found herself better," &c.

"I *am* better now, love," returned the lady, applying to her temples a handkerchief, redolent of Eau de Cologne; and in another hour I expect to be quite well. Mine are generally nervous head-aches, arising from various causes." And, with the egotism of an invalid in possession of a sympathizing auditor, Mrs. Cranstoun proceeded to enlarge on the topic with a circumstantiality, which Helena would have deemed to the last degree tiresome had a prosy old woman been the interlocutor. As it was, the "companion" aspirant did not find fault with a circumstance which so admirably put it in her power to show off what an affectionate attendant she would prove in time of illness —how ready would be her sympathies—how judicious her suggestions, &c. Having talked herself into a belief that she was better, Mrs. C., with the returning appetite of convalescence, presently said "she thought she would like to take *some*thing." Miss Morland proposed "a cup of strong coffee."

Happy thought! "It was the very thing" (Mrs. C. declared) "that always set her up! Nothing so grateful to the stomach as coffee!"

"But I could not exactly order it, you know, here, in another person's house;—eh? what do you think?" No sooner were the words out of her mouth, than Helena (who, as being distantly related to Mrs. Sutherland, felt herself in some degree at home, and privileged to do the honours) rang the bell, and gave orders for the necessary materials. When they were brought, she insisted on taking into her own hands the compounding of the beverage, which, being done, and the flavour adjusted with critical skill, Mrs. Cranstoun protested "She had never tasted such good coffee" (she always dealt in superlatives). Helena felt as if she had advanced some degrees in her future patroness's good graces; and her countenance brightened yet more, keeping pace with the smiles of Mrs. Cranstoun, who, refreshed by the nourishment she had taken, soon talked away as gaily as she had done the preceding evening.

"My head is quite strong at present," cried she; "and now

that it is so, I think it needs some refitment as to exterior, for I suspect I do not look very bewitching in this night-cap! You know, Ellen," she added, as she moved towards her toilette, "the first thing a woman always thinks of after she has shaken off the megrims is her appearance. Now, let me see what colour will show itself most charitable to my jaundiced complexion this morning! *Apropos* of *coiffure*: what a sweet, pretty demi-cap that is which you have got on! Ah, 'you wear it because you have got a cold?' So I supposed; for young ladies, you know, ought never to wear caps; those, especially, who have got such a fine head of hair as you have. But, really, it becomes you so much," she added, in caressing accents, "that if ever you are bent on making a conquest, you ought, by all means, to 'get up a cold' on the occasion. So Mr. Cranstoun, I am sure, would say, were he to see you; and gentlemen, you know, are the best judges;—by the bye, he admires you vastly." This was said *par parenthèse*; but it was music to Helena's ears. "Do let me try on that little affair of yours!" and taking the cap lightly off Helena's head, she fixed it on her own. "How do you like me?"

"It becomes you, I think, very much," responded her companion.

"You are complaisant to say so, my dear; but, alas, the difference between fifteen and thirty! besides, I do not consider that *blue* is *my* colour; it suits your fair complexion very well; but you are more of a *blonde* than I am. Your sister, again, I would say, she ought never to wear anything but pink; she is so much darker," Mrs. C. added, with an air of a connoisseur in such matters.

"By the bye, do you or she purpose being at the Epsom races? No!—oh, why *not?*—all the world will be there. You ought to make your mother take you; or, if you had any friends going, that would be better still; for I do not fancy, somehow, that races would be much in Mrs. Morland's line—eh, am I right? But, pretty girls (tapping Helena's cheek as she returned her the cap) ought not to kept in the back ground on such occasions. Why, you do not know *who* you might meet!"

In this manner ran on Mrs. Cranstoun, expressing, in continuation, her regret that she and Mr. C. were obliged, by pressing family affairs, to hasten their return home; and, consequently, forego a scene which was so entirely in unison with both their tastes. She would have had so much pleasure in taking her young friend with her, &c., &c. Meantime, Helena re-adjusted the cap on her head, and then offered to assist Mrs. C. in the arrangement of her hair, which the latter usually wore in long ringlets, under a demi-cap, or turban. The hair was a beautiful auburn. Our heroine possessed taste; and the result was, that

in a few minutes, the business of arranging Mrs. Cranstoun's *coiffure* was finished so much to that lady's satisfaction, that she embraced her fair attendant, saying, "You are a kind creature! you have put me in good humour with myself and my thirty summers! Come, now, what can I do for you in return? I only wish you would tell me. Meantime (and while you think the matter over) suppose we take a turn out-of-doors, for that nice coffee of yours has quite set me up; I think all that I need now is a turn in the fresh air." And Helena, with that disposition to augury (sometimes to be found in persons not otherwise weak-minded,) which is ready to interpret any chance-coincidence of time, person, or place, into a presage "for luck," caught at the expressions of Mrs. C. as affording her a propitious opening; and, justly deeming that a better opportunity would never again occur, determined to follow them up by unburthening herself of the matter that lay nearest her heart. How this was done would, undoubtedly, be most accurately related, were we to accompany herself and Mrs. C. in the walk which they presently took under the spreading shade of some sycamore-trees, which formed an agreeable avenue of approach on one side of the house, and which Mrs. C. professed herself particularly to admire, because, she said, they put her in mind of the grounds about Carne Castle. But we conceive that it would be tedious, and certainly superfluous, were we to enter into the details of this conference—how Helena got over her grand difficulty of taking "*le premier pas*," and told as much as she chose to tell—of how "an unexpected alteration in her mother's circumstances" had rendered some addition to the family income "desirable" (not necessary), and how she herself—swayed by a candidly-avowed desire to see more of the world, an instinctively-imbibed regard for the lady to whom she was speaking, and, lastly, by a particular fondness for children—had conceived a strong desire to visit Ireland in the capacity of governess to little Harry—and how Mrs. C. expressed herself in terms of the most lady-like propriety in reference to the proposal in question, coupling a declaration of the extreme delight which it would give her to receive Helen Morland into her family as "a friend" (for on that footing Helena's high spirit was anxious the engagement should rest), "engaged in common with herself in the delightful task of instructing a charming child"—with protestations of the extreme concern with which she heard that anything unpleasant, of a pecuniary nature, should have befallen Mrs. Morland. All this, we repeat, might be enlarged upon, but suffice it to say that a treaty was concluded—subject, of course, to the approval of the other parties concerned, namely, of Helena's mother and Mrs. Cranstoun's husband; and, when an hour had pleasantly passed away in talking over various petty arrangements, our heroine and her future pro-

tectress parted at the hall-door, to seek their respective apartments, with an interchange of compliments and expressions of the warmest mutual regard.

Helena had only leisure for a whispered communication to her sister, on her return—"All going on well!" Her time was taken up during the rest of the afternoon in performing various little offices for her mother, who already began to speak of their approaching departure; but these she went about with an absence and indifference of manner, which elicited from her parent expressions of surprise bordering on dissatisfaction. And certain it is, she did not put her powers of usefulness into requisition with the same *empressement* as she had done in the case of Mrs. Cranstoun. She deemed her mother cross—not making allowance for her depression of spirits, and which, in a person of Mrs. Morland's conformation of character, frequently takes the tone of coldness of manner to those around, yet without any unkindness meant: and, in short, gladly exchanged the monotonous occupations of the hour for the more agreeable train of ideas suggested by the ringing of the dressing-bell, before dinner. Helena studied her toilette with somewhat more than ordinary care, failing not to wear a gown she had heard Mrs. Cranstoun admire; whilst the wreath of *blue* flowers which adorned her hair, showed that the suggestion as to which colour "became" her the most, had not been suffered to pass unheeded. This implied deference to her taste did not escape the quick eye of the lady in question, and was acknowledged by a succession of nods and smiles.

Mr. Cranstoun, apprized of the nature of Miss Morland's conversation with his lady (for the vivacious astonishment of the latter had rendered her unable to keep the secret to herself beyond the half-hour of finding herself alone with her husband before dinner), regarded the young person with more attention than he had yet done: since, truth to say, his "admiration" of Helen, as flatteringly quoted by Mrs. C., had never gone beyond an acquiesence in the observation, that she was a "pretty girl." Declining cards, he took a seat beside our heroine for the purpose of drawing her out, and, as it were, ascertaining her intellectual capabilities. For if Mr. C. did not go quite so far as the ungallant poet,* who has recorded, "most women have no character at "all, eh yet, in common with most men of a cold, unimpressible temperament, conceived that all "young ladies" were nearly alike, cast in one mould, and fac-similes one of another. Now, in Helena Morland's case he possibly secretly suspected some deficiency of development under the organ of good sense, some exuberance under that of romance; for being

* Pope.

an exceedingly matter-of-fact person himself, he had been quite at a loss how to account for a young girl desiring to leave her comfortable home and family connexions, invest herself with an office of some trouble and no emolument, and go to reside amongst strangers.

This was of course the broad light in which he viewed the business, being ignorant of those circumstances in detail which had, as we have seen, influenced Helen to the precipitate step she had taken, and still more of the peculiar turn of her mind. The love of novelty, the desire of treading untried ground, and of making new acquaintance; motives these, which will often in like case impel a young visionary onwards, are not readily comprehended by a man of the world, indeed by the unimaginative of either sex. Consequently, without being necessarily illnatured, they are but too prone to suspect some other motive than the one assigned, as the true cause of any procedure for which they cannot account on what they deem rational grounds, and of which the extravagance strikes them; especially if it savour aught of the romantic.

Mrs. Cranstoun had felt more surprise than her good breeding would allow her to show at the proposition which her young friend had that morning mooted. There was somewhat more of sentiment in Helena's expressions of regard for herself than she could exactly reciprocate, for she was a woman of fashion; or at least wished to be thought such; and assumed the prettiness of fond epithets and caressing manners more as a matter of taste than anything else. Nevertheless, this manner was practised from habit by her, without any designed hypocrisy; she really liked Helen not the less so, from perceiving with what admiration she was herself regarded by one who, as a fine young woman, was in her own person entitled to the notice of others. The confidence reposed by our heroine came upon her, however, as we have said, quite by surprise, as judging from the dress, &c., of the two sisters. Mrs. C. had always conducted them in very comfortable circumstances; and it cannot be denied that Helena's position was slightly altered in her eyes, from the moment anything of pecuniary embarrassment was hinted at; it was not that she became less kind, but the *equality* of friendship was gone; from henceforth she felt herself privileged to advise, to dictate, to patronize.

The Cranstouns talked the matter over together when they retired to their room for the night. Both agreed in appreciation of the pleasing qualities of Miss Morland, and after expending a little mutual wonderment on the prepossession on her part which was so ready at short notice to quit mother, sister, and home, for the sake of adventuring a new kind of life in another country, they came to the conclusion that it was an offer which it

would suit *them* very well to accept. A governess was needed in their domestic establishment, and it would undoubtedly be long before they could provide themselves with one so unexceptionable in every respect, as well as creditable in exterior.

"*If,*" said the gentleman, "she will but fulfil her part. Young persons who have been 'induced' to 'accept' of a situation are not always among the most amenable."

"Oh, she will," answered Mrs. Cranstoun carelessly. "I told her all about it; all she will be expected to do. Helen will make no difficulty; she is passionately fond of children, she told me; and seems to be a gentle creature. I am sure we shall get on admirably well."

But Mr. Cranstoun was less confident. After having heard the disinterested footing on which the business was to be arranged, his rough plain sense led him to shrug his shoulders and utter a long "whe-u-gh."

"Humph," said he, "for the matter of that, I have a great notion that everything in this world is best done by paid professional people. What's that common saying, Maria, about not 'looking a *gift* horse in the mouth,' eh? You know one must never find fault with services gratuitously rendered."

Nevertheless, though for the credit of his own judgment he thought fit to deliver himself of this protest, Mr. Cranstoun was the last man in the world to object to *that* part of the plan which comprised the having no salary to pay his children's governess. He loved money, of which, perhaps, he had not so much to spare as persons might have inferred, from the liberal manner in which he always spoke about it, and the incessant recurrence in his discourse of allusions to his "horses," "carriage," "timber on estate," &c. Consequently, a bargain for substantial services made on such cheap terms, could not, in reality, have other than his warmest approval; and he and his wife soon talked themselves into great complacency with the measure in question; observing how eligible it would be for both parties, and that it was highly sensible and praiseworthy for Miss Morland to act as she had done.

A warm shake of the hand from each of her friends, awaited Helena, the following morning; and the significant looks interchanged between them, showed that there were, at least, *two* parties to the contract willing to follow it up. But another person yet remained to be won over, and that was Helena's mother. How, or by whom, was the ice to be broken with her? Helena herself drew back from the office, for Mrs. Morland, though a kind mother, was one with whom her daughters never durst make very free; her manner towards her children partaking of somewhat of the punctilious formality of the last century. Well! how was an opening to be made?

"Nothing more easy," cried Mrs. Cranstoun; "dash right into the business—that's the only way; and never mind if Mamma does look a little grave or so, at first."

Then addressing Mrs. Morland, who happened at that moment to enter the room—

"Have you heard the news, my dear Madam? I am going to run away with your daughter Helen! Yes, indeed, I can assure you there is a regular scheme of abduction laid between Mr. Cranstoun and myself; and, moreover, the fair Helen herself (like her illustrious namesake of classic memory) is, if I mistake not, a party consentant. Are you not, my dear?" turning to the blushing girl.

Mrs. Morland looked from one to the other for an explanation.

"We think of showing her, with your kind permission, something of the Sister Isle, and introducing her to the woods and knolls of our own pretty Innismore. She will be so delighted. I know she will," continued Mrs. Cranstoun, in the same off-hand manner.

Her auditor then comprehended that there was an invitation in question for her youngest daughter, and was preparing to give it a momentary consideration, which would, probably, have ended in a civil refusal; but ere she could arrange her ideas, Mrs. Cranstoun broke in with—

"Now! not a denial, dear Mrs. M.! I hope I do not see one coming. Helen, do not let Mamma say a word. It is the prettiest concocted little plan—all settled between us three—subject, of course, to your approval. You must know that I have a dear little boy at home; and Miss Helen, your charming daughter, finding that I was looking out for an instructress for him, has set her mind on having him for a pupil, (that is, in what trifling teaching a child of six years old may require;) and I cannot say with what pleasure I look forward to being able to secure such a companion for myself!"

The widow's countenance expressed embarrassment; she felt that there was a compliment intended, but could not immediately reply; and Mrs. Cranstoun had the tact to perceive that she would, probably, prefer being left alone with her daughters. Therefore, having made the preceding sort of *foray* into the subject, she rose from her seat with a smile, and telling Helena that it now remained with her to follow up "the prayer of the petition" effectively, and seek to win "the royal assent;" she quitted the room.

The young lady suspected she would have more difficulty in making the plan find favour in the eyes of her sober-judging mother than she had done in those of Mrs. Cranstoun; and aware that the former would be disposed to regard it much in the light of a whim, she put forward most strenuously the plea with which

her sister had furnished her. She suppressed any *desire* on her part to leave home, but dwelt wholly on those considerations of usefulness to her family, &c., which led her to deem it an advisable step; and to this point she returned again and again, with an earnestness which seemed designed to make up for its want of sincerity.

Mrs. Morland listened in silence; one glance of her mild penetrating eye showing that she comprehended all that was left *unsaid*. When she spoke, it was composedly, to urge upon her daughter her own views of the risk Helena ran in confiding her future happiness to the keeping of strangers; the precarious nature of those compacts which rest their basis on an ostensible footing of sentimental friendship; and especially the undesirableness of going so far from her own home, to which it was not impossible that unforeseen contingencies might, at some future period, make her desire to return speedily.

Thus rationally reasoned Mrs. Morland, but she abstained from any entreaties or expressions of feeling on the subject, partly from pride, partly from a perception that this idea of going to seek her fortunes far from home had obtained too strong an ascendancy over the mind of Helena to be combated with any hope of success.

The latter, gathering courage from the seeming quiescence with which her proposal was met, spoke out more boldly; and, with increasing confidence in her own powers, answered argument by argument; and in fine, not to detain the reader too long at this stage of the narrative, obtained from her mother the consent she had so earnestly desired.

It was only when Helena had quitted the room that Mrs. Morland, relaxing the strong effort by which she had hitherto kept up her spirits, burst into tears.

"To leave me thus! . . . . I could not have anticipated it," broke from her lips. "Foolish girl! she will yet repent."

Diana, who was present, hastened to console her, and put things in a more favourable point of view as regarded her sister's prospects. She also sought to assign to Helen's meditated act of truancy such a plausible colouring of a desire to relieve her mother from the charge of her maintenance, as might serve to redeem her conduct from the appearance of forsaking her parent in her fallen fortunes, which apparent unkindness it was that had evidently awakened the under-current of strong feeling in Mrs. Morland's bosom: and so assiduously did Diana labour to this effect, that she almost succeeded in beguiling her own better judgment, and persuading herself that, "after all, Helen had acted for the best."

* * * * *

What more needs to be told? The Cranstouns quitted Hart-

lands the following day, but not until a negotiation had been opened, which being subsequently followed up by letter, the necessary arrangements were speedily ratified to the satisfaction of all concerned. In less than a fortnight from the period of which we have been speaking, Helena took leave, not without many tears, of the friends of her childhood, and furnished, by their kind attention, with a supply of everything they thought might be conducive to her comfort, found herself consigned (ALONE, for the first time in her life) to the public conveyance which was to transport her to Liverpool, where her new friends were already awaiting her.

PROVENCAL SONG.

THE BANKS OF THE FAIR GARONNE!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

She sate and smiled in the rosy bower,
Where the crystal fountain played,
And listed the lay of the Troubadour,
As he sang in the blooming shade:
He sang of the camp, and the charging host,
And the Paynim bands o'erthrown;
But she thought of the scenes that she loved the most,
On the banks of the fair Garonne.

Then he struck to a lighter strain, and sang
Of many a dazzling scene
Where the lights shone gay, and the music rang,
In the halls where he once had been:
He sang of the Court, where beauty shines,
Like the gems of an Eastern throne;
But she thought of the olives and clustering vines,
On the banks of the fair Garonne.

Then he sang of Beaucaire, the gallant knight,
Of Garonne the flower and pride;
How his lance was strong, and his shield was bright,
And he loved in the ring to ride:
"Oh! that is a lay that I love the most,
Of all that thy skill has shown,
For brightest of all that France can boast
Are the banks of the fair Garonne."

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Churchman in Scotland; or, the Scottish Crusade.

If religion be the highest-born spirit of heaven, patriotism is the noblest-born spirit of earth; and we sincerely believe that it is the joint operation of these two divine influences which have prompted the penning of a production unpretending, indeed, in bulk and form, but most important in scope and purpose.

For ourselves, we solace ourselves with the belief, that religious heat, though fanned by discord into burning flames, like great evil overruled for great good, often turns into a living fire, from which the spirit of truth arises, with healing on his wings, to sanctify our earth. Just as the electric light cuts its forked way in the visible world amidst the roaring of the elements, and the storm in all its fearfulness purifies where it passes, so do these warrings of men's opinions often chase away the pestilential vapours of moral evil. The human mind needs constant provocations to sustain its energies. Activity alone can keep it awake. When time runs on in a smooth current, the sentinel falls asleep at his post; but when danger threatens him, his faculties become quickened, and he is alert and active, and ready, if needs be, to die. It is just thus that evil often works its own cure. Let abuses but reach a certain point, and immediately there commences a re-action, which faithfully retraces the way to the starting point of truth. It was thus with the Reformation; it has been thus in all the world's great movements; it will be so to the end of time; and the religious agitations of Scotland but furnish us with another instance. It is war itself that leads to peace. Yet even in the din of the conflict the olive-branch ought to be reverenced, and our Author here holds it aloft. He would fain still the din of religious dissension, cement the disunited, and preach a Gospel peace. Not only does he urge its Christian necessity, but he shows the path which, if simply and faithfully trodden, must lead to the desired result. In this little work, he takes a clear, a masterly, a comprehensive view of those gradations of national circumstances which have led to the present unholy war in Scotland; with a firm, but gentle, and even generous hand, he draws away the veil by which the faults of either party are hid from their own eyes; and be it ever remembered, that these shrouds, like that of death, hide us only from ourselves; and

that the man who is most densely enwrapped to himself is the most strikingly exhibited to the gaze of others. Of whatever class or whatever party, those men who profess to honour our Master's attributes of peace and love ought to read this book. The very individuals who have taken up most hotly the weapons of war, are those most imperatively bound to receive the white flag and enter on terms of accommodation. Let the warmest of partizans in this field of religious contest rest on his arms, and weigh well the arguments here offered for his consideration. He is bound to hear whatever can be advanced on either side; and even if he possess but a nominal reverence for the dearer and gentler elements of Christianity, he must pause and listen to suggestions made in a spirit that would draw all men, on every side, into a circle of love and unity. We are not among the number of those who look for miracles; but we believe that while the voice of a trumpet-tongue might not be recognized from without, in the din of the battle, yet that the "still, small voice," notwithstanding the tumult, may be heard *within*.

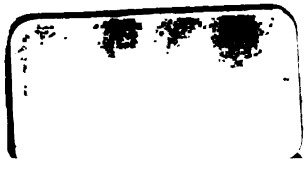
Letters from the Isle of Man, in 1846.

This little volume is full of interesting information respecting a miniature territory, well-known by name, though indifferently familiarized to the general world by actual observation, and will prove an agreeable and acceptable contribution to the stores of our literature. The Isle of Man, being but a speck in the vast ocean, offering no peculiar temptation to casual visitors and summer tourists, and, consequently, retaining much of that primeval simplicity which, like a native crust, encloses even the diamond, is, on that very account, more interesting to all who love unhackneyed scenes. Even those who, in these our days of steam celerity, traverse the very limits of civilized society—putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes—scarcely pause in their flight, to glance at the little Island of Mona. Places of peculiar attraction, either from intrinsic beauty, or from lying within the localities of traffic or of pleasure, become the familiar haunts of a generation, in which the powers of personal locomotion have reached a point verging on the miraculous. This exemption from the list of fashionable attractiveness, has, however, the effect of leaving such retirements in possession of a certain degree of undisturbed native character; which, even though crude, offers a striking contrast to the high degree of artificial refinement, both intellectual and physical, which are the necessary results of the untiring commerce of the world. These "Letters from the Isle of Man" are valuable in

many points of view. They are written in an agreeable vein, full of ease, and with a perfect exemption from every species of affectation. We believe, with our Author, that the really striking features of our home views are forgotten and overlooked in the more piquant and attractive aspect of Continental scenery; and we are confirmed in the persuasion, that novelty, and not loveliness, is most often the charm which dazzles human eyes. But, passing over the features of a scenery which the hand of Nature has distinctly marked, we have, in the Isle of Man, much to please and interest. This little volume gives us—briefly, indeed, but satisfactorily—history, description, and every important characteristic of the Island. Here we have a sketch of its ecclesiastical history, the succession in its bishopric, its courts of law, and its fisheries. All these points are clearly elucidated; but there is another, which, while it shows the leaning of the Author's own mind, will supply a source of high gratification to the antiquary. We speak of the legends and old customs of the place—replete with matter for curious speculation. To the philosopher, also, this portion of the work will be suggestive of important argument. We measure the past by the present; and bringing both to bear upon what we presume may ultimately result, we draw such deductions of the intellectual capabilities of our mortal existence as may best enable us to anticipate to what height of intellect and refinement man, while still an inhabitant of earth, may finally attain. Leaving, however, the philosopher to draw his own conclusions, we submit ours to the reader, which is, that this little volume is replete with curious, agreeable, and interesting information.

The New Philosophy, Part I.

THIS "New Philosophy" purposes to teach us "a right understanding in all things." This "right understanding" would prove nothing less than the regeneration of our intellectual faculties; and the result of such a regeneration would doubtless be like a universal resurrection of the mind from the grave of error, amounting to a new peopling of this world's creation.

The apostasy of our first parents sprang from different causes. Eve fell through a sin of the intellect; Adam, through a sin of the heart. The desire of our first mother was the craving of intellectual pride. The yielding of Adam was the weakness of his heart. Since that hour the causes of transgression appear to be reversed. The faults of woman generally spring from her impassioned feelings: those of man, from the aspirings of his understanding. Our author's paramount desire is to restore this

noble faculty, to reinstate the mind upon that high and intellectual throne, where it should reign as the true sovereign of every thought and action, reducing all to its just and legitimate dominion. Hence the little volume now under our consideration, in which, with great acuteness of reasoning and argumentative power, our author endeavours to establish a principle so great and so important. He would have all men shake off the shackles of enthralling custom, re-assuming the right use of their reasoning faculties, stimulating them to assert the birthright of the mind to guide all actions, and to reason out all good. Whether or not the world will go with him to his extreme conclusion, we will not anticipate; but this we say, that all that induces man to reflect—and to reflect upon his own condition—is good. Exercise is the great means of perfecting every human faculty, either mental or corporeal, making those who duly exercise it, recipients of the blessing which never can be detached from labour; and, when men are once brought to reflect —like the wise men watching the east—they, too, will see the star breaking through the darkness, which may lead their footsteps to the presence of the earth-born, but heaven-descended Divinity of Truth. Happiness is the great craving of the human heart, and what happiness can be found in error? We are wont to say that the great unction of sincerity hallows all actions; but even sincerity requires enlightenment, else were the adorations of the Indian before his idol an acceptable sacrifice to the Holy and Only One: and yet the heart of humanity weeps over the mangled limbs, and the torn flesh, of the dying votary, whose bodily abandonment can never sanctify the sin of self-destruction. It is a noble object to teach men to reflect on their own nature, to induce them to enter on the great study of themselves; to analyse their own ingredients, and, by thus reading the book which the Divine Author hath written—the book of human nature, of which each of us is a volume, into the pages of which we but so seldom glance—to learn the lessons of true, undying wisdom. Our own heart is the book of destiny, in which the doom of eternity is entered.